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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A WARNING FROM THE PAST.

"THERE ARE CONSPIRACIES IN EVERY STATE which a spark might set fire to. . . . We ought not, therefore, to sleep nor to slumber. Vigilance is warlike and vigor is warring in essence, in my opinion, indispensably necessary."—Extract from a Letter of George Washington to General Henry Knox, December 26, 1796.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.

THE news of the assassination of **SAR** CARNOT, the President of France, has been received like a thunder clap from a clear sky. The question now on everybody's lips, what in the world could have induced a respectable being to take his life. Kind hearted, just, gentle, modest, and of affable manners, he was certainly not the man to call forth violent personal resentments. Nor was his public career such as to breed bitter political enmities. Although firm in maintaining his convictions, he never became offensive in the expression of them. He was not a man of very brilliant or original ideas, but his sense, his life to public life was rather that of a capable, painstaking, and conscientious man of affairs. His education as an engineer had given him a practical turn, and when he had become sufficiently conspicuous to be called into the government, the portfolio of public works and then that of finance fell by natural selection into his hands. He performed his duties with ability and with eminent courage in frowning and correcting abuses. In 1892 he was elected to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority of the Electoral Assembly of Deputies and Deputies over other candidates far more brilliant than himself, because he was considered the most unobjectionable and the safest man. His conduct as President fully justified the confidence of those who elected him. He bore himself with eminent dignity, discretion, and good judgment. His influence was constantly felt as that of a moderator. The cause of orderly freedom in France and of peace in Europe owed much to the orderly and law-abiding character of the man in which he informed himself of the condition of the people, and manifested his intelligent and active interest in the general well being on his frequent journeys through the country, steadily increasing his popularity and his authority. In a few months his Presidential term of seven years would have expired, and it is more than probable that, had he lived and deflected himself willing to remain at his post, he would have been re-elected with general acclamation. His character, his conduct, and his modest stand as a shining example to his successors.

It is needless to say that his assassin belongs to that kind of people who cannot be classed among reasonable beings. He is a young anarchist, with all the bestial impulses which that name implies. The anarchist thinks it necessary—if any man suppose him to think at all—from time to time to kill somebody for what he pretends to consider the good of humanity. Here that killing is to promote that good it is not the business of the anarchist to inquire. He drops a dynamite bomb in a theatre, or a church, or a café, or a legislative hall, and a number of persons whose he did not know are put to death or maimed for life; and then he pretends to feel that he has done a heroic act for the salvation of mankind from some undefined evil. This he calls the "propaganda of the deed." And when the man who has dropped the bomb and killed and maimed a number of people is arrested by the police, and taken to the police station, and found guilty, and executed in the regular process of law, his brother-anarchists call this an inhuman judicial murder which must be avenged. And they do avenge it by dropping more bombs and killing more people, and so on, until the police of the government and assassinating him, upon the ground that he permitted the bombthrowers to be executed. This President CARNOT was assassinated, it appears, because he had failed to act, by his part, the bombthrower's part, and thereby from the crime of the law. The theory that the anarchist must be permitted to avenge the good of mankind by throwing bombs and killing people, but that the government must not be permitted to avenge the good of mankind by trying and punishing the bombthrowers for murder, is hardly less insane than the expectation entertained by the anarchists that if they only throw enough bombs and assassinate enough public officers, by way of revenge, they will put human society into such a state of fear that it will let the assassins choose to do as they please with impunity, and even permit them to rule at will. These crazy avengers do not see that if they really succeed in putting society into a state of genuine terror they will at the same time drive it to the extreme of selfishness—that is to say, to a state of such in which society will not see the ordinary course of law, and resort to the execution of

irregular force to the end of ridding itself of the criminal class; that robbery, gambling, swindling, violations of the strict law, defiance of city ordinances, and the like, will become a rule of life on the sidewalks, and degrading vice, as encouraged by the police because they are the accomplices of the criminals and share in the booty. It is proved that the property and lives of the people of New York are reasonably safe, and that the violence and crime on the heads of the police are the partners of the criminals, and restrain these within certain bounds of prudence in order that their joint business may not be ruined by exposure. It is also proved that the business of the city is not ruined by the violence and crime which grow rich by it, and that plans and representations on the force are sold for money, an appointment as patrolman costing about \$200, while a pro-mission to a vagrant costs from \$100 to \$150.00.

It is also proved that the violence and crime on the heads of the police are the partners of the criminals, and restrain these within certain bounds of prudence in order that their joint business may not be ruined by exposure. It is also proved that the business of the city is not ruined by the violence and crime which grow rich by it, and that plans and representations on the force are sold for money, an appointment as patrolman costing about \$200, while a pro-mission to a vagrant costs from \$100 to \$150.00. It has been said by this union between the active criminals who do the actual work, and the police who are hired to see that they are not punished as long as they do not cause too much of a disturbance, and thereby cause a popular outcry, which is likely to prove dangerous both to the police authorities and to the criminal political organization which puts them in office and sustains with them on the proceeds of law-breaking.

The Mayor has been established, and yet no official action has been taken towards dismissing these officials from the posts which have given them their opportunities, and no general public demand has been made that such action shall be taken. We pass over for the moment the question of the Mayor's own men who have submitted to blackmailing, and have paid bribes to policemen for the privilege of violating city ordinances. In no other community in Europe, however, would such evidence as has been taken by the *Labor* investigation, which has been taken and is manifested by the people of New York, and in no such community would the chief magistrate dream of permitting the accused to continue in the discharge of their official duties. Even if the Mayor belongs to the organization which has built up crime and flourish on blackmail, and despite his consciousness that the blackmailers in the discharge of their nefarious tasks are simply carrying out the purpose of their appointments, ordinary prudence would seem to demand that he should take some action, and should seek to realize that the executive head of the city owes a duty to the city, and ought at least to try to protect law-abiding people rather than law-breakers.

The Mayor appoints the Police Commissioners, and may remove them, with the approval of the Governor, after giving them an opportunity to answer the charges against them. The Mayor certainly ought to call McCLAVE to account under this law. He may as soon as he feels fit, while Mr. McCLAVE is commissioner, and the demonstrated general demoralization of the police force shows the result that is produced by commissioners like McCLAVE. McCLAVE ought to have been put on his trial by the Mayor as soon as he felt fit, but while Mr. McCLAVE has expressed himself and satisfaction at the revelations that have been made before the LEECH committee, he has done nothing that looks like an intention to rid the city of corrupt officials. So far as he is concerned, it is probably presumed by the police that the "envelope gang" and the "weed man" are to be permitted to ply their selling wares without let or hindrance. By ignoring the evidence against McCLAVE, and by refusing from him advice and a word of reproof, as the Police Commissioners, who are appointees of the Mayor, he shows him sympathy with the accused, and encourages them to expect nothing serious as the result of the LEECH investigation. If the same character is shown by the Mayor in the case of the other commissioners, and the law authorities any intention to order changes against them, the Mayor has power to remove him at any general term for corruption and malfeasance in office. There is certainly cause to bring BROWN to trial, and the Mayor, so the first official crime of New York, should make the charge.

It is a disgrace to New York that any of the accused officials are now discharging the duties of their positions. It is a reflection on New York's citizens that they do not seem to suspect that the spectacle of BROWN and BROWN on the bench, of McCLAVE, MARTIN, and BROWN sitting in judgment on Captain PARKER, and commanding the police, and of black-mailing Captain still in uniform, is so sad a spectacle on their own virtue and patriotism, and on their responsibility to the city, that they should be removed by his day because he is a product of the system that has made all this official crime possible, and would as be Mayor but for that. But the people of New York have their duty also, and notwithstanding that it is the evidence of the Mayor's own conduct, which years of submission to Tammany has wrought, it is to be hoped that they will do it.

GILBOY AND THE LEXON INVESTIGATION.

The attitude of Mayor Gilboir towards incriminated officials is only less astonishing than the failure of the people and press of the city to appreciate its significance. He is the chief magistrate of the metropolis, and he is the chief magistrate of the nation. Here, if anywhere, he should be the most vigilant of the officials who have betrayed their trust. The attitude of Mayor Gilboir towards incriminated officials is only less astonishing than the failure of the people and press of the city to appreciate its significance. He is the chief magistrate of the metropolis, and he is the chief magistrate of the nation. Here, if anywhere, he should be the most vigilant of the officials who have betrayed their trust. The attitude of Mayor Gilboir towards incriminated officials is only less astonishing than the failure of the people and press of the city to appreciate its significance. He is the chief magistrate of the metropolis, and he is the chief magistrate of the nation. Here, if anywhere, he should be the most vigilant of the officials who have betrayed their trust.

Quite the contrary of this is true. The state of the law is substantially this: It has been proved that the police force is thoroughly corrupt, and that the police authorities on purchased acquiescence, that the police authorities themselves constitute part of the

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The election of M. Casimir Perier is of modern history for the French Republic and the French people because it is a chief magistrate too distinctly won has place by force of merit and through the public confidence bestowed by the character that he has demonstrated for the last twenty years of public service.

Even in 1875, M. Jean Paul Pierre Casimir Perier is of a distinguished family of French statesmen, a grandfather having been President of the Council under Louis Philippe, and his father a member of the first ministry of the republic under M. Thiers. The election of a candidate with hereditary rights is strong evidence of the election of M. Casimir Perier had one to suppose that hereditary rights for a great deal in the politics of republican France. Certainly it counted for a great deal in the case of the late President, who would scarcely have been very seriously considered as a candidate if the same be true, that of the great War Minister, had not been available as a "possible."

With M. Casimir Perier the case has been entirely different. His public services have been such as would have qualified an obscure name and to have added new honors to one already illustrious. Before his legislative service he had served his country bravely and with distinction as a soldier for sixteen years, being engaged in the defense of Paris, and beating himself with such conspicuous gallantry as to win the Cross of the Legion of Honor. While he was yet a new member of the Chamber, and in the reconstruction following the fall of the Bonaparte ministry, he became an Under Secretary of State in the Department of Public Instruction, so that his administrative work is not new to him. He continued to do his duty with diligence, and to maintain his position as a member of the Republic, and in 1881 he joined the Republican Union. In 1882 he became an Under Secretary of State in the War Department, and in 1883 was chosen the President of the Chamber of Deputies. Through his leadership these years became known as a man of character and of dignity, he became a commanding figure only with the speech that he made upon the Panama Incident, which is the most serious political scandal that has afflicted the republic. This was in 1888, after the death of



JEAN PAUL PIERRE CASIMIR-PERIER.

Baron de Reubach and the fall of the Louvet cabinet, when one public man after another had been unseated by the disclosure, and it seemed doubtful whether enough unseated men could be associated to form a ministry that

would command public confidence in its integrity. It was at this crisis that the Deputy for Nogent sur Seine made the speech which showed that he at least had nothing to conceal in his own behalf or that of his friends, a speech which at once changed his position from that of a working member to that of a political leader. It is true that his large fortune put him out of the work of the institutions to which so many legislators had succumbed, but it did him no harm with the solid and moderate people, the bourgeoisie, who had by that time come to be sure that a noisy politician was not to be trusted. The acceptance unhesitatingly by the strength of the republic, and from that day in this M. Casimir Perier has been their representative and spokesman. After M. Bisson, the President called upon him to form a ministry to succeed that of Louvet, but he was unable to accomplish the task upon the terms he had laid down for himself, and it was M. Huret who finally succeeded in making up a cabinet that was for the time acceptable to the Chamber. M. Casimir Perier's growing prominence was acknowledged by his election to the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, and at last, only last December, by the suffrages to form a new ministry.

In his declaration of principles on taking office he set forth that France was equally remote to "reaction and socialism," and this of course served against him the socialists, whose increasing number in the Chamber had made them, in the estimation of most political circles, a power not only to be reckoned with but to be feared. Nevertheless, his ministry lasted from the beginning of December till the end of May, a term in which a long life as recent French ministries have gone and it then died. It may be said, by socialists. As it was constantly opposed, the Prime Minister was "riding for a fall." He was beaten because he would yield nothing to the socialists, but made a short lease with them in which they had the assistance of all the enemies of the constitutional republic. When he resigned his premiership to assume the Presidency of the Chamber, the general opinion was that he was stronger as a candidate for the Presidency than if he had remained Premier.

The circumstances of President Casimir Perier's election and death made M. Casimir Perier almost a political necessity. It was essential that socialists should be suppressed, and that a consensus of opinion of socialists should be reached. This accounts for the almost unanimous election of M. Casimir Perier by the Republican members, a choice which was virtually decisive. It accounts also for the vicious behavior of the socialist Deputies at the conference in the Chamber, they had no chance of having the confidence of the broader Republicanism. That candidate was chosen as the first ballot, and the opposition was "scattering."

France is very much to be congratulated, not only for an signal victory in the election, but for the over-coming of her peers, for having in her chief magistrate a brave, high-minded, and patriotic man.



THE CAPITOL AT OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.—FROM THE ACCEPTED DRAWING BY KENNETH FLAND.—[SEE PAGE 61.]



THE MASTER.*

BY L. ZANGWILL

CHAPTER XI

NOT MUCH MORE.

"FENNY I've never been to see your place—I must look you up one day." Thus said Herbert at uncertain intervals, but he never carried out his threat. His life was too full, and he had been accustomed from childhood to have the mountains come to him. And so, gradually, Matt, who had at first lived half expectant of an exposure, half-wishful that Herbert should become richly aware of his real position, turned down his imagination to the question of his cousin's manner, and weakly tried to live up to that young gentleman's misanthropic of him whenever they were together, even submitting to a morning call and as evening drew from Herbert's tailor for an undisturbed note at an unobtrusive club. For if the disadvantages of Herbert's society were many, if he had to brave for days to return Herbert's civil hospitality at a restaurant, still he was satisfied the game was worth the candle. From Herbert he felt himself acquiring polish and refinement, and legitimate English and social lore; Herbert was his intellectual stimulus, with thoughts to give away and books to lend; Herbert was bright and gay, charming away the vapors of youthful despondency. But, above all, Herbert sometimes allowed him to work in his studio—a privilege inestimable, but which at least all the other young men found out. In brief: thus.

On Matt's second visit, Herbert said, good-naturedly: "I've just told my picture. You sit down. Let's see what you can do."

"May I?" cried Matt, eagerly. There was a comely model on the throne, a dark-eyed beauty in Oriental dress.

Herbert relinquished the brush and threw himself upon his back on the couch, puffing lazily at his cigarette.

"By Jove!" he said, after five minutes. "You've put that in all right. But what a juicy style you've got! Where did you get that from?"

"I don't do it any other way," said Matt, apologetically.

"The governor told me you're under Tarnjan. He never taught you that?"

"No, but that's the way I've always worked. I did a lot of portraits in Nova Scotia."

"The devil you did! No wonder you're made money, confessed you! I thought you were a blundering ignoramus just come over to learn your pictorial pathos and hangings."

"I thought so too," said Matt, flushing with pleasure and modesty.

"None of your success, you beggar. You can finish the head if you like."

"Thank you," said Matt, dutifully. He felt as if the best were leaving coils of fire upon his own head, repaying his first secret disposition by ever generous praise. The

pointed away heavily, soon forgetting everything but the joyful travail of execution.

"I must come down to your place and see your work," said Herbert, looking up from the volume of *Switzerland* in which he had immersed himself.

"Oh, there isn't much," said Matt, hesitantly. "I'll bring you some little things next time. Only I don't want your father to see them—they're not for sale."

"You're right," said Herbert. "Don't show 'em to him, though."

"What's the matter?" asked Matt, taming his hand.

"Tall of the Old Gentleman," said Herbert.

The laugh dropped from the father's pallid features. He felt like one caught red-handed. He had already come in, somewhat surreptitiously, through the side door, in obedience to Herbert's recommendation, and to be found using Herbert's appliances and model would be the same of guiltiness.

The storm was false, but nevertheless "the Old Gentleman" indicated Matthew during the effort. For they had frequent occasion to fear his advent, since Matt's ear often, tempted from his gloomy back room to the beautiful light studio, where he was allowed not only to do bits of Herbert's work with Herbert read or gossiped with the model, but occasionally to set up another model and use the same model. But they were rarely detected together twice by the Vanderpool brood and the worst cost, and on one occasion Herbert had had time to resume the brush, and on another to pose Matt as a model.

The Old Gentleman's rather grumpy about you," he admitted, with his customary candor. "I've had to tell the servant not to mention your coming so often. The mother's modest on me and I suppose he's a bit jealous. She must not let you to our dinner party but little—we had two American, and a Dutch Academician, and an American millionaire who boys say not, and an anti-artist who prefers to—but he said one didn't give dinner parties for one's relations, but for strangers."

At Matt already dived into a family, with mother's gruffness hanging at the side to get like at ease, he did not feel himself hardly used. It was enough for him to come up half-severely and catch Herbert at work on the studio for the picture of "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar," and to talk about it, and now and then to do a bit of painting on his own account. Work, through his latent in his coming misanthropic, he felt his the habit of dropping in every evening, here and there came up regularly for three, though modern was not supposed to be aware of his presence. These were person baroque, filled laughter and belly, made pictures by the satanic dress or tenders of the third party, and even palatine for Matt when his first rehearsal was off by ten feet that they several others.

Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar" was intended for next year's Academy, Herbert told him, and he gathered from his

cousin's casual observations that it had also to be submitted beforehand to the professors at the school, for there were strange cramping conditions as to the size of the canvas and the principal figures. But he was less interested in its details than in its draughtsmanship. He saw the tableau in his mind's eye the moment Herbert told him he was engaged upon it, for the scene had often figured itself in his fancy in those far-off days when his mother read the Bible to his hapless children by random pririkings. Nebuchadnezzar's dream was one of the lucky chapters in which Matt listened without distraction as the narrative unfolded itself piecemeal before his inner vision. He rapidly sketched his conception, then found he disliked it, and ultimately remembered that he had unconsciously reproduced the grouping of figures in the illustration in his mother's Bible, one of those he had colored in his childish naughtiness. Herbert possessed him was a drawback, but Matt went away brooding over a more artistic arrangement, and almost that he was mingled by those in a den. But in the morning he brought a new grouping for Herbert's consideration. This Herbert picked to pieces as being against the canon.

"Don't forget it for the Academy," he said. "We mustn't make mistakes in grammar."

Matt had to admit ruefully that his scheme was full of noisiness. He had by this time so full an acquaintance with the rules as his model, but with Herbert they had become instinctive. It was with a renewed sense of inferiority to his cousin, paradoxically combined with an lowered raging against the Lindley Murphys of art, that Matt abandoned post after post under Herbert's smothering criticism. Herbert's gift of putting other people's lives in pieces amounted to genius. He abandoned his original sketch also, dismissed his projected models and devoted himself to arguing out the composition abroad.

Under the banner of the art critic smoking cynically on the sofa, Matt was put upon his knees to group all the figures and rearrange the lines so as to escape the ghastly looking on every side, and like was satisfy the conditions of the religious professors.

"We must get on much subject as possible into it," explained Herbert. "They give you such a small space—only fifty by forty—that you must crowd all you know into it."

Gradually the composition took shape, with infinite discussion, daily rehearsal. Matt was for pillars with curious effects of architecture. Herbert objected that pillars would make the perspective too difficult, and only rewarded on the laughing stipulation that Matt should work on the angles. And Herbert was very aware from Matt's suggestions of strange original attitudes for the figures.

"That'll make some awfully soft foregrounding," he growled.

"What does it matter? You'll have models," Matt would reply.

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SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

BY LINUS ANDRÉ—ILLUSTRATED BY P. HENRIARD.

It is ten o'clock. The trumpets sound, the drums beat a salute, and the newspapers pace up and down the large lobby of the Palais Bourbon like a flock of the *des-patch* *par* *propre*, shouting as loud as they can, "Hush off, gentlemen! Every one doffs his hat, for the President of the Chamber of Deputies is coming to take his place as presiding officer."

The journalists, who are heard by this official command, which they have witnessed over and over again for years, rush off towards the gallery set apart for them and from the foot of the staircase caught in seen but climbing legs, some merely assure that the report that in the press gallery others mounting precipitately. Look at those legs, which Beaumont has sketched with his magic pencil at the sight of them it is easy to guess that not one of the journalists to whom they belong will write this evening. Mark how slowly the *Figaro* and the *Commerce* reporters go up, they are in no hurry. And why should they be? An out-bid of them early with their articles in their hands? The former, whatever befalls, is expected to sing the praise of a

large public hall. The *républicains* are drawn up in double rank along his passage, two officers escort him, armed in hand, and the colonel (a command) of the regiment of the Palais Bourbon stands motionless in the door leading into the Chamber. This ceremony is entirely impromptu, and every time a new President of the Chamber enters upon office, a crowd gathers in the lobby to see how he will march.

beat a salute. On entering sight of the gentlemen, the post needed, mark to the coincidence of these around him. Shortly after he explained this movement of surprise. "How could I help it?" said the President, "you know." "I was unable to suppress an involuntary shudder, for every time it was that I have seen the gentlemen it was to be laid off in prison. I am not accustomed to have these present arms to me as I pass along."

Finally the President goes to his chair and the sitting begins. As long as talk of his great importance are being discussed, the lobby gradually becomes more animated. It is a curious sight to witness the reporters, some of whom crowd behind a narrow table, write out the notes that they read off every five minutes to their respective newspapers, all sorts of transactions, and perfectly successful, are to be seen walking up and down, looking to double bounds with the Deputy when they think will be a robust morsel for his dinner. An empty room and a few more of this kind of people whom are invited the names of persons wishing to speak with Deputies who are at their places in



CAMILLE FAURIOL, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER



DE GATTÉ (GASTÉ).



DE LA ROCHEPOT (ROCHÉPOT).

In France the *des-patch*, or oldest member, presides over the first sitting of each new session. This prescriptive rule is not without offering certain inconveniences, as it may sometimes bring to the Presidential chair an accumulation too weak physically to perform the task incumbent on him, or one whose political opinions are too insistently in opposition to those of the Parliamentary majority. Thus, a few years ago, it so chanced that the oldest member was Buisson, the famous revolutionist, who had been so often arrested and condemned to prison or sent into exile during the Empire. On the opening day, the guard of honor, which is in some degree from each regiment levies in the Paris garrison, happened to be furnished by the preliminary, a body of troops especially charged with the arrest of malefaction. B. Buisson, in dress coat and white necktie, was in the Presidential dining-room, surrounded by the secretaries of the Chamber, and awaiting the moment when he should be called to attend the sitting. Presently the clock struck two, and the Clerk of the House entered the door of the dining-room to be drawn away. The colonel instantly announced: "Monsieur le Président," the officers bowed their heads, the trumpets sounded, and the drums

the Chamber. These persons are solicitous, and in many cases women, whose object it is to get the Deputy of their district to favor some begging request. But no one claims for herself the consideration of her husband's position, or a husband's wife (deputies being a government monopoly in France), another wants a scholarship for her son, who is in one of the state colleges, a third her performance for her husband. The Deputy may not have a kind word for all, and promises to use his best efforts in their behalf.

Few persons besides to what extent the Deputy are permitted by their electors. Some receive as many as fifteen or twenty visits in a day, to my thinking about the forty or fifty letters brought to them by the post. If these letters could only be published! I have seen a Deputy who on his last day of his term of office, or the day of his death, was suddenly asked by their electors, or the friends of their electors, to denounce the good women, who live in the depths of a province, had recourse to the Deputy from his district, to help him out of difficulty with her dressmaker. Having received a dress from Paris, and finding that the garment did not fit, she sent the Deputy the measurement of her waist and a description of her person, so that he might be enabled to change the dress for one better suited to her size.

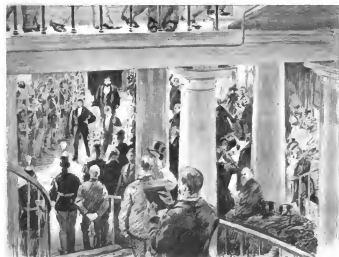
At four o'clock the lobby is crowded to the utmost, and in the hall of people that come and go, persons of all ages and conditions, it is difficult to distinguish between the Deputy and those who are mere spectators. Formerly, under the Empire, the Deputies wore an official costume, a black coat with a black waistcoat, a black cravat and the white necktie. Now, however, the dress coat gave way to the frock coat; the latter was in turn superseded by the cut away coat, and in the last session the blue blouse of the French center made its appearance. To affirm the diversity of his opinions, M. Thiers, a member who called himself a workingman Deputy, solemnly presented his constituents thus if he were returned he would be present at all the sittings of the Chamber in a blue blouse. M. Thiers was elected, and kept his word. During the first week he dressed with a great success, as it gave rise to much amusement, but of a while the members got accustomed to the cravat, and every one pulled the cravat and then condemned to wear a blouse every day of his life, and who, when he left the Palais Bourbon in the evening, put his blue blouse over his frock coat, he should be accused of breaking his word.

The last elections have returned a large number of working Deputies, and it is curious to see the black movement of the women at the door leading into the Chamber when certain persons to whom they have refused admittance refuse to go. "But I am a member of the House!" M. François Coppée, member of the French Academy recently, said that Louis XIV. would have expressed considerable astonishment had

subject that is dear to his journal, the latter, hoped what may, is no less obliged to run it down.

Mr. Hishom said one day, "I have heard several times and speeches during my Parliamentary career, they really changed my opinion, and now my vote." The representatives of newspapers holding extreme views intend not to work for themselves, and add that they do not even take the trouble to listen to the speech but they are sent to report.

While the journalists rush off to their gallery, the President, followed by the secretaries of the Chamber and the general secretary or Clerk of the House, passes through the



THE PRESIDENT GOING TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—VIEW FROM THE PRESS GALLERY STAIRWAY.



M. JAURÈS (JOURNALIST).

he have said that some future day his great grandchildren would have to many power in the state than a simple peasant. Without going back as far as the reign of Louis XIV., it may be surmised that twenty-five years ago had any one predicted a time when legislators would be found who gazed at their lack of instruction, the man that made such a statement would have been accounted insane.

It could be a mistake to suppose, however, that the work men of France are deficient in intellect. In the first place, we find under this epithet men who, by their studies, universities, and professions have nothing to compare with the

workmen. Some are professors of considerable talent, like M. Jaurès, or eminent lawyers like M. Millouard or poets like Cécile Hurvay. Not one of them, to my knowledge, has ever handled a tool. They nevertheless assume the title of workmen legittimes. When are politicians, or the champions of trades unions, who defend what they consider to be the working man's interests, and who have risen into power by so doing? But, I repeat, they are not workmen. There are, indeed, a few new working men in the Chamber—a miner, a baker, a hatter. The latter's name is Perrot, and strange to say, this man at the last general election beat M. Pléville, an ex-President of the Chamber, who, as everybody knows, has always won a lot of political change.

The story has been told of a workman



M. JAURÈS (JOURNALIST).



THEY BELIEVE (HARPER).

Deputy who, while visiting the Palais Bourbon, suddenly dropped in front of a row of books inscribed "Open mouth." It is well known that it is impossible to draw this title is usually placed on the domes or stone covers of painted volumes intended to make a corner of the room. "What?" exclaimed the Deputy, on reading the word "Open," "you have mouth."

here?" "We have all kinds of mouths," responded the H. French, who is a very learned man. I think that the story is due to a fertile imagination, but it might be true.

All the new members, whether working men, lawyers, or petty landowners from the provinces, came to the Chamber with their pockets full of bills to be presented in Parliament. To these new members talk you would suppose that nothing had ever been done before their arrival, that in a few weeks they would turn society upside down, and accomplish the most unexpected schemes. Henceforth every body would be happy; money would be done away with, every citizen would find employment, and taxation would be established on a thoroughly equitable basis. A golden age would begin all around. Well, a few months, and all these new comers will now perceive that their predictions were saturated with the same good intentions, and that it is far easier to cherish a dream than to bring about its realization.

The first weeks of a new session are the Deputy's hours of noon, but his tribulations will soon begin. He will have to fulfill the promises made to his electors, lay the bills on the table, and discuss them at the tribune. What subject of interest? It is the admission of the new Deputy. In the American Congress every member speaks from his seat; when he addresses the House he is surrounded by ardent who

are silently. In the French Parliament a member is forbidden to speak from his seat; he must speak from the tribune. No member has yet shown that he was handsome of speech from the tribune. If he is shy or deficient, awkward or embarrassed, the screams which are now spread throughout the Chamber will convince him that he is unfortunately involved. If an excited expression or a word which may be turned into a pun, wrings his lips, the whole House will burst into a roar of laughter.

In the last Chamber there was a Deputy who had a reputation for his addresses outside of Parliament. His name was Vergès, and he was

narrated a handsome man. One day M. Vergès had to read a report to the House. This report was unimportant, but M. Vergès happened to be the son of the day. The rush for tickets of admission was something unusual on the part of the ladies, who all wished to see M. Vergès. Before the sitting opened, the galleries were literally packed with spectators, for the most part ladies, as if some important political discussion were to take place. M. Vergès was so impressed that he no longer dared to appear in the tribune, he sought everywhere for a colleague who would be willing to read the report in his stead. Every one refused, and M. Vergès was on the point of giving up the attempt in despair, when he met a stranger who had just arrived.

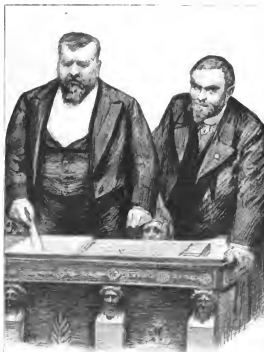
"My dear colleague," said M. Vergès, "will you be so good as to read this report in my place? I have a bad throat and cannot speak." "Willingly," replied the other. Then, after a brief pause, he said: "M. Vergès, as the President is about to call up my affair." And as he said this he hurried the obliging Deputy towards the tribune. This Deputy, named Lafont, was so shy he looked at us a man who possibly he. He mounted the tribune with the help of a crutch and read the report. There was at once a tremendous stir all over the Chamber. The very side the ladies, who were peering through their fingers of the speaker, drew away in consternation of the deepest astonishment.

"What?" said they, "is



PIERRE, DU.

Old Member of the Chamber of Deputies.



PRESIDENT (NOW PREMIER) CHARLES DUFFY AND THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE, M. PIERRE.
"Remember, to make another."



ALBERT G. LANE,
Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, President
National Educational Association



J. M. GREENWOOD,
Kansas City, Missouri, Treasurer National
Educational Association



EDWIN SHEPARD,
President State Normal School, Wisconsin, Secretary
National Educational Association



E. E. CLARK, Ph.D.,
Farming, Long Island, Vice-President National
Educational Association



CHARLES DE GARBO,
President of Swarthmore College



JAMES L. HYNDES,
Public-School Inspector, Toronto, Canada



JOHN W. COOK,
President Illinois State Normal School



NORMAN A. CALKINS,
Assistant Superintendent of Schools, New York



E. W. COY,
Principal Hughes High-School, Cincinnati, Ohio



ROY BEE SMITH,
Secretary of the Institute



ARTHUR S. POLANS,
State Superintendent of Instruction, New Jersey



W. T. BARROWS,
Consultant of Education, Washington, D. C.

special subjects: Kindergarten, Elementary Education, Secondary Education, Higher Education, Normal Education, Manual and Industrial Education, Art Education, Music Education, Religion Education, and Child Study. In addition there is a Robert Utah, and a series of Round Table conferences conducted by eminent pedagogical and psychological specialists.

The National Council of Education, composed of sixty picked men chosen for their eminence in educational work, meets on July 6th, and continues in session until the 10th, presided over by Principal E. W. Coy, of the Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Until 1900 the N. E. A., as it is usually called by teachers, took its positive steps towards the study of educational problems, but in that year the progressive element in the membership succeeded in having the Committee of Ten appointed to investigate the secondary school problem, and secured an appropriation of \$2,000 for the expenses of the investigation. The success of this step and the great popularity of the committee's report have made the association widely known, and won for it increased attention and respect.

The representative character of the N. E. A. is worthy of notice. When it met at Saratoga, in 1902, Nevada was the only State unrepresented. At Toronto in 1901, Arizona, Nevada, and Idaho alone were not members. At St. Paul in 1900, Utah and Idaho were missing; while at San Francisco

in 1895, Florida alone failed to contribute to the membership. Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Missouri are the States that contribute the largest membership, even when the meetings are held in the East. This year, however, the State pride of New Jersey is enhanced, and no consensus is reached from that State is looked for.

The executive officers of the association for 1903-4 are: President, A. G. Lane, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Illinois; Vice-President, E. H. Cook, Associate Editor of the *Educational Review*, Farming, New York; Secretary, Edwin Shepard, President of the State Normal School, Wisconsin; Treasurer, J. M. Greenwood, Superintendent of Schools, Kansas City, Missouri; Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Norman A. Calkins, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, New York City; President of the National Council of Education, E. W. Coy, Principal of the Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It was under the auspices of the National Educational Association that the great series of international congresses of education was held at Chicago, July 25-30, 1903. The proceedings of these congresses have just been issued by the association in a handsome volume of over a thousand pages. There are brought together the reports of papers and discussions that for variety and general interest probably fill the first place among educational publications. No teacher, wherever he is the special form or type of his work, will

search this great volume in vain for topics of interest to himself. Discussions on education in art, technology, and business methods stand side by side with those on universities, colleges, high schools and educational psychology. The papers in this collection that are most likely to survive and be referred to in future years are those by President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, on "American University Development"; Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, on "The American Liberal Education in the History of Students of Law, Medicine and Theology"; Professor Herrington of Yale, on "The Study of English Literature in French Universities"; Principal J. C. Mackenzie of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, on "State Supervision of Private Schools"; Dr. S. G. W. Lapsley of Berkeley, on "The Education of System of Studies"; Professor J. M. Hough of Yale, on "Methods of Art Education"; Dr. McCall, of Princeton, on "The Place of Reality in Philosophy"; Professor Josiah Horn, of Harvard, on "The Study of Psychology"; and Professor Ormrod, of Princeton, on "The Soul." The Congress of Experimental Psychology, which attracted much attention at the time, is very disappointing as reported in the volume. As a rule, it may be said that the real merit contributed nearly all that was valuable to these congresses. There is a marked difference in the report of those in which university teachers and university trained men did not appear.



SUMMER EXCURSION TO PLYMOUTH—PLYMOUTH ROCK.—DRAWN BY GEORGE KRISTIANSON.—[See Page 611.]



HAVE WE IMPROVED UPON OUR MANNER OF CELEBRATING THE FOURTH?
Looking South on Broadway from Corner of Cortlandt Street, 1864.—Drawn by DICK BIRD.—[See Page 642.]

JULY 4th

SPECIAL PROGRAMME OF SEVEN RACES

BY THE

CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB

Sheepshead Bay;

FIRST RACE AT 2 O'CLOCK

INCLUDING THE GREAT

TRIAL STAKES

AND THE GREAT

INDEPENDENCE

STEEPLE-CHASE

(Over the Full Course).

MUSIC BY LANDER'S FULL ORCHESTRA

Trains will leave foot of East 34th Street, N.Y., and Boats from foot of Whitehall Street (Bay Ridge Ferry) every half-hour till 11.40, and after that hour every 15 minutes for special accommodation.

Grand-Stand Badges and Ladies' Tickets

For Sale at all Railroad Stations en route, also at Bay Ridge Ferry, foot of Whitehall Street, N. Y.

Special Railroad Accommodations Returning from Races

AMATEURSPORT

THE All-AMERICA college basketball team and some regular substitutes for 1964 should be:

Underlay	Downsweep	Tide
Pin-In	Carton	Tide
First Name	Graphic	Pinpoint/Map
Second Name	Shower	Amulet
Third Name	Crack	Harvard
Short Stop	Sliver	Beacon
Left Field	Blackboard	Physician
Center Field	Thousand	Propaganda
Right Field	Cave	Isle

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Species	N	Sex	Age	Percent
Yale	20	8	24	40
Pygmy Gnatcatcher	12	4	33	28
Pygmy Kinglet	10	4	40	40
Bluebird	10	4	40	40
Hummingbird	10	4	40	40

본 연구는 2014년 10월 1일부터 2015년 9월 30일까지 실시된 것으로, 연구기간 동안의 연구결과를 정리하고, 연구결과를 토대로 제언을 제시하였다.

C. Signs	W. n.	Lost	Total	Percentage
Williams	8	2	10	.800
Hartwood	5	2	7	.714
Amherst	2	0	2	1.000

ALTHOUGH THE COLLEGE BASKETBALL SEASON OF 1994 has been better than and play than 1993 did, the finals was not nearly as interesting as when Harvard and Yale fought it out a year ago, and Harvard won. The result of the Harvard-Yale series this year was a foregone conclusion, and the championship had been virtually won when Yale



CAPTAIN MACKENZIE,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

games won and lost. Although winning a series from one of the leading universities is considered of far more importance than the loss of a single game early in the season, yet the result of the several different series is such as makes the final standing of the teams in the listed number of games won and lost a very fair statement up of their relative merits. Yale has won the series from Princeton, Harvard, and Brown, and is tied with Pennsylvania in the two games played.

Princeton has won from Harvard and Brown, and is tied with Yale, Princeton, and Cornell.

MORE GOOD CATCHERS HAVE been seen in the past season than ever before, the best being Greenway (Yale), Coogan (Princeton), Tenney (Brown), Bonard (Harvard), Dempster (William), Abbott (Dartmouth), and Williams (Princeton). Greenway, Coogan, and Tenney are far ahead of all others, and the choice must be from these men. Greenway's work has shown steady and scientific improvement since

the beginning of the season, he had the hardest parting of the deck, put on a break and then they were unannounced. He is a hard, serious, steady set, and the best representative of the underground type of the mountain. Through the work of Congress men Tenney has been a right leader, they have no right to catch, and in killing also have they been labeled Greynow, Greynow's general work was the same as liable, and he deserves the position of leader on the mountain. At American college men Congress in several cities, although we do not know the names on the field. Tenney's sudden departure from the mountain made him a long-expected something else, but remarkably well for a first year man, and Draper has made himself a decision earlier than his three years of service. Will James Richard the season strong, and Richard has been a young man for the last month. Elizabeth of Vermont is an able man, and the work of the club. We



CAPTAIN CAROL
Wade Wilson

[illegible]

Presented to the Yale Athletic Association in memory of William Hearn by his widow, as a perpetual champion cup to be re-constructed for annually at the Intercollegiate games in the winter.

Placing the runner's box further back has had a direct effect on college players, the young men who are but a few years older than most of these warm-ups and have a few more years to go in their careers. The best of the season were Carter (Cal., White of Brown, Schenck of Pennsylv.), Bowser of Georgetown, Hildebrand of Harvard, and Lewis of Wisconsin. Carter has been less affected by the increased distance than the others, and has played a strong role in that respect. Through the season he has been improving, showing a great improvement over last year. His success has not been limited to the box, for he developed into one of the strongest and surest hitters. While joined in an average game, and was greatly aided by his catcher, the slipping distance prevented his using speed, but his quick reflexes, which he could not use in the past, were of great help. When given the chance, Schenck was fast as a



LTJG WALTERS,
Captain, University of Pennsylvania Tower Crew

vania's best pitcher, and his perfect fielding and good hitting made him a good record. Doubt has possibilities, as Lewis was Williams's main stay. Highlanders pitched five games against Yale at Underknights and New Haven, and succeeded in defeating Princeton, but his work was erratic and uncertain. Rowell of Pennsylvania pitched for a while in Texas, and did well when his time was ahead. His re-



THOMAS HALL,
Captain Cornell Varsity Crew

things considered, and Blakeley's strong game gives him second place.

There have been few good short stops this season, but the Harvard Yale bats have a very weak in this position, and the best one was Steve of Princeton, Hollister of Pennsylvania, and Brooks of Princeton. Steve's hitting and fielding and all round qualities give him first place. Hollister's hitting has been a trifle better than Steve's, but his fielding is far below the Brown man's. His fielding alone can Brooks compare with his two rivals: but this has been good enough to place him second choice, despite Hollister's superior stick work.



P. E. WATERS
Cincinnati, Oregon, U.S.A.

games were against Princeton and Cornell. Altman and Bradley want as much as they can at the end of the season, and both were easy men to hit. Poole of Vermont has neither the curves nor speed he had last year, and has not been effective. Carter easily distances all competitors, and should be the pitcher of the All-American team, with White for substitute.

[illegible]

No matter how men have played at second that choice is narrowed down to a very few, although good men have been developed. Stearns of Auburn, King of Patuxent, Coats of Pennsylvania, and Dismore of Illinois have shown the best form. Though playing with a losing team, Stearns' work was better than any other player's. He is a strong batter and sure fielder, as well as a thoroughly clean player, and has done a great deal for college baseball during his course. King has done



CAPTAIN WIGGIN,
Has said this.

last season, and King's general utility gives him second. Only four really good third-innings have been seen this year—Jack (Harvard), Bakerly (Pennsylvania), Ganter

(Princeton) and Archbishop (Yale). The choice of these men is a difficult one. Cook has been playing with a losing team, and his record is not so good as in former years, but he has large experience, and would stand his position better than any of the others. Baskley has been a steady Crank, and has lost better; yet Baskley has made several superb plays, which must count against him. His sport of Garcke's beautiful throw in the second Yale game gave Yale the opportunity of winning the game. Gustavus Insull, ground balls better than any of his opponents, better though he and Archbishop can catch, but neither, their hitting is very weak. The players selected for the All American team must be men whom all record work and steadyness would like the strongest and most trustworthy. Cook is the best, and Baskley's strong game gives him second place.

There have been few good short stops this season. Both Harvard and Yale have a very weak in this position, and the best men are Stuart of Brown, Hollister of Pennsylvania, and Brown of Princeton. Brown's hitting and fielding and of record qualities give him first place. Hollister's hitting is better, but his fielding is far below. Brown's hitting is a fielding about can Brooks compare with his two rivals, but his has been good enough to place him second. Brown, despite Hollister's superior work.

THE NEW YEAR WORK of 1964 has probably been the best in college football, and here are the 10 outstanding players of good men. Of these the leading names are Moshier of Princeton, Thomas of Pennsylvania, Bonner of Pennsylvania, Pappas of Princeton, Bostis of Yale, George Brown, and William of Harvard. The new field of the All American team must consist of men who thoroughly understand their positions and are sure blockers and strong hitters. Thomas has made the most complete record.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



KING DEBS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(WEEKLY PAPER)

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THE REPUBLICAN SILVER MOVEMENT.

WHEN Senator LOUISIÉ first brought forth his proposition to force England by a tariff war to abandon her own monetary system and to adopt bimetallism, the self-denial bimetallism of the silver movement met the whole Republican press corps. The party vote is recorded in the Senate appeared only as an occasional maneuver to "put the Democrats in a hole." There was general abhorrence when Mr. Hoke of Maine, who posed for an able politician and a brilliant defender of a sound currency, in a public statement constructed the idea with apparent seriousness. Still it was based upon the case of another politician too smart for his own good. But when several Republican State conventions, East and West, passed resolutions either directly or indirectly endorsing the scheme, or even going so far as positively to demand free silver coinage, the matter, which originally had been only a personal quarrel, assumed the proportions of a political movement, and a movement, too, peculiarly marked in view of the supposing circumstances.

The unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase act last year produced a situation eminently disagreeing to the agitators for free coinage. Their hope being the country upon a silver basis by the constant re-issuance of silver to the Treasury, and a corresponding drain of the gold reserves, was completely dashed. They knew that any free coinage or similar measure they might succeed in pushing through Congress would be promptly vetoed by President CLEVELAND, and that they would not be able to overcome the veto. During Mr. CLEVELAND'S term at least they knew they would be powerless. Meanwhile the number and importance of Southern business men protesting against the silver issue was constantly increasing, and the business men of the West expected that the revival of business likely to follow the passage of the tariff bill in any shape would have the effect of quieting the silver agitation, just as the business revival following the resumption of specie payments in 1893 quieted the greenback agitation. The crisis, which at one time had seemed inevitable, in short, there was a most flattering prospect that we might soon be able to take up the monetary problem without being disturbed by a popular "crisis" of any importance, and with a strong probability of a rational settlement. All that was necessary was that the friends of a sound currency should firmly stand to their colors.

The Republicans claimed credit for having brought about the present situation by furnishing to Congress the votes needed for the repeal of the silver-purchase act; and this credit was not denied them. They pretended to be the sound-money party, and this pretension was widely accepted as well founded. In fact, the credit thus gained, together with the disgust created by the misconduct of the Democratic majority in the Senate, and the probability that the tariff question would in the near future be a less important issue in our party contests, gave the Republicans the finest possible chance to re-establish their silverism in power. According to all appearances, nothing could deprive the Republicans of this re-establishment but some act of bad faith, of demagoguery, or of folly, calculated to prove them as a party to be so unwise, or even less, than the Democrats. And just such an act they are now in the way of committing by their reckless dalliance with the silver issue. They could do no more vicious turn to the currency than by this introduction of a new element of uncertainty in a situation otherwise so hopeful of a satisfactory outcome, and the situation thus they can do no more vicious turn to themselves.

If this wholly unexpected Republican silver movement had remained confined to a few demagogues among their leaders, or to the States under strong Spanish influence, it would not be disquieting. But when the Republican Convention of no conservative a State as Vermont shows symptoms of infection, the disease is evidently attacking the best parts of the Republican organization. The most careful either the Republicans or the Democrats have to guard with regard to the financial question as it pertained or as it was believed to be, or that it has irretrievably fallen under the control of the selfish interests back up by the protective tariff which men in their degradation seek an alliance with the silver issue, and are ready to sacrifice all public interests for the

sole end of saving for themselves the benefit of an easier tariff duties, or that it permits itself to be seduced by the reckless schemes of some demagogues less prudent who think it a smart thing, and an advantageous one for themselves, to make a bed for the silver vote, regardless of the consequences in the country. Whichever of these explanations be the correct one, certain it is that the more this movement spreads the more dangerous it will become to the general interest, and the more it will discredit and disavow the Republican party.

But there is one feature of this business which should not pass without observation, for it discloses startling depths of demoralization among our public men. The insidious impulse to this new Republican silver movement is its foundation itself in State politics. It was started by Senator Hoke of Maine, and to force Great Britain into bimetallism by a tariff war. Now whatever we may think of Mr. LOUISIÉ, he certainly cannot be so consummate an idiot as to believe that there is the faintest shadow of possibility to being able to force Great Britain, if it were otherwise feasible, by such a policy of coercion. As a man, person, Mr. LOUISIÉ will have to admit that such an idea is, as to its practicability, too absurd for argument, and that he set out with his proposition to force Great Britain to adopt bimetallism by a tariff war. This is simply shocking. We do not mean to be unnecessarily harsh in our judgment of a political traitor recorded for his part in or even for personal adulation, provided no public interest of moment be thereby sacrificed. But when Senator LOUISIÉ, who the States propose an important measure, and thereby starts a movement not only endangering the credit and the usefulness of his own party, but also giving new courage and strength to evil tendencies which are doing mischief to the country, and which without this strengthening would be likely soon to lose their disturbing power, and when that Senator does this knowing that in point of practicability his proposition is an absurd humbug, such conduct is consistent in the extreme. It is a magnificent demagoguery of the lowest and most ignominious sort. We remember nothing similar in our recent political history that surpasses it in downright wickedness and depravity. That young "scholar in politics" is rapidly becoming the real genius of the Harper Cyclopedia, in the same way that GOSSMAN and BLA have earned for themselves this title on the Democratic side.

SUPPRESS THE REBELLION.

A POWERFUL conspiracy is at work over large sections of the country striving to subvert the government of law and to impose on the nation the decrees of the conspirators. Its chiefs are open and defiant in the denunciation of the government, and its members obeyed by two hundred thousand misguided men, and other hundreds of thousands are wavering in their allegiance to the republic, and seem ready to join the rebels if any weakness is shown or mistake made by the national government. These people have intrusted with their protection. EUGENE V. DEWEY, who his fellow demagogues long ago avowed that they would unite in an association the railway working-men of the country, so that all should obey a strike will protesting that the general suspension of traffic and intercourse ordered by his head would so evidently portend the utter ruin of the nation that the mere threat of it would exert from every community and every employer of labor compliance with its demands. They have prosecuted the plan with wonderful vigor, and grow, believing that their organization is strong enough to defy opposition, they have made a wretched display of their power, in order to terrify society and show themselves its saviors. There is no longer even the empty pretent, such as the "COLUMBIAN" hypocrites, to pretend to do to somebody which the public were in no forced to force somebody else to redress. The avowed aim of the American Railway Union, with its allies, the Knights of Labor and kindred organizations, is to lay waste the property of the United States, to extract from the nation the control and management of its highways, intercourse, and commerce, and place them in the hands of irresponsible mischiefs of JACK CASE and PETER W. ARBESCH.

Some of the leading men have been in discussing the lawfulness of the course pursued by the managers of this so-called "strike." Their boast from the first was that they would stop all traffic, and extort their demands by the consequent general suffering. In pursuing this end they took the unusual step, which were best adapted to secure it. They distinctly associated their purposes, and then "called out" one after another of the bodies of working men whose names are most prominent. But the number of unemployed and unemployed men is so great that the mere cessation of work by the members of the unions would not suffice. Their place could be filled in a short time by men in extreme need of employment. Throughout the region of the country, the unemployed men, the farmers, and systematic effort to carry out his declared policy and

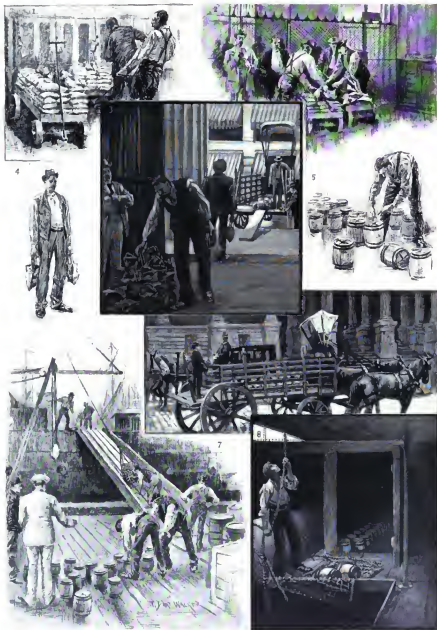
to obey his implied orders. They established a right of service over their fellow-workers who were unwilling to join them, or who, because they and their families were starving, could not afford to forego their wages. No man must be permitted to do the work they had abandoned. On every line of railroad traffic in the North, men were sent out, or threatened to any extent which was necessary to obstruct it. Property was destroyed and life imperilled without scruple. The general situation for several days, as recognized by the labor leader and by the national government, was one of anarchy to the extent that the railroad companies were entering all the means to their control to keep their lives open, with an ample force of willing men ready to serve them, while the strikers and their allies, including crooked trusts, were doing their worst to injure and paralyze, confronted them at all points with force and prevented the movement of trains. Volunteer workmen were assembled and injured, as strikers were turned, equipments detached and broken, station houses burned, engines and cars destroyed, and in at least one case a committee appointed for the purpose by a meeting of men made a destructive attack on railway property.

Through all this time DeWitt and his fellow-conspirators continued to announce daily through the press that they construe no violence, nor call on the men to exercise simply their individual right of refusing to work. This impudent falsehood is taken seriously by some journalists, whose credulity is too gross to admit of its being so easily refuted, and so much of mental bearing in the law of simple murder and of the common sense of mankind is needed to understand them.

The purpose of interfering with the trade and intercourse of the community is an unlawful purpose. When men combine to effect an unlawful purpose, even by acts such of which may be in itself no offence, they are guilty of conspiracy, and all who abet them, knowing their purpose, share the guilt. When a traffic is so interfered with that the business crosses State lines, the offence is against the general government, which has exclusive control of commerce between the States. When the methods pursued by these men are such that, violence, disorder, and destruction of property result, such as in their natural course probable consequences, they are themselves guilty of the crimes they have provoked and caused. When an organized and armed body of men resist by force or threaten the officers of the national government, their efforts to enforce the laws and to protect traffic which crosses State lines are guilty of levying war against the United States; and every one who instigates or abets them, by word or deed, lends aid and comfort to the enemies of the republic, and is, not only morally, but legally, a traitor to his country.

These are elementary and settled principles of the criminal law. It is the duty of the President to enforce them, and of all citizens to sustain him, and if need be to aid him in doing so by the extreme limit of their power with their services, their fortunes, and their lives. He must use the force of the United States in this duty, beginning with the civil authorities, supporting them in case of need with the army, and if this be insufficient, calling out an adequate force of Federal troops to aid them. The law which annuls the existence of the government, and there has been no crisis in all our history the facts of which made a stronger appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of the people as a whole to make every sacrifice to preserve it, than this. The law which annuls the existence of the government, and there has been no crisis in all our history the facts of which made a stronger appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of the people as a whole to make every sacrifice to preserve it, than this. The law which annuls the existence of the government, and there has been no crisis in all our history the facts of which made a stronger appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of the people as a whole to make every sacrifice to preserve it, than this.

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HOW ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD IS SHIPPED.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[Six Page 454.]

1. In the United States Sub-Treasury Vaults—The bags of gold on Trucks, ready for Delivery. 2. The Delivery—Counting by 50s to contained \$500 each
 3. Gold leaving the Treasury. 4. Fifty Thousand Dollars makes a good Load—Ninety one Pounds in each Horse 5. At the Bank—Sealing the Keys
 6. The Truck with One Million Dollars in Gold passing up the Street toward the Steamer 7. Holding the Gold Aboard 8. The Vault in the Ship's Hold



THE SPEECH OF THE EVENING.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE more banisterful part of the banquet was about to begin. The guests had made an act of eating, and the waiters were filling the small cups with black coffee and pouring bowls of rights and dignities. At the five long tables which griddoned the great room the hum of conversation rose higher and higher while, at the shorter table moved on the platform at the western end of the hall there was a silent silence as the men who were to make speeches saw the crowded assembly approaching.

The masculine bodies behind a screen of greenery, were playing a melody of the latest popular air, and here and there at the tables below a little group of the dinner now and again took up a chorus with intermittent energy, to the amusement of the ladies who were arriving and dining rapidly the round tables in the gallery.

The organizers of the dinner had felt that it was a great occasion, and they had sought to make it memorable artistically. The scene wide of the beautifully proportioned concert-hall was relieved by fringe plants moved and vented with a delicate understanding of decorative effect against the absolutely colorless walls with their carved ruyshaken were placed in pots, gayly colored silver burners flamed down from the ceiling, and every where on the ceiling and the walls and the balconies and the platform, the electric lights glowed and twinkled, illuminating the lofty hall with dimly brilliancy.

Near the eastern end of one of the long tables there sat a young man—at least he was heavily thin. He was so placed that he had before him the whole scene. He had an unobstructed view of the round tables where the speakers were absorbed in self contemplation. He commanded the entrance to the gallery passage, and he could see the ladies as they arrived in little groups eager for the new added pleasure of attendance at a great public dinner. He could hear the feminine chatter rising still above the masculine halloo below. He gazed at the boxes curiously as though he did not know any of the ladies in them; and he remained quiet while the dinner about him at that end of the table exchanged salutations with the recipients of one box or another. Apparently he had few if any acquaintances present on the floor of the hall, for he sat alone and alone, the men on each side of him being engaged in conversation with their neighbors.

Beamingly his attitude was slightly bowed, and he found no new foil in mirrored observation of the gathering. He licked his own eyes, and was some helping to make the blue haze which hung over the tables, rising in time almost to the level of the boxes in the high balconies.

Yet he was not averse from conversation, and when his right hand neighbor turned back to pick up a frosty cigarette, he took occasion to say, "I just used to let ladies in at dinners here in New York, it is."

"No," his right hand neighbor responded, with a slight but obvious German accent, "I don't think it is. I've been living in New York for a long while now—most eleven years—and I never saw it before."

Then the right hand neighbor, having lighted his cigarette, sat back in his chair again and resumed his interrupted talk with the man on the other side of him.

The young man, who was apparently a stranger, was all alone in his chair only for a minute or two, as his left hand neighbor, with whom he had been talking during most of the dinner, now dropped into conversation again.

"I thought it was about time they did that," said the neighbor, indicating the waiters who were removing the soiled sugar-tins and the sugar tripflakes from the upper table.

"I suppose those are the most obliging guests?" the young man suggested.

"Most of the men who are going to make speeches are up there," the neighbor responded. "He'll hold; there's Alexander Macgregor down at that end there—the one with the full red beard. He's the president of the St. Andrew's Society. He's a first rate American son, for all he was born in Edinburgh, you know. He's the man they call the 'Star-spangled Scotchman.'"

"And who is that clean shaven, clean looking, fair haired man next to him?" asked the young man.

"That?" the neighbor replied. "That's—oh, I forget his name—but he's the president of the St. George's Society, I think. He's an Englishman—that is, he was; I suppose he's been naturalized—but then, son, run never tell about his Englishness, run you? They will live in a place for years, and they will be faithful to the look-alike all the time."

"Was in the preceding officer?" was the next question.

"That you know him?" the neighbor related. "Why, that's Cromwellish King, the lawyer. He used to be president of the New England Society. He's a clever man, and he makes a rattling good speech sometimes, but then he's a little nervous. He may speak well or he may make a bad break. A speech from him is a regular gambol—you never know what you are going to have. But things don't get rusty when he is seated, I tell you. You can rely on him to make all the other speakers up. And I guess we shall have some fun before we get through, if that after; it won't be any more representative New Yorkers together; it's really a typical gathering."

The young man made no response in this, being for the moment busy with his own ironic thoughts.

"New there's a man who will make the far if he gets a chance," continued the long-haired neighbor—"that tell, thin, disheveled looking man, with the black goatee and mustache—that's Colonel Fairfax. He's secretary of the South Sea Society—oh, he's not, you know, but reconstructed by this time, most of them. He's a dapper attorney for the second term, now, and can argue to hear him tell for a jerry. He could get a verdict against the asphalt-fixer for swindling the street transport. When I was on the Grand Jury last year he—"

Here the young man's neighbor interrupted himself to say, "Hello! hello! that is odd, isn't it? Right next to Colonel Fairfax is the man who was foreman of our Grand Jury. I

didn't catch sight of him till that whole took away that candy house of Liberty. See him? The fellow one with the scar on his jaw—it's a bullet wound he got at Midway. That's S. Colfax Morrison. He was master of the South Sea, but he's been living in New York for his own son, at last. That's the 'Globe' fellow they talk about—come to New York to live as soon as they can. I was born in Ohio myself."

And the taller let his language taper off into a laugh, in which the young man joined heartily.

There was a sudden diminution of the roar of talk as the gentlemen sitting in the middle of the round table rose to his feet and tapped for silence. Even in the boxes, some began to overbrook with him, the electric crowd as the man who had been selected to preside over the dinner began his remarks by recalling the event they had met to commemorate. In fitful phrases and with easily turned strokes of humor he declared the reason why they were assembled together. And when he had made an end of this he announced that the first toast of the evening would be—New York, the Empire City, sitting at the Gates of Commerce and holding the Highways of Trade."

There was a burst of applause and a pushing back of chairs as all the guests rose with their glasses in their hands.

Then the presiding officer prepared to introduce the speaker who was to make the response to this important toast.

"I saw only this morning," he began again, "the report of some remarks made by a Senator from Nevada in which New York was called a 'city of liars and crooks.'"

There are Congressmen who cannot open their mouths without disseminating misrepresentations, misstatements, and the only appropriate return would be with the plain spoken words of the leading camp, or with the unambiguous denigration of Nevada. No adequate answer is possible in the stifled vocabulary permitted to us by the conventions of modern society. And yet it is well that even in a white New York should meet here that she should celebrate herself, that she should rest from her eighty history of duty for a moment, to contemplate her own great work. We are fortunate in having with us here tonight a man who can do justice to the imposing theme, a man who loves New York as we all love her, who is proud of New York as we are all proud of her, a man whom there is no need for us to introduce to an assembly of New Yorkers. Works of supererogation are discontinued, and who is there here who does not know Horace Channing?"

The chairman rose, the gentleman who had been sitting at his right rose, and immediately there was great applause from all parts of the hall. Men clapped their hands, men rapped on the table with the heels of their fists, their chairs. Even the ladies in the boxes waved their handkerchiefs.

As the chairman, having done his duty, took his seat, there was the customary roar of anticipatory speech, men dying away slowly as Mr. Channing prepared to speak. The left hand neighbor of the young man down at the far

end of the long table turned to him again, and said: "Now you keep your eyes open. I should like to wonder if this was the speech of the assassin."

The young man looked at the speaker, and fixed his eyes—
at once masterful and intelligent. Mr. Chansery's attitude
was one of conscious strength and of perfect ease. He was
a man of fifty, perhaps, with gray hair and a curling gray
mustache.

The United States suddenly found the need for her to face with armed rebellion, and war loomed before an insecure New York. New York was really then as always. The first regiment to reach the capital of the country, to secure its capital's traders, was a regiment of New York city militia. Nor was there ever after any lack of men here in this city who defended the shores of America and defended the pulse of both.

"Well," the young man retorted, "you mustn't expect me to know all these people. You see, I was born in New York."

THE SHIPMENT OF GOLD TO EURO

[illegible]

Loss of interest	100.00	100.00
Interest	100.00	100.00
Freight charges	100.00	100.00
Overage, freight, etc.	100.00	100.00
Total	400.00	400.00

Loss of interest	100.00	100.00
Interest	100.00	100.00
Freight charges	100.00	100.00
Overage, freight, etc.	100.00	100.00
Total	400.00	400.00

Frequently buyers seeking gold in France are able to avoid the loss of interest in transit. When the rate is high, this is an important item. When the Bank of France is anxious for gold, it will accept as equal to a deposit in Paris cable message stating that so many dollars in gold have been placed aboard ship in New York, consigned to the bank.

ALBERT LEE.



GEORGE B. PULLMAN,
President of the Pullman Company.



SENATOR CHARLES K. DAVIS, OF MINNESOTA,
Editor of the *Portland Telegram* inducing to support Kyle's Resolution.



EUGENE V. DEBS,
President of the American Railway Union.



COMPLETE BLOCKADE OF FREIGHT AND PASSENGER CARS, JULY 3, 1894—CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD, NEAR HALSTED STREET



RECEIVING AND QUESTIONING APPLICANTS FOR APPOINTMENTS AS DETECTIVES
AT THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE, CHICAGO.



CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD ROUND-HOUSE, JULY 4, 1894—SHOT
AN EXPLOSIVE BOMBING.



DEPUTIES TRYING TO MOVE AN ENGINE AND CAR ON THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC RAILROAD AT BLUE ISLAND, JULY 6, 1894
THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO—FROM PICTURES BY G. A. CROFTON.—[94. Pasa 622.]



HEADQUARTERS OF THE STRIKERS
Office of Secretary Rafter, of the American Railway Union, in Ashland Street, Chicago.



POLICE GUARDING A STREET-CROSSING
On the Illinois Central.



STRIKERS DRIVING OUT AN ENGINEER ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL.



RAILWAY OFFICIALS DRIVING MEN FROM SWITCHES
In the Western Union Railroad Yards. The switches were spiked during the night.



AT THE UNION DEPOT, MADISON AND CANAL STREETS.
Rioters on the (right) watching Railway officials trying to get out Trains.



BLACKS AT GRAND CROWDING ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 29th
The strikers stood, and the Trainmen refused to enter the cars or to move the Train until the gates were opened. This Crowding, two Miles Southwest of Chicago, is said to be the largest Railway Crowding in the World.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO—FROM SCETCHES BY G. A. CURTIS.—[See Page 435.]

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

BY ARTHUR M. BARNES—ILLUSTRATED BY F. V. DU MOND.

ENTERPRISE and Memory do not find congenial lodging under the new roof. New York is too busy grasping what is and pursuing what may be, to fully assess the lights and shades of the past. Yet some of her representatives seem to say the immortal things, and compel those to think for a moment or two of some days, events, and things.

Washington Square is such a fitting place, one of the few in which Memory is not to be lost. Between the two great parallel highways, Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and at the lower terminus of Fifth Avenue, it is an excellent place for a quiet stroll. If you will let Memory wander her spell over you, and for a few moments launch every Enterprise from your presence, Washington Square will become a world of culture or chaffing or heretic or plaintive speech as you listen and look on either hand.

The area now occupied by the square is first mentioned in the histories as a sports ground, from which a little levelled triangle. At this period a canal ran where Canal Street now is, and Broadway terminated at Doric Place, where a wall fence stood. Walter Van Twyler's Palace from then flourished in the neighborhood of Green Street Park.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century the area was purchased by the city, and became the Peter's Field. In the summer of 1795 an epidemic of yellow fever devastated New York, and many prominent citizens were laid in this terrible burial ground beside the poor and sick.

In 1820, when France was preparing to shake off the yoke of her Bourbon king, this area, then transformed into the Washington Parade Ground, was the scene of a grand celebration under the auspices of the French Americans, was witness to the most-earnest their sympathy with the aspiring Republic.

Antiquaries differ as to when the bones from the old Peter's Field were taken when the place was improved. One family says that the bones were collected and deposited in storerooms on the side of the square. Whether this be true or not, it is a fact that old New Yorkers will point out to you the blue stain sometimes overhanging the square on hot summer mornings, and tell you it is the vapors from the old graveyard, no longer in which to drink polluted potations called troops seem to find amusement rather than death in the lazar.

The north side of the square, blessed by the lower terminus of Fifth Avenue, is full of suggestions to the most curious observer. Opposite the end of the avenue is the new Washington Arch of which it may be said that the ship-piercing monument at the national capital and the statues in marble or bronze, or the national emblem of which perpetuates the name and face of our first countryman—are men of them superior in this whole marble space forming the northern gateway of the square in importance beauty and power to quiver's portfolio. New Yorkers will never forget the Centennial celebration of Washington's inauguration in April and May, 1892. The

three magnificent processions, the speeches and the decorations, all left impressions on the memory which can not soon be effaced. Foremost among the elaborate decorations was a great white triumphal arch which spanned Fifth Avenue at its lower end. It was due to the public spirit and enterprise of William H. Brewster that this arch was erected and it was due to the arch itself that press and public enthusiastically recognized that the arch was taken to reproduce the arch in permanent form as a monument to the completion of our first century of republicanism for its centennial.

A committee was organized, with Henry G. Marquand president, Rich and Watson (father, secretary, and William H. Brewster, treasurer. A long while, it was had to successfully designed the temporary arch, was to



WATERLY PLACE



WASHINGTON ARCH

structed to prepare designs for a new arch of marble. Several serious obstacles were in the path of Mr. Brewster while making the \$100,000 necessary to complete the task. The designs, the existing, the Marble Arch, the statue, the statue, and the raising of the necessary money had all tended to distract public attention from the Memorial Arch.

On Decoration day, 1890, the cornerstone was laid with impressive ceremonies on the east corner of Washington Square directly opposite the site of the window arch. Almost every public body has its statue of the illustrious great, but was until June 4, 1890, was Washington Square to forward, the first time however a bronze statue of Garfield of heroic size was unveiled in the eastern portion of the square. This statue was presented to the city by the Italian people. Garfield is represented in the act of drawing his sword, and looks as if he were somewhat fairly expecting the entire Austria army to emerge from beneath his feet.

On October 2, 1890, there was unveiled in the eastern portion of the square a bust of Alexander Lyman Holley, "foremost among those whose genius and energy established in the United States and improved throughout the world the use and manufacture of Browning's rifle. Erected by engineers of two continents." At this point a few pictures were worth looking toward the east, by the towers of the university and "Old Army" church looming up above the trees in the distance. This picture has been inspired by the great commercial buildings which have recently been erected in the neighborhood, and by the feeling of a farmer's boy, recently itself in the city, now for another business block.

An unimpaired view of the university seems to pervade the scene of an unending Irish revolution, which forms the northern

boundary of the square. These houses close round to the west of 1892, when Washington Square was one of the most quiet and beautiful portions of the city. Even in the busy day they stand as a barrier against the transient noise, to which they seem to say "Keep your distance." Yet round the square, "The tale of humanity runs over at the sides however. The inhabitants of the square colony known as Alton, across Seventh Avenue, and a portion of the Sullivan members of our population migrate to Little Italy in Little Italy, and Fifth Avenue the tide is effectively checked by two two blocks of residences, and so Fifth Fifth Avenue remains to be somewhat quiet as much as Mulberry Street near the Murray Hill.

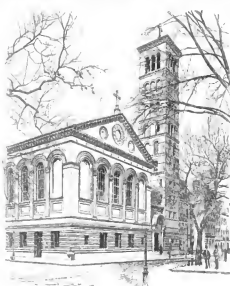
Some of our original houses which were built about thirty years ago still remain. The Halsebrock estate still stands on the western corner of Fifth Avenue, and directly opposite stands the mansion of Isaac Williams, which may be distinguished by the lamps with which the city provides in arched and arched ways.

General McClellan and Nickles, beside other men of note, have in their past also resided near this pleasant park. Commodore Vanderbilt used to live near by on Washington Square.



THE GARFIELD STATUE

Old Sol had risen over the Gothic tower of the University of the City of New York for fifty-seven years before the work of destruction was begun. Others with history has made little improvement over this imposing structure, something as it did about the lofty spires and buttresses. This building was the birthplace of the recording telegraph, for Professor Morse lived and taught



THE JOHNSON MEMORIAL BUILDING



others not so easy; a regular clock on the wall that shows the lonely officials how slowly time passes, and a checker board in the corner hints as to the efforts made to wipe away some of the hours; a set of trigonometric instruments shows one means of conversation with the world below, and the jingle of a telephone bell in an adjoining room indicates another. Hinged along the walls and on the broad sill of the low window are various meteorological instruments. The instructor up here makes but a few sentences and eighteen inches, and you realize that you are surely in the centre of deserts of the atmosphere, and begin to understand why you grow so optimistic as you come up.

"Up here we lead a rather lonely existence, you know," says Mr. Myers, in response to your question. "Taking our observations and tabulating and reducing the data give us plenty of mental exercise, and as for physical exercise, the climb is rather sufficient, and the less of either one endures the better it is for him."

They look up on the Peak just the same as they do anywhere, but it takes much longer, as was told at Fort Fisher. It is felt to lead on a Hawaiian, however, for it takes two days properly to prepare the classic bean.

Water is obtained by melting snow, of which there is no lack, for it snows here every month in the year. Last year the highest temperature was 49° above zero, while it remained below freezing for 324 days out of the year.

The electrical effects on Pike's Peak are marvellous in the extreme, and it is



UNITED STATES SIGNAL STATION ON PIKE'S PEAK.
Altitude, 14,347 feet.

wonderful that during the many years of its occupation by the various officials of the Signal Corps and Weather Bureau no one has been killed or seriously injured. The telegraph and telephone wires connect whatever disturbance there may be along the mountain-side directly into the office, and even the more local,



OBSERVATORY OFFICE.

harmless as it looks, is liable to shock you at any moment if you touch it, for the pipe forms a first-class conductor. The effects are manifested in the most curious manner, and are liable to occur at any time, though they usually occur when either rain or snow is falling. One man stationed here once heard a peculiar buzzing or humming sound out on the line. Stripping out into the drifts to better observe the phenomenon, his hair began to rise, and the same hair began to come from the top of his head, putting up his hands to the temples on his cap, he felt a sharp pain dart through each temple, and a creepy sensation began to pass over him. There was nothing creepy about the movement he made going into the house, however. This feeling that you are a human lightning rod isn't a very agreeable sensation, even if there is nothing dangerous about it. Whenever the disturbance begins the wires are cut out, and it is a great sight to watch the play of the flashes as they jump from the wires in the air. Sometimes they are the needles of light, and then again they come in possibly apparently several feet long. During severe disturbances this display is so continuous that it is almost equivalent to an electric light.

The specialty at Pike's Peak is wind. At such a lonely ocean station as New-Orleans they have about one hundred (hundred) miles of wind a year, while here it is over twice as much. The wind blows a gale for two thirds of the time, and on one occasion attained a velocity of one hundred and eighty miles per hour—a velocity that exerts a pressure of 160 pounds to the square foot. It would blow the life out of a human being if he was out in such a gale as that.

"But the wind," says Mr. Myers, as you question him on the subject, "does much to keep us from growing insane. This peak and our own fair nature. It is when the wind falls temporarily that one feels the awful loneliness of the situation. The life and excitement of the Springs, which you can so pleasantly see, is so near and yet so far, and, were an occasional eagle soaring about, there is not a living thing near you. One doesn't stay up here long before making him self where indeed are the charms of solitude!"

MAX WATKINS.



PREPARING GRAD FOR MACADAM ROAD IN BERLINGTON COUNTY.



A STREET OF NEW TRILPARK ROAD IN CAMDEN COUNTY.



LOADED WAGON ON TRILPARK ROAD, IN CAMDEN COUNTY, A ROADWAY SUBJECT TO HEAVY TRAFFIC.



LOADED WAGON ON MACADAM ROAD, BERLINGTON COUNTY, AT A JUNCTION WITH ORDINARY DIRT ROAD.

PRACTICAL ROAD-IMPROVEMENT IN NEW JERSEY.—[See Page 623.]



FINISH MINNESOTA-OREGONIAN UNIVERSITY EIGHT-OARED RACE ON LAKE MINNETONKA, JUNE 15, '94

Minnesota winning—Distance, two miles—Time, 10.35 and 10.48.

AMATEUR SPORT

Now that the college year has closed and the excitement subsided which attends the ending and losing of athletic season, we may calmly review the season's contests for the lessons that should guide us in the future. That there are one or two we cannot afford to ignore must have been patent to witnesses of all the athletic championships and the local games. It is undoubtedly true that in our sportive athletic development and our eagerness to be in the losing sight of the sportsmanship that is the very key-stone of amateur sport, and should always be in the background of all meetings between college teams. If we have reached a point where university undergraduates cannot conduct themselves on the athletic field like amateurs and gentlemen, then it is high time the student and faculty as a whole should be of that authority which is ever and anon subjected to by way of excuse. But there is no excuse for such extreme action.

The average collegian is amenable to reason if he is properly approached, and he is quick to follow a good example if only he be not told. Of all our large universities there is not one in which the student do not wield a powerful influence—an influence that may be turned for good or for bad, and there is not a single branch of sportsmanship that may not be corrected if the Graduate

sportsmanlike act of the latter on an outcome of sportsmanlike conduct. But it is necessary that may lead to serious results. The student finding a key underpins becomes a most important factor in the formation of his character, and without the counsel of older and more experienced leaders he may develop tendencies that will last a lifetime.

ONLY THE UNIVERSITY FATHER will seek refuge from criticism behind the backward saying that the boy "will come out all right in the end." As well might the lad claim that the river and expected to swim to shore, he may reach the bank in safety, such cases are not numerous—in fact, I learned to swim from being accidentally carried overboard by my depth—of his may receive a shock from which he never recovers, or he may drown. In any event it is neither a wise nor even a business way of educating him. If athletes were the simple creatures of the bygone days of even those of us that are approaching two-score years, there would be no such need of supervising the youngsters' play. But they are not. The boy today finds his games de-

veloped to a degree of skill that was not even dreamed of twenty years ago, and which demands training and judgment and temper often times beyond his natural endowment. That he be given proportionately increased benefit, mentally and physically, those that have given the matter serious thought are well aware, but that his athletic appetency needs the more careful tutoring for human nature results the same, even though the three be changed, stadium of the situation remain. There are boys, plenty of them, fortunately, that have the qualifications which enable them to work out their own salvation, who emerge from the struggle the stronger for it, but a chafe is only so strong as its restraint lack, and the fatal weakness in the present college athletic system is the assumption that all boys are able to pass through the human strait and earnest incident to contents amiable condition, the spirit may be willing, its flesh weak; it takes very little ostentation to turn him one way or the other, and the human he supplies on the athletic field spread to him more directly, more forcibly, than those of the lecture room, which he is apt to regard and receive as

the perfunctory duty of one paid to administer him. It is on the play ground that the boy reveals his true nature; it is there he reveals his most cherished and laudable sentiments, and where he either does or does not develop the characteristics of a sportsman.

MATERS THAT APPEAR INDISPENSIBLE in themselves develop in which means to be used, and lead eventually to extreme results. The time for parents and alumni generally to exert their influence for the good is while the remedy is yet

PATIENCE ON AN OBSERVATION CAR.
Waiting for the Train to Start.

simple. There are no two questions that so present stand more in need of student discussion than those of cheating at baseball games and the prices of admission charged at all college athletic contests. Under proper control, cheating is one of the pleasing and inspiring features of the game, as contrasted with the ordinary professional contest. Spontaneous applause for good work is divisible and an incentive to the player, while as a spur to the state of critical points organized cheering is entirely fitting. Under present conditions it is no wonder that it must fail in its object if intended as a stimulus to its friends, while if intended to confuse opponents, as I regret to say is the more frequent misdeed, it is to be condemned as entirely unworthy of American university gentlemen and sportsmen. When one sees graduates of prize standing, men whose position in the community others so commendably respect, mixed with a crowd of youthful undergraduates, solemnly following throughout the afternoon's play, a leader in an undisciplined and point-blank series of yells, one's first reaction is amazement at a situation so ludicrous, but when you recognize the sole object to be the rattling of the opponent—that, in other words, this cheering order is organized to be a factor in their team's winning—how your amazement turns to pity that fathers should set such an example to their sons or bid themselves to the encouragement of so unimportant a method of winning games.

CLOSELY ALLIED TO THIS UNREPRESENTABLE FEATURE of the college baseball season is that other of baseless conduct, though I am happy to record that the college shows are not now such flagrant offenders as the so-called amateur leagues



ONE WAY OF SEEING THE HARVARD-YALE RACE.

Athletic Committees enter upon its amendment with determination. I am not disposed to hold the undergraduate up to criticism nearly so much as the graduate. It is not to be supposed that boys can sustain the excitement of athletic contest free from occasional indiscretion unless they have the influence and example and the mature judgment to which they are accustomed to appeal on every other emergency encountered during their adolescence. Parents are too apt to excuse their indifference on the plea of not wishing to interfere with the boy's sport, and condone as un-

average the stronger for it, but a chafe is only so strong as its restraint lack, and the fatal weakness in the present college athletic system is the assumption that all boys are able to pass through the human strait and earnest incident to contents amiable condition, the spirit may be willing, its flesh weak; it takes very little ostentation to turn him one way or the other, and the human he supplies on the athletic field spread to him more directly, more forcibly, than those of the lecture room, which he is apt to regard and receive as



THE YACHT, MR. HERMANN WEIDMANN ON THE "HELVETIA," CLEARING THE COURSE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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SOME LESSONS OF THE GREAT STRIKE.

TO appreciate the true character of the labor troubles from which the country is suffering, we must go back to their origin. The Pullman Company found it impossible, owing to the business depression at present prevailing, to get orders for the manufacturing of railroad cars, the execution of which would not have left a loss. The alternative presented itself to the company, whether it should simply shut down its works and wait for better times, and so go on in this way until the men shift for themselves, or whether, instead of letting the working men starve, it should offer them lower wages, so that in executing the orders that could be got the loss falling upon the company should not be materially heavy, and so go on in this way until the return of better times should make it possible to raise the wages to the old standard. The company chose the latter course with regard to its great establishment at Pullman, in Chicago. It reduced wages, and accepted orders for cars, which it could not fill without a severe loss, but which would serve at least to keep the working force employed, as so to bridge over the hard times. This is the case as presented by the company. But the working men were very much dissatisfied with the reduction of wages, and demanded the restoration of the old rates. The company replied that this could not be done, because the loss would be too great, and it offered to exhibit its books to a committee of the working men, that they might satisfy themselves as to the condition of things. The working men contemptuously declined this offer, struck, and demanded "arbitration." The company answered that it saw nothing to arbitrate. Some time afterwards the "American Railway Union," an organization of railroad employees, under the leadership of EUGENE V. WHITE, of Chicago, came into being, by declaring a boycott against all the Pullman cars used on different railroad lines, and by "tying up" every railroad line that failed to obey his behests. Then the strike and its accompanying disorders spread far and wide, and the consequences of this large part of the country, and bringing incalculable loss and suffering upon the American people.

There is one feature of this business which will at once strike every fair-minded man as very singular. If the Pullman Company, instead of offering the working men, in spite of the losing business, continued employment at a reduced rate of wages, had simply said to them, "We are sorry our business has so fallen off that we have no longer employment for you; we are compelled to close the works, and you will have to shift for yourselves until we get profitable orders enabling us to take you back"—if the company had done this cold-blooded thing in a cold businesslike way, there would have been no trouble. In fact, the company did this very thing in one instance without stirring a ripple. It closed its shops at Detroit, and transferred the work that might have been done there to Pullman, for the purpose of keeping a larger number of men at Pullman employed. But it was at Pullman, where the working men had been kept employed at a sacrifice to the company, that the trouble occurred, not at Detroit, where the operatives were simply dismissed.

The Pullman working men have thus taught the employers of labor a lesson. They are to be pitied, when they are laid and work cannot profitably be carried on, employers should carefully obtain from trying to bridge over the hard times for their operatives by offering them employment at reduced wages. That would mean ruin. The only safe policy under such circumstances is simply to discharge the men and let them take care of themselves. How do sensible working men like this view of the case? Yet they cannot deny that just this is the teaching conveyed by the conduct of the Pullman operatives, and that employers cannot be blamed for acting upon it.

Recent events have taught another lesson much more important. It is that the commerce, and in fact the peace, of the country are in constant danger of disastrous disturbance by a few thousand railroad employees blindly following the duplicitous leadership of irresponsible adventurers, and that this danger must be provided against at any cost. So lately cannot we remember the case of a few weeks ago, hardly anybody here that we had a mighty ruler by the name of DEWE among us, who could by a mere wink of his eye, without any assent

his master's wishes, arrest the traffic of 80,000 miles of railroad, stop the food supply of large populations, throw the second city of the country into bloody turmoil, and oblige the national government to mobilize the army for a campaign. Since the astonishing appearance of this new potentate on the railroad scene, we learn upon inquiry that he is a scoundrel, that quick-witted young man of little education, who started in life as a locomotive fireman, who soon became an influential member of labor organizations, who went on and on to be treated by a superior, by a scoundrel of the worst kind, and who, when apparently ended, went to work to organize the "American Railway Union," with the ambition of absorbing in it all the orders of railroad employees now existing, of securing leadership, to make himself the most powerful man in America. He failed in getting all existing organizations of railroad employees into his organization, but he became indeed powerful enough to do an immense amount of mischief to the country, and to the Government. And this man, who, judged from his performances, has not sufficiently recovered yet from his diplomazia to be in his right mind, acquired this power by the unreasoning, spirit obedience yielded to his word of command by several hundred thousands of his followers.

That the disturbances created by the criminal recklessness of such a leader and such followers are always more easily to be suppressed by the public en masse, especially when the national government is moved out as its faithful and energetic friend, Chief Magistrate, MR. CLEVELAND, is true enough. But society owes it to itself not only to suppress them when they are going on; it ought to prevent them. To this end a rigid enforcement of existing laws, including severe penalties upon the companies that make criminal examples of their employees, as suitable additions to the laws to increase their effectiveness, will be of little service. But this does not suffice. All railroad and telegraph corporations upon which the country has to depend for the transportation of persons and the transmission of messages, and all other things as indispensable to our existence as a people as the circulation of the blood in the human body—should adopt, and enforce themselves inflexibly to adhere to, the rule never to employ a man who will not bind himself by contract in the most effective way absolutely to abstain from participation in any sympathetic strike. It is the sympathetic strike that does the mischief on a great scale—the strike that will throw the railway traffic and telegraph systems of the country into confusion, and bring incalculable loss and suffering upon millions of people, on the ground that some railroad uses cars from one car-shop, or rails from some rolling mill, or that the telegraph companies use wires from some wire mill, or that the telegraph companies have some quarrel with their employees, or on grounds even still more remote. The sympathetic strike of this kind is a danger to which society cannot afford to be exposed, and the transportation and telegraph companies owe it to people at large to protect against this danger, as far as they are able to give it. It is therefore their duty inflexibly to refuse employment to all persons who will not furnish every possible guarantee that they will never aid in bringing on this danger.

Let it not be said that this would be a denial of the right of laboring men to organize for their own benefit. There are labor organizations, especially among railroad employees, which everybody recognizes as just as legitimate, but so extremely useful to the public interests as well as to their employees and to the public at large. Such are the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, the brotherhood of trainmen, and others. They keep their contracts, and are careful to be reasonable in their demands, and if they have a grievance they are always listened to with the utmost respect, and they do not find it necessary to resort to strikes in order to get justice. And still less do they run away from their posts at the first hint of a strike being demanded. These organizations have done nobly to advance the interests of the working man, to protect him against oppression, and to win for him general esteem and sympathy, thus say or all of the loud-voiced and noisy trouble-makers, who demand the minds of their followers with grand but impossible promises of emancipation and power, and who send them into criminal enterprises fraught with disaster to all, but most to the laboring people themselves.

STATE RIGHTS AND STATE DUTIES.

MR. CLEVELAND has given another illustration of patriotism, executive capacity, and courage. His words and energy in dealing with the Chicago strike reveal characteristics that have made him strong with the American people. He has once more shown his ability not only to rise to the requirements of strenuous circumstances, but to grasp the nature of the emergency, and to determine how to act upon his convictions with energy and courage. His answer to Governor ALDRICH's "constitution of politicians" is likely to become one of our polit-

ical classics. It is worth quoting and repeating, for it embodies the essential spirit that enables the leaders of men to win victories, and without which great victories are impossible. This was the final answer—the answer that closed all discussion—to the argument of the Governor of the Federal troops on the President's right to maintain Federal troops on the "sacred" soil of the State:

"While I am silent, I am not silent. I have neither transcended my authority or duty in the emergency that confronts us, nor do I see in this hour of danger and public distress any reason why I should not stand firm on the part of all authority to restore order in the law and to protect life and property."

Governor ALDRICH had thus made two protests against the action of the President. The Federal troops—"an invasion" necessitated by the existence in the State, and especially in its principal city, of a mob which was preventing the transmission of the United States mails, purporting interstate commerce, and defying the Government of the Federal States. The President had not proposed to preserve law and order in Governor ALDRICH'S State, but simply to enforce the laws of the United States. The mob which ruled Chicago was not only in rebellion against the Federal Government, but against the authority as well. The policy of the city were apparently powerless. The Mayor was urging that the strikers, incendiaries, and law-breakers should be treated as spoiled children, while the Governor of the State had refused to order troops to enforce the laws of Illinois when he judged as his first constitutional argument on the right of the State to execute law and preserve order within its own borders.

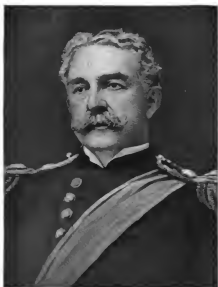
No one will dispute Governor ALDRICH'S proposition that it is not the right of the State to preserve the Union. It is more than right, it is a great privilege and a sacred duty. It is not only the duty of the State to enforce its own laws, but to prevent its citizens from rising in rebellion against the laws and authorities of the United States. This is the substance of the proposition in which Governor ALDRICH, PRESIDENT, and WATTS have been joined. Like a good many other reasonable demagogues, they have been eager to the point of frenzy in asserting their rights, but they have been studiously forgetful of their duties. It was not because Governor ALDRICH desired to do it, but because he had within his jurisdiction, and to preserve order in the streets and railroad stations of Chicago, that he assumed to direct the President to withdraw all United States troops from the soil of Illinois. He had within his jurisdiction to order the withdrawal of the troops, but he had no right to order the withdrawal of the troops when he had incited the riot, and to secure their release.

Governor ALDRICH'S failure to recognize his duty as not only singular in the case of the breaking down of local government in the presence of a mob, but also the local authorities of the States in which the civil liberties riots took place permitted acts of violence to go unchecked, and practically gave the strikers their own way until the operations and they came to a satisfactory agreement. Instances of local infidelity were furnished only a few weeks ago from California and Texas almost to the very borders of New York, and quite to the national capital. Bodies of vagabonds and tramps forced for the purpose of marching on Washington, with the intention of overthrowing the law and intimidating Congress. Their organization was permitted by the local authorities of Ohio, California, Texas, and other States. They were allowed to march through the country unmolested, although the laws against tramps and vagrants are general. They camped where they would, and if they failed to gather recruits it was not because they were discouraged by the authorities, who had the right to enforce their own statutes, but who looked on with indifference at the lawlessness of the strikers of the right. So rapine were the local authorities that citizens, presumably actuated by fear of moving the wrath of these "CHIEF STRIKERS," gave them receptions, soaked them with mud, provided quarters for them, and for their own safety, they followed their way by furnishing them with weapons or paying their fare on railroads. In some of the States the tramps seized upon railroad trains, running them themselves. The State authorities did nothing to prevent this robbery and violence. And as Governor ALDRICH forgot the duty of the State of Illinois in his zeal to condemn the President for invading its rights, the Governors of Indiana and other States neglected to protect the property of their citizens, and to defend the rights of their citizens against the assaults of the Covertists. It was the Federal authority to which resort was had against these tramps both in the Western States and the District of Columbia. The nation's hope with which bore down upon the Federal government would have been ludicrous if it were not shameful.

All the bluffing and blustering of the ALDRICH and STRONG and WATTS about State rights will not obscure the fact that the State of Illinois made no attempt to enforce its laws. If Illinois had done so duty in respect of this monstrous Pullman strike, no man need have been killed, nor a



HON. RICHARD OLNEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A.



HON. JOHN P. HOPKINS, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.



HON. CLAUDE MATTHEWS, GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

MEN IN EVIDENCE.—[See Page 676.]



UNITED STATES TROOPS GUARDING THE PITTSBURGH, PORT WATKINS
AND CHICAGO CROSSES, JULY 4th.
Drawn by E. W. Adler from sketches by G. A. Coffin.



THE BURNING OF ABOUT ONE HUNDRED FREIGHTCARS ON THE HANSON
CENTRAL R. R. NEAR SEENINGTOWN, JULY 4th.
Drawn by G. W. Peters from sketches by G. A. Coffin.



OVERTURNED CARS ON THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AND LAKE SHORE
TRAINS, BETWEEN THIRTIETH AND FORTIETH STREETS, JULY 4th.
Photographed by F. R. Bond.



POLICE CHIVING BACK THE MUD FOR A TRAIN BLOCKED BY
OBSTRUCTIONS ON TRACK NEAR FORTY-THIRD STREET.
Drawn by E. W. Adler from sketches by G. A. Coffin.



BURNING OF SIX HUNDRED FREIGHTCARS ON THE PEARLDALE RAILROAD, SOUTH OF FIFTIETH STREET, ON THE EVENING OF JULY 4th.
Drawn by Charles Meier from sketches by G. A. Coffin.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.—[See Page 685]

Berkshires Building

Pitts Museum, formerly Art Gallery

Palatine Building

Government Building



Foot of Transportation Building

THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS THE MORNING AFTER THE GREAT



ARCADE FAIR AND GREEN STUCK CHURCH



INTERIOR OF THE LIB



MAIN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



TOWN OF PULL

THE TOWN OF PULL

Scene of Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.



Halls of University Building.

Halls of Stone and Mining Building.

Halls of Machinery Hall.

RE, JULY 5, 1894.—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 682.]



ART AT PHILADELPHIA.



THE ARCADE.



GENERAL.



WORKMEN PASSING THROUGH MAIN GATE.

MAN.—[SEE PAGE 686.]



CAMP OF UNITED STATES REGULAR TROOPS ON THE LAKE FRONT, JULY 1894.—Painted by T. Don Woods after a Photograph by J. W. Taylor.



FREIGHT-CAR AND ENGINE WRECKED BY RIOTERS AT KENSINGTON, NEAR PULLMAN, JULY 1894.—Painted by G. W. Fennell from a Sketch by G. A. Carter.
The Rioters wrecked the Freight-Car and then started a Switch-Engine without Engineer or Fireman at full speed for the City.
THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO—[See Page 685]



UNITED STATES TROOPS ENCAMPED IN FRONT OF THE POST-OFFICE AND SUB-TREASURY, JULY 1894.—DRAWN BY CHARLES MERRY FROM A SKETCH BY G. A. COOPER.



NATIONAL GUARDIANS FIRING INTO THE MOB AT LOCKS AND FORTY-NINTH STREETS, JULY 1894.—DRAWN BY G. W. PERRY FROM A SKETCH BY G. A. COOPER.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.—[See Page 686.]



ON THE BEACH AT POINT OF WOODS.



POINT OF WOODS, GREAT SOUTH BEACH, LONG ISLAND.



ON THE DOCK—CROWDS GOING HOME.



THE HOREWARD-BOOTH FLEET GETTING UNDER WAY
AT THE LONG ISLAND CHAUTAUQUE, POINT OF WOODS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HICKMAN.—[SEE PAGE 602.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE CAPTAIN'S GIG—DRAWN BY R. F. ZORNOW

AN INCIDENT OF THE SUMMER CRUISE VICTORIA GOING TO BREAKFAST ON BOARD A UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR.



HON. PETER S. GROSSCUP.

Judge of the United States Circuit Court, Southern District of Illinois.



SENATOR JOHN B. GORDON.

From a Photograph by Ross.

JUDGE GROSSCUP, OF CHICAGO.

PETER S. GROSSCUP, of Chicago, presiding over the United States District Court, though on the bench but a short while—he was appointed to succeed Judge Bradley, late in President Harrison's administration—had already distinguished himself as a jurist of learning and firmness before the recent labor troubles arose and directed upon him and his court the attention of the whole country. In the cases against the railroad strikers he held that to "hold up a road," as the citizens express it, was against the law, *inter se*, as it interfered with the carrying of the mails, and also with interstate commerce. He therefore issued an injunction restraining all persons from committing acts that would cause such interference, and the scope of these injunctions was as wide as they have been called "equitable injunctions." For disobedience of the orders issued by Judge Grosscup, Debs, the head man of the American Railway Union, and several of his associates, were, when this article was written, in jail for contempt of court, besides being under heavy bonds to answer immediately for conspiracy to interrupt the mails and interfere with interstate commerce. Judge Grosscup is a native of Ashland, Ohio, where he was born fifty-two years ago. His ancestors settled in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, one hundred and fifty years or so ago, and were prominent men, holding positions in the colonial government before the Revolution, and later in the

State government. Judge Grosscup's grandfather moved to Ohio early in this century. The Judge was educated in the common schools and Wittenberg College at Springfield, Ohio. He studied law in Boston, and began practice in Ashland in 1874, in partnership with the late Judge William Osborne. He was interested in politics, and once ran for Congress as a Republican, but was defeated. In 1891 he moved to Chicago and entered into partnership with Leonard Smith, one of the most distinguished lawyers in the West. Judge Grosscup soon was recognized at the Chicago bar, and when Judge Bradley retired he was recommended for the vacancy by the bar without reference to politics. His decisions and rulings since he has been on the bench have been approved very generally by the best lawyers in the country.

SENATOR GORDON, OF GEORGIA.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, from his place in the United States Senate, announced, when the followers of Debs threatened insurrection against national authority, that he, as the chief officer of the Association of Confederate Veterans—a society which in the South corresponds to the Grand Army of the Republic in the North—was prepared to lead out his band of thousands of these veterans, and others of the South, in defence of the national laws and the authority of the Gov.

In the South General Gordon's announcement created much enthusiasm. He has been so long in public life, and has earned so well known, that it is unnecessary to give more than the outline of his biography.

He was born in Georgia in 1822, and educated at the University of Georgia. Before the war he practiced law, and in 1861 entered the Confederate army as a captain of infantry. He rose through the various grades, and in 1862 was a Major-General and corps commander. When the army of Lee surrendered at Appomattox, General Gordon was in command of the Second Army Corps. During hostilities he was wounded eight times, and bears on his face now an ugly scar made by a Union Minie ball. After the war he took a prominent place among the progressive men of the South, and in 1868 ran as a Democrat for Governor of Georgia. In 1868 and in 1872 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and in both years was a Presidential elector. In 1872 he was elected to the United States Senate, and soon took rank as one of the most brilliant orators in that body. He was elected to succeed himself, but resigned before his term had expired, so that he could give more attention to his private affairs. In 1888, and again in 1890, he was elected Governor of Georgia and in 1894 was again chosen as United States Senator. It is gratifying to say that in the debate on the silver change General Gordon showed himself a friend of sound finance. He also advocated a genuine reform of the tariff.



THE FASTEST SEA-GOING VESSEL IN THE WORLD—33,073 KNOTS AN HOUR.

United States Steamship Mississippi at the Finish of her Trial Trip, July 14, 1898—From an Instantaneous Photograph—[See Page 202.]



ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT CRIPPLE CREEK OVER THE FLORENCE AND CRIPPLE CREEK RAILROAD, JULY 1, 1904.

TWO RAILROADS INTO CRIPPLE CREEK.

Campers certainly must and nevernly from wicked ones. A very few weeks ago his gold straggled, Cripple Creek, was the scene of what promised to be a bloody war. Sunday, July 1st, this same place was decked out in holiday bower and still to welcome the first train entering its territory. Up to this date all passengers and freight had been loaded over the mountain trail by coach and wagon from Canon City, Manitou, or Colorado Springs. This barrier of twenty-eight miles is now broken, and the millions of dollars in low-grade ore dumps can be hauled with a profit to mill and smelter, while incidentally the backbone of ore in this camp will be broken effectively, since later can be comminuted and placed in Cripple Creek within two hours.

The first train to enter camp was over the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad, Sunday, July 1st. This line is a feeder to



ACCIDENT TO THE TRAIN ON ITS RETURN TRIP.

the D and R. G. road, and runs from Florence over and through the Front Range Mountains to the door of Cripple Creek. Its advent was attended with disastrous results. In returning the train jumped a bridge between the two mines Anasconda and Florence, killing one of the sixty passengers and injuring six. The trucks on the rear coach jumped the track just as the engine had crossed a bridge over a small arroyo, and in a moment the car was over the embankment, carrying with it the first coach and the baggage car. That other passengers were not killed is remarkable.

Another railroad forging its way into camp is the Midland Terminal, a spur to the Santa Fe, which is now within two miles of Cripple Creek, at a terminus called Gillet, where the deputy sheriff camped near Florence during several weeks ago. This road starts from Divide, a point in the clouds, and wades over mountains and through canyons for a distance of twenty-eight miles. In a few weeks it will enter camp.

H. R. W.



THE GREAT RAILWAY STOKES—THE FIRST MEAT TRAIN LEAVING THE CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS UNDER EMBURY OF UNITED STATES CATTLE, JULY 16, 1904.
Drawn by G. W. Faxon from a sketch by G. A. Coffey.

SHADOWING CUPID.

The Manners of a Gentleman,

BY P. MATHIAS

"There is a chance for you to do some detective work, Nathan," exclaimed one of a party of commuters on the Jersey ferryboat. "That pretty girl over there has been cruising with us every morning and evening for the past week. Now get your Lescot suitcase to work and tell us something about her."

"She is a type writer," he said, "in some office where she is kept very busy."

"That is easy. There is a stain of purple ink, such as is used for type-writing, on the corner of the handkerchief that peeps from under her belt. Besides, she has one hand clasped in the other, after the manner of people who are nervous, though her bearing and complexion show that she is not of a nervous temperament. She clasps them in that way because her fingers are very tired with work."

The usual laugh greeted this, for Sutton's body has long been a source of amusement to his friends. He knew it good naturedly, as in his worst, though he felt certain that this time at least his theorizing was correct.

log will not be wondered at by any practical business man. Though it is possible to wander through New York for months without seeing the same person twice, men who keep regular hours soon find themselves surrounded by familiar faces. Others who keep the same hours cross the ferry with them morning and evening, day after day, or go to and from business on the same trains. In this way they get to know by sight all the people who pass along the same

A few evenings after it was remarked that the pretty girl was a regular passenger, Sutton announced to his friends—who had ceased to pay attention to her when her face had become familiar—that she was in love.

"With whom?" he was asked.

"I don't know yet; but I know she is in love, for I saw her kiss a girl friend to whom we were crossing the ferry. After kissing, she held her cheek against her friend's for a moment, and only a girl who is accustomed to being kissed by a lover would do that. Moreover, she is happy in her love, or she would not do it, because the love-like action would recall unpleasant memories."

Although this information was jotted at, the romantic touch reawakened interest in the girl, and they all began to notice her again. A few mornings later, a young man accompanied her across the ferry, and returned with her in the evening.

“Any other man can see a glance that they are lovers,” as Charles says, somewhat, “but he is out of work and leaving for a period.” This is shown by the fact that he was waiting for her in the ferry house this evening. If he were regularly employed, it is not likely he would have time to do that, and besides, he has his pockets full of the silver thing remains of the dusty papers. For the last sample of his work, he had written a letter to her, and he had written the words, “In the papers, to the day together this morning, and I thought at first she was looking for another position; but it is now clear that she was simply looking for something to call his attention to. He was not successful in this, for he looks dejected, though he was quite hopeful

This programme was repeated on several consecutive days, and the prospects of the young man's getting a job were beginning to look gloomy. One evening, however, they found him waiting in the ferry house manifestly very happy, and impatient for her arrival. When she came, he ran up to her and said something in an excited manner. She shook hands with him, as if in congratulation, and they walked on into the house together.

"She'll have an engagement ring in a few weeks," said Sutton, and some of his friends disputed the prediction. They all hoped she would, and began to feel as much interest in the match as if they were helping to make it.

To the complete satisfaction of the rowers, the lovers began to cross the ferry together both morning and evening, though they were no better than Jersey City, where they met at the pier.

A few weeks later she began to carry her left glove in her hand, and a bright little diamond set in a plain loop of gold sparkled on her finger. Their unknown and untreated old friends felt like offering their congratulations, but resisted.

During the next few months nothing of importance happened except a rather brisk lovers' quarrel. They failed to meet at the ferry boat several times, and the glove was once more worn on her left hand. When they did meet one

"'Confound him! It is his fault!' said Samson, angrily. "That redness about her eyes, which a little touch of powder does not hide, shows that she has been crying over it, and the set, distressed expression of his face shows that he

is in the wrong and knows it. It is probable that he is jealous, for nothing brings such a look of determined despair to a man's face as jealousy, especially when there are hot passions involved. *—The Idler*

The others agreed in this opinion, and the young ones did not know that there were half a dozen respectable customers on the boat who felt an intense longing to kick him. When the bunch was landed, a short time afterwards, they agreed that he was being treated better than he deserved, but at the same time almost lost a train by stopping to have a drink to the success and happiness of their heirloom.

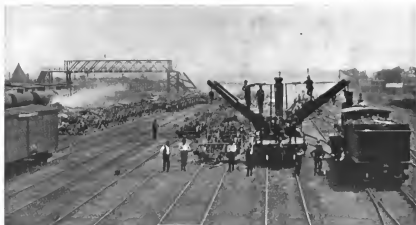
Now Christian the young man began to ask for a man of salary. The amateur detectives were sure of this because of his fits of despondence and exultation. He was evidently trying to divide from the treatment he received from his superiors whether he would get the raise or not. When the great men had been affable to him he was very happy when crossing the ferry, but when they had been grumpy he was in the depths of gloom.



LOOKING UP THE PANHANDLE RAILROAD.—From a Photograph of J. W. Tuttle.



IN THE PANHANDLE RAILROAD YARD.—From a Photograph of J. W. Tuttle.



WORKING-UP AT WORK IN THE CINCINNATI, BERKELEY, AND QUINCY RAILROAD YARD, LOOKING EAST.—From a Photograph of R. D. Cushman.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—MILES OF BURNED FREIGHT-CARS IN THE RAILROAD YARDS ABOUT CHICAGO.



STUDENT'S ROOM IN CLAVERLY HALL, CAMBRIDGE



WALKER ART BUILDING, BOWDOIN COLLEGE



CLAVERLY HALL, CAMBRIDGE



ALEXANDER HALL, PRINCETON

Photographed by B. B. Shaw & Son



VANDERBILT DORMITORIES, YALE. DESIGNED BY AL. HERRICK

RECENT COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE.—[See Page 711.]



AFTER THE CANNON EXPLOSION, CHICAGO, JULY 1890.
Wreckage and dead horses on Grand Boulevard.—From a Photograph by E. S. Cleveland.—[See Page 714.]



FUNERAL PROCESSION CROSSING THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.



THE DECORATIONS IN NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.



INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON.

FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRIEUX.—[SEE PAGE 714.]



TENNIS CLUB HOUSE

want them in good working condition, otherwise when you get on the track your machine won't really be able to handle power and elasticity, and when you are an exceptional mental you are rattled, and as a result result fall far short of your best. It is not proved to say that these Yale men were under-trained or over-trained; they were unquestionably prepared on the apparatus American university system, and made as good a showing as any others would have done

and world-renowned of extensive training, I shall not begrudge the space.

The 300 YARD RACE, THE FIRST EVENT OF THE Oxford-Yale meeting, was thought even by the Englishmen to be a sure-thing for Yale, but Fry sprang out of the starting block from the mark from a standing start before Ford, who made the hands-on ground position, and went away with such a burst of speed that he was never caught, finishing a yard ahead of his mate, Jordan. The hammer and shot were very easy wins for Hinkley and Brown, who took first and second in each, and completely outclassed the Oxford men.

Despite the fact of its being run on turf, the 120 YARD RACE was also considered a Yale event, but although Cady got away fast, Oakley was too strong for him, and when he got into his stride, he cut down the lead rapidly, having the race in hand when Cady fell at the last hurdle. The title has been conceded to Oxford, given to his performance in the Oxford-Cambridge sports last March being stamped on his class above Morgan. Both Cady and Jordan, however, and Hinkley, led Yale from the start, Hinkley cutting out the pace for a while the distance, when Jordan was in the front and was by over fifty yards, Morgan being third.

The quarter mile was regarded as an even thing, with the odds in favor of Oxford, and it turned out to be the best race of the day. Stanford made a good start, but Jordan was too strong for him on the flank, and won in the last twenty yards heavily. The half mile was a great surprise. Wood had being thought a sure winner, but he seemed to go to pieces, and could get no better than third in the second time he has shown this year. Probably the greatest surprise of the day, certainly for Oxford, was Fry's defeat in the broad jump by Sheldon; but the latter is one of those reliable men who can always be depended on to do his best and a little more; he is certainly risen in the season, and this time his work saved two events that on paper looked to Oxford. His 25 ft. 11 in. jump was a performance, though it must be remembered that is English measurement, and could have no bearing on the American high-jump records. Fry, 25 ft. 11 in., held by Victor Mages, even had it exceeded it. Tying the high jump with backward was equally notable for the Oxford men had done 5 ft. 11 in., while Sheldon's best is on both lower.

From beginning to end the games were conducted in a sportsmanlike manner, and the meeting has unquestionably brought English and American universities closer together than they have ever been.

Now that we have finally brought to an international inter-university meeting, there seems to be no good reason

why they should not be made an event of every other year. It will be wiser, however, and undoubtedly easier, to make it a more widespread interest, to broaden the idea so as to include the full strength of Harvard and Yale against Oxford and Cambridge.

It is true the future may prove, American are deeply grateful for the sports that, possibly, Yale is to meet a team, and proud of the many hearing of the individual athletes, who even in the hour of unexpected defeat have themselves like sportsmen and Americans.

THE MARINE STATES Rowing Association, to which the pick of Atlantic coast boat clubs, and its points, therefore, more than any others, carrying the national championship event, reveals the present-day situation of club rowing in the East. It may be said, first of all, that no association in

America, organized in the interests of amateur sport, has labored under greater difficulties than the National Association of Amateur Rowers, and yet they have remained more steadfast in its aim to impart a wholesome principle in its particular field of action. It has been nearly a century since its work by the complete withdrawal of college rowers from rowing since they have left their universities, and this has increased the rowing field to its modest size and frequently undesirable classes. We seem as a nation to be only looking in the boat race which gives England a head, and keeps the active element of her university men while after they have been graduated. Even the athletic clubs only have and there maintain a crew, the New York A.C. and Boston A.C., being the only ones that come to mind at the moment, and a college man is never seen on one of those, though each is now a rowing university. This state of affairs has left club rowing in a very different class from that which gives it such popularity in England, and unfortunately the membership of the sport has been in such wide fields on the shores of the National Association.

Improvement in class of crews and form of rowing has been slow, but the fact that these have been an improvement of all shows careful government. It is curious, with the many good courses we have in the East, that the interest of college rowers cannot be aroused, for there are several



AL FRESCO DRESSING ROOM AT THE TILDEN CLUB.

clubs at Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and in the vicinity of New York in which they would find good fellowship and the making of excellent crews.

The annual regatta of the Middle States, July 18th, on the Passaic River, brought out a huge number of entries and showed some very fair rowing, the best being done by the crews of the New York Athletic Club, the University of Philadelphia, Harvard of Boston, Putnam of Washington, and Triton of Passaic.

under the same conditions. The performance of these men was, more incident, though they lack the first opportunity of testing our way with that of the Old World university methods, and I take it as a test for retreating what this equipment has produced at more or less length at different times on the questionable policy of giving our college athletes so much preparation. It has always seemed to me a matter deserving much more serious consideration than has been given it, and having been brought home now by the most practical of illustrations, may we not hope that it will receive the attention it merits among American college authorities and students?

NOTHING RESULTS FROM PORTER DEVELOPMENT, healthful growth may be obtained by common sense and natural methods. We make too much of a business of our sports. Let us have it with a little more of the pleasure factor. We will win just as many points, and give it more of a wholesome interest. Entirely apart from an ethical point of view, we may place our tennis club much better fitted to win athletic honors for the club than any. If any further illustration is needed to emphasize what I say on this subject, of excessive training, let us recall the Yale Princeton game which closed the football season of 1901. The Yale eleven had been trained in the same old way of driving the men early and late, and early, until about all the life and vigor had been worked out of them. Princeton, on the other hand, had taken a step in advance of all the colleges, and trained its team on a more rational system, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. The result of this was that the Yale team, which had been trained in the same old way of driving the men early and late, and early, until about all the life and vigor had been worked out of them, was completely outclassed by the Princeton team, which had been trained in a more rational system. This was a clear demonstration of the fact that excessive training is not only unnecessary, but also harmful. It is a mistake to think that more training will lead to better results. In fact, the opposite is true. A team that is over-trained will be exhausted and unable to perform at its best. A team that is trained in a more rational system, on the other hand, will be fresh and able to perform at its best. This was a clear demonstration of the fact that excessive training is not only unnecessary, but also harmful. It is a mistake to think that more training will lead to better results. In fact, the opposite is true. A team that is over-trained will be exhausted and unable to perform at its best. A team that is trained in a more rational system, on the other hand, will be fresh and able to perform at its best.



TILDEN TENNIS COURTS

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THE SENATORIAL DEBS—MORE INTERFERENCE BY THE PRESIDENT.

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THE COMING MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

A LARGE majority of the citizens of New York City are opposed to Tammany. Nearly all this. The problem is to rally this majority to the support of one anti-Tammany ticket. The defeat of Tammany in the next municipal election will then be certain. But to make a victory over Tammany fruitful of good results it is necessary that the anti-Tammany ticket be composed of men who can be depended upon to repudiate all Tammany methods, and to conduct the city government upon sound business principles. This sounds like a truism which it would be superfluous to repeat. But it is not so trifling. On the contrary, it cannot be repeated too often and too strenuously, for we are confronted by the danger that in seeking to unite all the anti-Tammany elements for common action committees may be formed the success of which would only deliver the city officers into the hands of new sets of selfish politicians or selfish party tools, and thus defeat the objects of good government, and weaken the progress of reform by the demoralizing influence of another failure.

The anti-Tammany forces consist of several elements which are by no means homogeneous. First, the City Club, the Good Government Club, and the German Reform Union, which have been organized for the distinct purpose of giving to the city an economical and honest government, without any regard to the national parties. Secondly, the State Democracy, a Democratic organization opposed to Tammany and to the old Democratic party machine, but having also objects of State and national importance in view. Thirdly, the Republicans, divided into two factions, both of which propose to be opposed to Tammany, but both also engaged in State and national politics. Of these three classes of anti-Tammany men only the members of the first can be counted upon to devote their energies to a single aim or purpose in the cause of good municipal government, ready to support candidates who can be impartially treated in this respect, no matter whether they are Democrats or Republicans. Nor is this class inconsiderable in number, for it is certain that Tammany ticket will not be supported by anti-Tammany ticket can be elected. It might even receive individual support enough from public spirited citizens in its national politics associate with the Democratic or Republican parties in securing the election of municipal candidates of its own, were not at the coming election candidates for Congress and for State offices to be voted for, and did not this circumstance place an entirely independent municipal ticket under peculiar disadvantages.

The State Democracy at a recent county convention declared, substantially, that it would not, in any event, support Tammany candidates for municipal offices, that it would prefer an anti-Tammany Democratic municipal ticket, but that it would, if necessary, conclude with other anti-Tammany forces for the overthrow of the present machine. The Republican organization, led by the Committee of Three, embodying the "better element" of the party, has also not a few conservative spots politicians, has likewise resolved a decision to help to elect an anti-Tammany ticket composed of Republicans, but at the same time to give new to coalesce with other organizations upon terms recognizing the fact that the Republicans would have to furnish the bulk of the votes. And finally Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, the head of the so-called "Bucktail" or "Bucktail" faction, declares in an each case interest that he, too, is willing to join his forces with others against Tammany, provided, however, that the first place on the ticket, the position for the Mayor, will be given to a "strict" Republican, "a Republican who thoroughly repudiates his party."

It appears, therefore, that those who are willing to make any kind of concession against Tammany, without regard to their consequences, will have plenty to say. The different organizations have only to let their managers meet in conference to discuss their respective "plans," and to distribute the different offices with their patronage among themselves, each organization selecting its own candidates for the places falling to its share, so as to satisfy all of the contracting parties and to inspire them with the necessary enthusiasm for the fight. This is a very simple process, and can easily be accomplished by advice to the managers. The only question in this way votes enough can be mustered to beat New York—this will also be the surest way to make

the defeat of Tammany barren of good results, and to bring about only the substitution of one set of politicians for another, except, perhaps, as to the places that may be conceded in the Good Government Club and the German Reform Union.

This is the kind of arrangement which Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT is perfectly willing to give. In fact, it is a fortunate circumstance that this "Greek bearing a gift" has stepped so openly upon the scene, for his appearance will at once make good circumstances that would otherwise be carefully concealed. Mr. PLATT, knowing that he commands only a small minority of the voters of New York, offers his forces to any set of anti-Tammany candidates, provided a "straight" Republican be nominated for Mayor. Who is to select this "straight" Republican? Of course, the Committee of Three, the Republican party—that is, Mr. PLATT himself. What sort of straight Republican he likes he has recently shown again by procuring for a dynamic Irishman a Police Commissionership. At any rate, as will be a straight Republican who can be counted upon to take care of Mr. PLATT's machine. If he gets the Mayorship, he will owe little for the rest of the ticket, and nothing at all for good government. It comes, therefore, to this: Mr. PLATT invites the anti-Tammany men of New York to elect one of his "straight" Republicans, and to help in electing other politicians' men to other places.

We do not mean to say that the Republican Committee of Thirty or the State Democracy, upon such a nomination, would select for the place all better, better, and, possibly, better, other ticket. But it is certain that the distribution of nominations made in any manner like the one described above will be largely in the nature of a bribe; that as such a bribe the consideration of patronage and of party or personal interest will play a great part, and that, in the same measure, the cause of good government will suffer.

How is this to be avoided? We must look to the City Club, the Good Government Club, and the German Reform Union, which have been organized for the distinct purpose of giving to the city an economical and honest government, without any regard to the national parties. Secondly, the State Democracy, a Democratic organization opposed to Tammany and to the old Democratic party machine, but having also objects of State and national importance in view. Thirdly, the Republicans, divided into two factions, both of which propose to be opposed to Tammany, but both also engaged in State and national politics. Of these three classes of anti-Tammany men only the members of the first can be counted upon to devote their energies to a single aim or purpose in the cause of good municipal government, ready to support candidates who can be impartially treated in this respect, no matter whether they are Democrats or Republicans. Nor is this class inconsiderable in number, for it is certain that Tammany ticket will not be supported by anti-Tammany ticket can be elected. It might even receive individual support enough from public spirited citizens in its national politics associate with the Democratic or Republican parties in securing the election of municipal candidates of its own, were not at the coming election candidates for Congress and for State offices to be voted for, and did not this circumstance place an entirely independent municipal ticket under peculiar disadvantages.

At any rate, many good citizens think so. And we finally believe that only a ticket which has no ambiguous and discouraging spots flavor about it, but which inspires this long suffering community with the hope that it will be able to bring about a better state of things, can win and prevail against Tammany, no matter whether the man at the head of it calls himself a Democrat or a Republican.

LEGISLATORS AND ORGANIZED LAHOR.

THERE is a general consensus of opinion among sane citizens that politicians and law-making bodies are the worst of evils of the present civilization. They call "the capitalist." It would be interesting to examine in detail the soundness of this opinion carefully and thoroughly, but the general result of such an investigation is all that can be stated here. About all the existing legislation that can be said to be generally and unjustly favorable to capital is the high protective tariff. There are, doubtless, laws on the various state boards of the States which give to corporations what need be no undue powers, but they do not, in the main, and only of course, with the exception of the generally offensive to corrupt legislators than to the corporations themselves, at least so far as their organization is concerned. The saddest truth concerning the relations of corporations to law-making bodies, and, indeed, to the people, is that New York, the acknowledged capital of large scale companies is no less the object of blackmailing

strikes that the officers and directors of such associations have felt justified in maintaining a lobby for the protection of their interests.

The fact is that organized labor has a much greater influence with the politicians than any other combination of workers. It is the "labor lobby." Our modern democratic progress stand most in fear. It is a fact, far enough, well known to all who were engaged in securing the passage of the international copyright law, that the typographical union's mere use of that absolutely restricted number of votes was any other interest in favor of the measure. Organized labor has secured legislation in nearly every State in the Union, and has even introduced a new principle in law-making, in the effort that the State ought to be absolutely "controlled" by the labor, not for enforcing its provisions, but for inhibiting parties to a specific performance of obligations, but for the changing or modification of its terms in favor of one of the parties. Organized labor lays down the proposition that wage-earners, who take no risks in a business, whose property is not involved, whose earnings are not necessarily affected by the violent tides of the particular establishment in which they are employed, shall nevertheless be considered as powerful as the prosperity of the business, and there are laws and statutes books partly existing on this proposition.

The great radical strike is over, but evil results from it are yet to be dreaded. It is so to be noted at the outset that, until Mr. CLEVELAND's arrival, the sympathy of the workers in the strike was expressed themselves, were with the strikers. The Governors of Illinois, Kansas, and Colorado, the Mayors of Chicago and Detroit, all lost their countenance, and some their aid, to the Pullman strikers. Even Senator ALBION TOWNSEND, who had been named to assist the Pullman Company. It was only after the popular response to the President's order to the troops and his telegram to ALBION that Congress failed to vote sufficiently to denounce violence, and to order the troops to enforce the laws of the land of the United States. In the mean time the attitude of most of the law-makers at Washington was pitiable. In their fear of losing votes they begged the newspaper reporters not to interview them on the subject. They wanted to avoid any expression of opinion that might influence against them, and yet to organized labor, not strikers who had merely quit their employment, not even strikers who were engaged in inducing other laborers not to take their share, but who were engaged in inducing other laborers, members of the public press and of the government. All this did not take as if law-makers were the sugar-loaves of capital, but rather as if they were more likely to be the fearful fangs of organized labor.

One of this condition of things borne is likely to come. The strike has already stimulated the desire of politicians to fracture laws that will be pleasing to labor. Mr. STRONG has prepared a scheme for the enactment of a permanent law of arbitration, and the elements of the public press and of the government law which bears the name of one of the most notorious demagogues who ever sat in Congress, to appoint a commission to examine into and report on the Pullman strike. Crude laws that will be operative except for mischief may be the outcome of the strike that will do more harm to the country and to the working men themselves than the sudden and short-lived violence that accompanied the strike itself.

Arbitration and other laws are already on the statute-book of the States that are competing in the purpose, and that are part of those eternal decrees to legislation, the laws that cannot be enforced. Congress has already been passed for the benefit of labor that an effective agent labor. The Federal anti-trust law itself, which has been passed for the purpose of preventing combinations in restraint of trade, has been invoked for the purpose of preventing a boycott.

It seems to be beyond the wit of legislators to devise a law that will force men to an unwilling agreement, and a body of completely unscrupulous arbitration exists. Moreover, it is an essential injury to working men that their individuality should be destroyed, and that the law should assume them to be a helpless mass composed of men who cannot think of themselves as individuals, but only as the general struggle of life, but must be cured for and coddled until they come to depend upon the State as parents do. There is nothing so damaging, not only to working men, but to all humanity, as the continuous looking to individual considerations in the case of our labor legislation and in most of the demands of labor socialism. We have laws that provide that men shall keep their agreements, and we have courts to enforce these laws. We do not want laws that will compel men to keep their agreements, but we enter into what they consider to be unfair agreements.

Such laws, if they cannot be enforced, inspire contempt for all law and for the courts of justice, which is the most dangerous state of the public mind in a popular government. It is the duty of the law-makers to see that they do not injure the working men as well as their employers for they render the controversy from them



WILLIE MARKS, DAYTON'S BARRECK-SIDER.



PARADE CAGE CONTAINING TRAINED "ELEPHANT" HIT.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CIRCUS.

THE DAYTON, OHIO, CHARITY CIRCUS.

DAYTON'S CHARITY CIRCUS.

Recreation was at a standstill in Dayton, Ohio, on July 15th, because of the annual event of an amateur circus performance. The clowns and riders were the best-known young men of the place, and as the entertainment was given for charity's sake, it was not only critically but financially a success. The proceeds were divided in equal shares between the Deaconess and the St. Elizabeth hospitals. The weather was favorable, and crowds poured in from the surrounding country, which had been thoroughly hitled and poised with the regular circus literature. The Mayor of Dayton issued a proclamation making the evening a holiday, and consequently most business houses closed their

doors. The houses and streets were elaborately decorated with flowers and bunting, and the city wore a gala appearance. The legends on some of the "dogrins" announced that: "It's best, others slip in the mud." "Only big stars on the road this season carried their own wood and saw-hut." "A growing success—the Charity Circus Message." "The Charity Circus team will be greeted with out the use of profanity."

These tents, which extended over an area of three acres, were pitched on the Fair Grounds. The side show tent contained sixty-four cages of animals and miniature fashions, and was decorated with all sorts of aquatic pictures and lanterns. The regulation showmen stood outside and called upon the public to step within.

The circus procession, which occurred in the morning, was one mile long and took an hour to pass a given point, and hundreds of people lined the streets to watch the novel spectacle. The two performances were excellent, as the circus was not going up as a show of money. The seats were all occupied, and many of the audience had to stand. There were two rings and an arena stage, with three sets here and there. Throughout the show many of Dayton's well-known young society men, polished gentlemen, sovereigns, progressives, humanists, and virtuosos for the meritable "concern," which concluded the performance in true circus style. Much credit for the success of the occasion is due to Mr. Harry E. Poché, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and to his numerous assistants.



LUGGER CAMP AT DELOXI, MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM WOODWARD.—(SEE PAGE 727.)



GROUP OF KOREAN CHILDREN



STEPS OF AUDIENCE HALL, SEOUL



CITY AND HARBOR OF CHEMULPO.



VIEW IN OLD PALACE, SEOUL.



STREET IN NATIVE PORTION OF CHEMULPO.



GENERAL VIEW OF CHEJU



WALLS OF SEOUL



SOUTH GATE, SEOUL



OFFICE OF UNITED STATES LEGATION, SEOUL.



QUEEN'S PAVILION, SEOUL.

SCENES IN KOREA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. M. NATHAN, U. S. N., AND C. P. HOWELL, U. S. N.—[SEE PAGE 727.]



LATHEE HILL CHEMICAL WORKS ON MAIN TRACE OF LONG ISLAND R.R.



LONG ISLAND RAILROAD'S MARSH PILE, AT THE HEAD OF NEWTON CREEK.



PART OF GREENWICH AND YELLOW RIVER IN FRONT OF MICHAEL LATHEE HILL CHEMICAL WORKS, BY LONG ISLAND RAILROAD TRUCKS.



LONG ISLAND RAILROAD'S REPAIR DUMP ON NEWTON CREEK.



COW-BURN AND SWILL-FED COGS AT GREENPOINT.



LOW TIDE, NEWTON CREEK, OUTSIDE STANFORD OIL WORKS, LOOKING FROM KING STREET BRIDGE.



FURMAN ISLAND, SHOWING A.C.W., BETTER KNOWN AS MEYER'S, FERTILIZER WORKS.



KILBURN'S HOG-BUTTLE FACTORY ON FURMAN ISLAND.



GENERAL STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON NEWTON CREEK.



SMOKE EFFECT LOOKING TOWARD HUNTERS POINT FROM BRIDGE AT BEAVER AVENUE.

UNWHOLESOME ENVIRONS OF BROOKLYN—VIEWS ON NEWTON CREEK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELMER MARK.—[See Page 726.]



—THEN MATT SAW HER FACE FREEZE SUDDENLY, AND HE GAULED BENEATH THE GLOOMING EYEBROWS OF HER DOUBTFUL CONSOLED.

It over with you, those might be a leather, people are so jealous, especially now that it has won.

"Oh, I should tell a, and you may depend," said Matt. "It was very good of you to let me come so often and chat about it, and even if I told you a little trouble in working out the perspective, I found a great deal about composition from you."

"Don't mention it," said Herbert.

"Oh, I won't," said Matt, gravely.

When Herbert laughed, and replied: "Now you must do an Academy picture, old fellow. There's three months time yet."

"Would there be any chance of my getting it?" asked Matt, wistfully. He had been flattered by the applause of the evening. It seemed hopelessly good to be the centre of an admiring fashionable assemblage instead of a shadowy alien hovering on its outside rim. In such company the colossal self-confidence of his solitary radiation dissolved to a grateful sense of his real insignificance.

"Really," replied Herbert. "Why, I think my stars you won't a competitor. I should never have got the need of you had been."

With shock his head demagogically, but Herbert smiled on with increasing complacency.

"Wonder if he gets it? You got a picture in, and it was hung on the face next to mine! Now that I've taught you composition, and educated you up to the Academy's idea, you could easily do something that would take the old left foot away, and then, once you were in the Academy, the old devilness would take up your work and run you."

"I don't think they'll take what I want to do," said Herbert. "At least, not till you can afford it. Besides, I'm not so sure that there isn't something in the Academy's idea after all. Certainly, I don't quite see how Duane and Nebuchadnezzar could have been treated any better."

"I don't want to live like that at all," said Matt.

"Well, anyway, do something, you old duffer; you don't want to go gabbling about on ten inch a week, or was it ten, or was it a day? I forget. Promise me to do a picture for the next show, or I don't feel easy in my mind about you."

"I promise," Matt murmured.

"That's right," said Herbert, considerably relieved. He went on heavily: "The Academy is the sleeping state. It's an odd thing to get out of the way. Put a picture in the Academy, by far means of those times, but—quite a picture in the Academy. Why, even if you will do one straight off, you can always get in if you make the picture a very small one—just to fit on a small corner—I forget the exact measurements, but the old gentleman says; he took care to find out in case I couldn't get it legitimately. I'll make a point of asking him. Poor old governor! I don't suppose he'll sleep to night. Why, he was quite babbly when the old duffer was."

"He's been very good to you," said Matt.

"Well—and he'll be happy. Virtue rewarded. The crown of the job is that now I'm going to go ahead in style of him—travelling straight up, you see—and he can't possibly chuck business for a year to come with me."

"Was the money in that envelope?" Matt asked.

"Only the first quarterly instalment. What a shame I can't pay you out of that! Only I must study ahead with the money; it wouldn't be honest to use it for any other purpose now."

"Don't talk of it," said Matt, with a little shudder.

"Oh, don't be shocked? You look as if I had already done your old skin to-night. What have you been doing with yourself? I often wondered why you didn't look me up at the Club. By the way, have we seen at the Club?"

"Herbert" cried Matt, interrogatively. They had been walking automatically as they conversed, and had come to a standstill before a black, cheerless building on a corner of Regent Street.

"You, this is the library. Not my shop, you duffer. This is only the students' library here. I told my people the truth, you know. It would be foolish not to drop in to-night—perhaps make a night of it—though I don't intend to go others here. Hang it all, I had an appointment to sup with a girl at half past ten. I forget all about her; she'll be mad."

"He took out the watch. Ten past eleven. Why, recollected our seat have ordered till close on eleven! It isn't my fault, anyhow. Do you mind retreating round to the Imperish? This is the first bell. We'll better have a lesson."

"The young ten dress round to the store door. But the fair one had departed after a few impatient instants. I think I heard her tell the cabby like," was the six penny word of information extracted from the jacket.

"Let's go then," said Matt, who was now quite faint with hunger, and who had an archaic harking wish that Herbert would stand a supper—some of the old hen soup—supper that he had not tasted for half a year—was still of a supper, with red meat and wholesome vegetables and goodly sauces, any, even red wine, and a crowning cap of coffee made of real beans, not the chemical stuff of over-baked brown, out of which he had been making his own body, getting the burnt brown cheaper by a double currency; a supper fit for well-fed gods, with a starving man having eaten might be well content to die. But Herbert was wary of what was going on in Matt's inner man, replied, calmly: "No, it's too late to look for her at the restaurant. I know her address, but she won't be there yet. Besides, I ought to show you up to the Club."

So they moved back to the black building (Matt suddenly reminding himself that even here supper might be his wish), and pushing through dark hall, mounted a stone corkscrew staircase that led to a labyrinth of noises and a plume flag made nose-tail turns. The doorway of the first room was suggested by thick blackness curving with clouds of smoke.

Herbert's heart seemed to answer for a few moments. The little room, decorated only by a few sketches from the hands of members, was crowded with young men in evening dress, sitting around low chairs or knee or end-seats, with glasses in their hands and cigars in their mouths, and new men were appearing to leave the lower room, the advent of each being greeted by faint cheer.

Placidly more serene in their glow welcomed Flinders, who, it was understood, had been in the final running. He came in, try-

ing to make his naturally long face look short, and exclaiming, with particular enthusiasm, "Where's my whisky? Roads, who, it was whiskered, but but by only a few voices, was not present, he had apparently gone home to the heart-broken gentility at Dalmore. Matt caught sight of Corriepepper on the right of the doorway, and his heart rejoiced as at the sight of a tall stranger. The little painter was grasping the middle of his chair with his most real like a sapling. His single eye glass glinted in the gas light.

"Strang's not in it with you, he was staying to Flinders. There's no style in his technique. It might have been done by an R.A."

"They do say the month would have been very different if more R.A.'s had come down," said the semi-crowned Flinders, somewhat thickly. "But Barthold had the gout, and Platt is in Moscow, and—"

At this point about of "Strang" made the crowd start. But it was only the playfulness of the room greeting a new-comer at the vision. The youth appeared humbly in the situation, shuffling round the room with a comical shuffle and a bow to each chair. Then he came up and began a business lecture on reconstituted art, to my young architectural friends. Every reference to space, colour, or geometry was received with yells of delight, a delicate shiver being reserved for Alford's Doria.

"I was fully glad I caught it," said a youth in front of Matt. "I got there five minutes late, and the man wouldn't let me in. At least he said, 'I'm not supposed to let you in after nine o'clock. But I didn't take the sign—give it.'"

In the middle of the address on art, Grove, coming up the staircase in the wake of a student friend, perceived Herbert and pushed him insistently into the room, a kick straightaway became a pandemonium, the platoon laughing "See the Conquering Hero comes," the boys staring, staring, staring, and shouting "Cigars—Cigars—Blinks!"

"Strang!"

Herbert, brazenly ordered boxes of Harrods and "no doze and whidry," and now Matt, still in his recent, found himself drinking and smoking and shouting with the rest, excited by the whisky into forgetfulness of his duties and his fortunes, and pouring in all the reflecting humour of the evening, in all the devil may care gaiety of the current undergraduate meeting with his loose companions over the begonia streets of the smelted looking young men, had his street clothes, changing slowly in grotesque comical attire, which he had the liberty of wearing (Corriepepper for a partner, and disintegrating himself in high kicking go do not, not departing till the final "Auld Lang Syne" had been sung with jotted heads in a dilly whirling ring. Herbert had left some time before.

"Good night, Matt, I want to get away. I don't often get out as often as I do. There's no need for me to go up, you look's better," he whispered confidentially as he pulled forth, radiantly merry, wearing Japanese dress of the Trowbridge Brotherhood future.

When the party broke up to the small hours, Matt Strang, married with whisky and empty of vitality, staggered about the faculty premises, slapping the stars, then nodded, blinking and waking like the buttons on Herbert's boots.

[to be continued]

A MODEL STATE CAMP.

BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



ANY of my readers will remember the old "Millia days" when an school boy's guard in white, red, and blue and delight in the serious ranks of the "City Blues" or the "Life Guards" as they marched proudly through the streets of the city, the uniforms in white and blue, scarlet, gold, and silver.

It is the main end and object served to be for such organization to make the most magnificent show, to keep the straightest posture in display the handsomest uniforms, and at the end of the day's parade to hold a grand jubilation. Still, many of these "lance" companies, both North and South, were in the front at the call of the President.

They were, and, widely as spread and instructed and sent, lived one another on the field of battle, in the period after the civil war, when, tired and in the long and bloody struggle, the military spirit was by almost dormant, and any attempt at re-organization or improvement of the militia had no interest. But with the growth of the republicanism across to its population by the horrors of migration, the great labor strikes, accompanied by violence and rebellion against the constitution, the need of a military force, armed and equipped in the majesty of the law, became apparent.

At State of New York, as before, but much stronger consciousness, and profiting by the experience way riots of 1877, was among the first to make place of her militia forces on a basis of efficiency. The establishment some years ago of "Camp at Peekskill" has proved the main factor in the same improvement in soldierly qualities and the of discipline which are now characteristic of the State of the State. It would be hard to find a more picturesque site or one better adapted to the purpose than the place on which the camp is situated right at the entrance to the gorgeous Hudson Highlands on a flat-topped promontory from the high hills immediately it on three sides, off the tents, every where in the bright sunshine, contrast with the dark woods beyond, while, in the distance to the lights on the opposite bank after curves, disappearing around the foot of the north. On the whole, smooth parade stretch of the grassy plain—land drill grounds for any the service, home, rest, or discipline, and the country, wooded and hilly, covered by winding roads with churches, offers opportunities for a and exercises in nature tactics.

As it is done at the camp, there is but little leisure, although the time is fully occupied. At five o'clock, because of the meeting pits and the numerous the drums beating, the camp wakes in at the day, and the long stream of tents awakes as at the call for assembly the companies spring, and the monotonous tones of the sergeants' voices calling the men. Then, as the ranks are broken, a new sound, and the soldiers answer to make the

rough camp trill and prepare for the morning drill soon to follow. At 7.30 the drums over at the guard tent trill "Please upon a teacher," and the companies trill off with measured tread to breakfast in the mess hall, from which they return to police the quarters and place everything in order for the daily recurring inspection. All over the camp the men are busy as bees, sweeping, rolling up tent walls, making up the beds, removing rubbish, sweeping cups and basins, raising tent doors, and placing everything in apple-pie order. Glance into one of the tents as we pass down the company street, the floor is open, the walls rolled up, the tent floor without a speck of dust on it, and the stored in tent swept clean even of a whip of dust. Note the rolled equipment on the ends tramped with the neatly folded blankets, on which the helmets rest, their brass ornaments shining

an inch of hundreds of feet moving in rhythmic tread through the short dry grass on the battalion forms for attack. Over and over again the manœuvres are repeated. Now long lines of skirmishers move towards the wooded heights, left, knee, or lie down and deliver their fire, the supports hurrying for want to re-form, and the rifles rattle and flash, sending out paths of blue vapor, which curl through the grass, almost killing the combatants from view. As the forward movement continues, the strength of the firing line constantly increasing, volley after volley leaps out, until the charge is launched, and with bayonets fixed and lead raining down, the battalion advances at the run. Then comes the quick hurried rally, and once again the thickened atmosphere crushes of hundreds of rifles as the companies pour out their volleys at the retreating run.



THE OUTPOST

Like burnished gold, while the buckles, empty and clean, spade down, its cups alongside, wash basins on top, run in a long uniform row up and down both sides of the company street.

Meanwhile the music of the band on the parade, where the guard is marching, swirls melodiously out on the morning air, soon succeeded by the hoarse notes of the field music, as the newly formed guard marches off the field towards the guard tent. Then come some times the rattling of the drums to assembly, and the battalions form for a two hours' drill on the plains on either side of the camp. Out in the bright sunshine the blue-coated columns are marching across the field, the burnished barrels of the rifles glittering and flashing through the clouds of dust, while their of light and sharp word of command rise above the steady march.

While the noise and bustle of the drill on the plains attract the spectator, good work is being done by a handful of earnest men scattered in squads on the mountainside for miles around the camp. The signal corps is practicing with flag and heliograph, and, too, come to meet their brethren of the Infantry and Cavalry, they form a corps of troops of the highest efficiency and importance. All are men of laudible growth and education—disseminators, engineers, etc., many of them—and they perform their duty faithfully and apparently are ending duties cheerfully and with enthusiasm, and are a credit to themselves and the National Guard.

At times—towards the end of the week, and the time of duty at the camp is nearly over—the troops undertake great marches and exercises in minor tactics in the face of an imaginary enemy in the surrounding country, and the prin-



A BATTAL IN EXTENDED ORDER AT THE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION, PECKSKILL, NEW YORK.



THE DRILLING REGIMENT.

ciples of the daily drills on the plain are practically devoid of drill.

Then it is that the citizen soldier begins to appreciate the reason for the constant practice of company and battalion drill, and with ready intelligence and quick adaptability he soon learns the why and wherefore of movements which may have seemed to him but a monotonous repetition of the same thing drill night after drill night in the army during the winter season. I could not help but sympathize in the case of some of the so-called "suspense" companies of infantry, and that excellent body of horse Troop A—the regulars with which the men acquired credits—"old soldier" tricks, even in that short service in camp and in the field. I doubt very much whether many of them gave the subject much thought, but the way in which they seemed to realize that drill, as practiced in the barracks, is but the

customs due to the strict rules of military discipline, the passive obedience to the orders of his superiors, the duties of guards and sentries, the various drills and routine of garrison life, combined with such specialties and field maneuvers as may be considered advisable, rather than to the hundred and one ways and means of maintaining himself in the field, which occupy so much time and attention in other State troops. In such matters experience is the only effective teacher, and owing to the high order of intelligence which distinguishes the members of the National Guard, they will readily adapt themselves to any conditions of field service.

Presumably all 11th Regt. men drill in squads, the troops are marched to their quarters, dismounted, and in the hour intervening before dinner the soldiers take advantage of the troops to ensure the duty and prove of the best command's work. Some towns in hand, or troops off to the left, where numerous showers bath are in readiness to give refreshment to hungry and tired men. Others crowd around the water butts at the heads of the company streets. Air is in great demand, and the sound of the shaker is heard with in the walls of many of the canvas houses. By this it is not meant to convey the impression that regulations exist, providing that "no ale, beer, wine, or spirituous liquors will be used in camp" is ever violated, for there are many refreshing compounds in the making of which the shaker, ice, lemons, etc., come into play, which are absolutely innocent of anything objectionable even to the most exacting and strict prohibitionists.

From dinner until the call for parade, half an hour or so before sunset, there is little doing about the camp that is ap-

parent to the casual visitor. Most of the men are off duty, and may pass the time pretty much as they please, although schools for commissioned and non-commissioned officers are in session, where theoretical instruction on various subjects is given to them, often by such officers of the army as may be on duty with the troops. Evening parades in most divisions the event of the day. Carriages arrive in from the country places about, and the ladies on the ferry from Peekskill bring loads of pretty women and their escorts to enjoy the martial picture. Promptly at adjutant's call the battalion forms, and with music sounding and all the "peep and circumlocution of war," the glittering masses of soldiers march out in long lines to the departing day, as with the rust of the sunset gun the great flag—national and State—flutters majestically down the tall white flag-staffs. Then, keeping time with the stirring strains of the band, the command passes in review, company after company in martial array swings off around the broad parade ground, breaking from the column and disappearing into the body of the camp at the entrance to the respective company streets. The evening shadows gather, the mounting horn purges against the flash in the sky, the electric lights on the tall poles gleam out, and the camp settles down in the enjoyment of the evening after the really hard work of the day. As night comes on there is a band concert in front of the commanding officer's big tent, and the broad main street is crowded with soldiers. Lights are burning in many of the tents, songs and laughter mingle with the hum of voices, and the roll of the drums at tattoo brings the soldiers to their tents, and the camp gradually sinks to rest. The moon



INFANTRYMAN WITH THE NEW "MERIAM PAUL."

A B C of the soldier's trade, and made to be adapted to circumstances where the object to be attained by certain movements is of more importance than like matters of detail in the manner of carrying out the movement, give me a very favorable impression of what the conduct of such troops would be if actually in the field and confronting an enemy.

It may not be inappropriate right here to refer to a difference in the system of instruction in vogue in the New York camp from that of some of the other States, notably the State of Pennsylvania. Here it is held that in the short time which the citizen soldier can reasonably be expected to devote to his military duties, it is of more importance to ac-



IN ADVANCE—MORRIS TACTICS



IN ONE OF THE COLUMBIAN MEMORIAL ROOMS.



WANDERER, WEDGWOOD, WEDGWOOD.



EXTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM—FORMERLY FINE ARTS BUILDING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.



ANCHOR USED BY COLUMBUS.



MODEL OF THE "SANTA MARIA."
Made from Wood taken from World's Fair Buildings.



UNDER THE DOME.
Models of the principal Groups from the World's Fair Buildings.



COLUMBIAN MEMORIAL ROOM, FROM THE CORNER OF LA HABANA.



CAPES FROM YUCATAN AND TOTEM POLES FROM ALASKA.

THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 739.]



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.



JOHN ANDRE'S PRISON AT TAPPAN, NEW YORK.



FRENCH STATUE, "THE MINUTEMAN" AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTHRIE.



THE ANDRE MONUMENT AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK.



OLD WITUS-DOUIE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.



CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA



THE OLD STATEHOUSE, BOSTON.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

Points of Interest on the Route taken by the Universally Extended Pilgrims in following Washington's Itinerary.—[See Page 100.]

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TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



"ARM AND AWAY, BOATS!"—DRAWN BY R. F. ZIEGLER.
SAILORS FROM THE WHITE ALBATROSS LEAVING THEIR SHIP FOR A LANDING DRILL IN FORCE.



KI, KING OF KOREA.



"HATSKA," JAPANESE STEEL-PROTECTED CRUISER.

Displacement, 1000 tons; length, 200 ft.; beam, 40 ft.; draught, 15 ft.; twin propellers; 2500 horse-power; speed, 16.10 knots.



"CHIH-YUEN," CHINESE STEEL-PROTECTED CRUISER.

1000 tons; length, 200 ft.; beam, 40 ft.; draught, 15 ft.; twin propellers; 2500 horse-power; speed, 16.10 knots.



KOREAN SOLDIERS.



H. H. PRINCE ROHANG.

Commander General of the Japanese Imperial Body Guard.



"ITSHUSHIMA," JAPANESE STEEL COAST-DEFENDER.

Displacement, 477 tons; length, 90 ft.; beam, 20 ft.; draught, 10 ft.; twin propellers; 1000 horse-power; speed, 17.5 knots.



"CHIH-TIEN," CHINESE STEEL-ARMORED BARBETTE CRUISER.

Displacement, 500 tons; length, 200 ft.; beam, 40 ft.; draught, 15 ft.; twin propellers; 2500 horse-power; speed, 16.10 knots.



VICEROY LI HSING CHANG.

When the Emperor of China directed of the Yellow Fleet for resistance in prosecuting the war.



THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.
THE DINNER IN THE DINING ROOM.—Shown at T. M. FRIEDMAN—[See Page 100.]

Fulton Exchange

Washington City Trinity Church

Mar 2



VIEW FROM BROOKLYN - 1

Howe City - N. Y. State
 Fulton Exchange - N. Y. State - N. Y. State - N. Y. State

St. Paul's Church

Marine Club

Marine Club

Marine Club



VIEW FROM THE NORTH

THE AGE OF SKY-SCRAPERS—TALL BUILDINGS IN THE

St. Paul's Church

Wassenaar Building

United Telegraph

Wassenaar Building

New York Tower Bridge



A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. L. STEVENS

St. Paul's Church
Wassenaar Building

Wassenaar Building

United Telegraph

Wassenaar Building

New York Tower Bridge



ER—DRAWN BY G. W. PETER.

BUSINESS DISTRICT OF NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 730.]



HIGHWAY VIEW OF THE SWANHALL PLANTATION.



THE "QUARTERS," SWANHALL PLANTATION.



CUTTING SUGARCANE.



LOADING CANE-CUTS.



IN A CANE-MILL.



CANE-MILL, DELAWARE PLANTATION.



SUGAR-WORKS AND LOUISIANA REFINERY, NEW ORLEANS.



SUGAR-EXCHANGE, NEW ORLEANS.



THE OLD JARDEN HOUSE.



THE LUCAS ELMANSDORF HOUSE.



THE OLD KINGSTON ACADEMY.



THE OLD VAN STEVENSON HOUSE.



OLD COURTHOUSE, WHERE THE CONSTITUTION WAS ADOPTED AND READ.



THE OLD DE WAAL T-YEN.



THE SENATE-BUILDING.



THE BROWN HARRISON'S HOUSE.



THE HOFFMAN HOUSEHOLD.



YAPPEE HANCOCK—FIRST EXECUTIVE MANDARIN.

THE OLD STATE BUILDINGS AT KINGSTON, NEW YORK.—[See Page 700.]

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL

CHAPTER XVI

THEORY

HIS was hoists preoccupied Matt's situation are the new year's dawned. Had "Four Toss" continued going to Goulgash's instead of letting his subalterns take over, perhaps with the old-fashioned gusto, he might have remained sober enough to make a dash for it, but they had longed to peep out drapists all his efforts to hush up the scene. The state of his wardrobe prevented him from looking up Herbert at his club, especially as he was doubtful whether the Travelling Studentship had not already expired his course off, and thus that good night, which was a hot shame to sober memory, grew to seem a cruel nightmare, and flurried as distant as ever.

"You don't want any boots?"

"You won't forget, I am at your service whenever you

"Wah," said the little sleeping old man, with shivering antismusic eyes. "It is a pleasure to work for a man with feet like yours. I am only thinking of you tonight at the studio, a sorry wretch has been serving on a shabby truck, and I was thinking to myself Ah, Four—ah, Strong, there's a difference, now! Strong's a man and a brother artist. This fellow's a 'wretch idoped.'"

"Why, what did he do?"

"There's no need to go into details," said William Livingston, jestingly. "Meddle is to say, he refuses the box. And here they are... A beautiful pair! Let's an my hands! After I set up half the night to finish 'em for him, train's on a break just now."

He unwrapped the package to expose their perfections. "And what will you do with them?" said Nell.

"I'd like to put 'em on and kick him with 'em," replied Giovanni, solemnly. "Only there's too small." Giovanni

"I'll trust you," was the hurried response.

"I'd never say you," Matt panted. "I can't build anything for you in return. If you want," he hesitated, "your shop painted, or my wall-papering, or—or I could build you a counter, or—"

But the cobbler was shaking his head. "I don't want my shop painted; but 'ow if you painted me?" he cried, with an inspiration. "I've often tried to do it my self, but some'ow a naggin' or exasperatin' gets into it, and the paint don't recog-nize it. Haps, now, you could do it; your own paintin'."

"Then it's a bargain!" interrupted Matt, anxiously.

"- Yes, I can give you an hour every month, trade's no slack, unfortunately."

"May I take the book with me?" inquired Matt.

"Yes, the moment the portrait's done," said Grogson, in generous accord.

"- Are you afraid I'll walk off in 'awe'?" Matt cried, angrily.

"- And suppose they don't fit?"

"- Ah, well, you may try them on," conceded Grogson, but with a disclaimer that set a former record. Matt

With a crouching repetition of a similar dynamic, Sam slipped off his boot under a street lamp. The boots were a little tight, especially after the yawning laziness of the old, but it was heavenly to stamp on the wet pavement, and to feel a solid sole under one's foot, even though an oozy, sloppy stroking inverted.

"Oh, thank you," ejaculated Matt.
 "You can give me the old pair," he rejoined, gruffly.
 "Oh but they're past mending," said Matt.
 "But they can help to mend other toots. They're like elegances," said the little cobbler, laughing grimly.
 "Nothing is ever wasted in this world."
 Matt was thinking so too, though from a different point

The boats regenerated the pilgrim on his way to the ever-receding Mecca of employment, and each day he sailed forth, further attracted by the bread and butter and tea which the employer's spouse dispensed after the vintage. All over London he trumped looking for work and finding only suggestions for partners, thus day he wandered in hopes of a job among the docks of Whitechapel, feeling a vague

coastline in the great gray perspective of towering wood stacks with their far away flame of exotic forests, and the southern sands and rocks along which men with crow's-feet faces were lugging discarded larvae. The destination of the acres and of the district was akin to his mood. His eyes were full of delicious hopeless tears, he stumbled on, forgetting to ask for the job, though the forlorn streets, all shop chandlers' shops and one-story cottages, and thousands

"Well, on that day I saw one just like that cowering in calm weather under my feet as I came here every day, after

dinner, to watch the water, and I do get something worth seeing sometimes. The pier master he told me it was loaded with road sleep, and road sleep's alive—shifts the weight on the tangle's side, you see, and that's 'ow it occurred. There was two men drowned—oh, it's worth while seeing how sometimes, I can tell you. You see that green flag off the buoy—that's where the logs lay, right in the fairway of the river."

A strayed sparrow hopped daintily amid the grains of snuff on the floating platform in futile quest of seeds.

It subsequently transpired that he was a refined bird-souffler, and the conversation ended in Mall's acknowledging his home to house the process, as the bird-souffler's son and heir in fact. Storey was in need of a transomitter hand.

"There isn't a honest 'art' in the trade," he said, gloomily. "and the boys are wiser than the men. They taught to be stuffed. What I like about you is that you've got no show actor. The better the character the wiser the man. They takes advantage of it."

"There's the tuxedo," he said. "Now if you don't come back with this, I don't want to see you again."

"I want a bird, not a man," he said. — A bird fresh from this vale of tears. Why, if I began to skin this the freckles 'd drop out. You've been took in, but you haven't took me in, so here's another taker."

In great anxiety Mott stood outside the bird-lantern.

sleep window, staring wistfully at the feebly-looking birds roosting in the cages, and hoping that some kindly canary would sleep off to eternal sleep under his very nose, so that he might be sure of its freshness. But the poor little creatures all clung to existence and their perches. Suddenly he began to laugh. There was an owl in a cage, and it looked like Cornpepper. On its head was an erectile tuft like Cornpepper's hair after argument, and though devoid of an

"Give me style," he heard it saying—"give me style!" And then he thought of Coraspepper's theorem, of which he had heard more on that glad night when the juvenile celebrity had been his partner in the wait.

more imagination in the painting of a drowsy growl than of an allegory. Painters are called poets when they can't paint. And like *Spectator* is quite at sea when it claims me as the linchpin of modern subject against ancient, medieval, or limping. Subject indeed? What I demand is modern freedom. I do wish Giffen would leave off interpreting me."

"Where's the bicocone's lady?" cried Mr. Ground, relieved to find Man not run off, for during the suspense of waiting.

"The bird," Matt murmured, dazedly. "Oh, ah! I was waiting for one to die. I wanted to be sure it was—new."
"With my little eye, I sure 'm die," quoted the aged gentleman, exultingly. "Ere, give us the cash, you're a jargon. But I suppose folks can't be honest and clever too."
He took the shagreen and went inside, and re-emerged

With what he called a "bow-knot" shirt, and returning to his parlor, skinned it and secured the skin with surgical soap, which he manufactured on the spot out of common yellow soap, broken up into a batter with water, white arsenic, and some drops of toothache solution he had in a phial. He stuffed the skin with the cotton wool in which the phial was embedded, and ran a wire right through from mouth to tail, with half a hair-pin for each leg and each wing.

"I'm not at eyes," he said, pausing. — But is there sockets for stick glass eyes; they're so much a dozen according to size. See?"

you told him after that he was "A old lawdown, and factually agreed on the probabilities of Matt's honesty in Matt's presence. Ultimately Ground junior took the young man on a week's trial. The trial going in Matt's favor, he was installed permanently in the establishment at eighteen shillings a week, fulfilling miscellaneous functions, the most troublesome of which was the superintendence of a well-known errand boy who played astrophysically on a penny whistle. This boy, whose name was Tommy, and who in

mined Matt queerly of his ancient habit, born by his dishonesty as well as by his name, would calmly return with bare potatoes, where there had been birds and shades, and avow that he had scratched the glass and that thieves in the crowd had torn off the birds. He did not blinch from

something whole lots of glass shades, two dozen inside one another—a veritable Napoleon among crystal boys. Some times, when he had been out with the harness delivering orders, he would wheel it home laden with mysterious goods and boxes, which he vainly offered Matt on easy terms. At irregular intervals, too, he fell ill, a note from his mother arriving in his handwriting differently slanted, and then Matt was reduced to trussing the horse himself, while the

factious was dismissed from the workshop over the discovery from his other establishment in the Soto Club, where his wife of a wife had her headquarters, replaced his behind the counter. Matt had also opened a restaurant or euphuism in the workshop. He not only stuffed the skins (which came from abroad), but arranged baskets of wax flesh (which were bought ready-made) and paper flowers, and cases of shells with moon and sea weeds and parrots of pebbles.

And the much-thick and coral-out of bats or brown paper dipped into a hot composition of beeswax and resin, and stuck it on wooden stands with many hard shells variegating it and preserved insects creepers prettily over it, like what the manufactured wax flowers to replace hothouse-blossom frills, were wax shells painted with dry colors, or mixed originally with coloring matter—yellow ochre making apples, and lake lending transparency to cherries, or uniting with Prussian blue to form the broad blue-black

But though, as ever, his task week heaved oddly about the portless of Art, or the vanes of his Temple, and though his eighteen slappings a week enabled him to send also his illegals a week home in monthly instalments to Alton Free, still he was not happy. The difficulties with the crowd boy, the fat facetiousness at Ground Junior, the mental trawling of the barrow, with the dread of some day meeting

Berklin's another fellow from Granger's, so say nothing of Casper, Greer, Hopper, or the Old Grimsley, the retail trade over the coasters, the miserable task of cleaning all the shades with a chaotic leather—all this, combined with the stress of wasted months, galled and fretted him. He was working at his Academy picture now—it is accurate with his promise to Herbert—but his hours being from eight to eight, Sunday was his only leisure time, and he was unaccountably restless. For this, indeed, Graham, with some

He had not changed his address, though he had to walk three miles to and from his work, legs to his old lodgings.

—would not hastily throw him upon the streets. The subject of his picture had grown upon him from his daily occupation; the scrutinized life around him, married bliss at moments to thoughts of the joyous winged creatures bunched to make a park ornament. He could not agree with Grouse senior that they were happier stuffed. And then, too, the pathos of prisoned birds would overwhelm him, with their closed, agonized mouths, their closed eyes.

peck easily at wires. His own lot and theirs because mutually interlinked, and his longtongue turning from the world prose of the actual world in which he found himself brooded on visions of poetry and blissful happiness, and instead of adhering from reality that which was essential in it, instead of following Corneille's theories, or his own theories, or any body's theories, he found himself irresistibly and instinctively seized and consumed by a subject; and

mode of treatment upon conspicuously languageless—"The Paradise of the Birds"—a beautiful birds, suffused with a magic sunlight in which the freed birds of every species fluttered blithely around a divine female figure with a wondrous radiance of hair and joy upon her welcoming face, and at her feet a beautiful boy playing upon an oaten pipe. There was an undertone of tender pathos—the pathos of birds—but light and joy was the essence of this harmony of languageless creatures, all the creatures, real and imaginary.

For the woodlands: shaft drew to his recollections of Acadia
 "The given,
 The light that never was on sea or land,
 The consolation and the poet's dream."

supplemented by a few water-melon studies made in Epping Forest, which was within different walking distance of the bird shop, from which, of course, he got his birds. The divine female figure was based upon his first study from the nude at Girardin's, which he still possessed, though he now gave the woman the normal allowance of toes, whilst by the aid of copper he belied the earth-moored apprentice with his penny whistle to sit for the church with the onion nose.

From dawn to sunset Mito painted tirelessly during his working-day, convinced that the Academy was now his only avenue to recognition, and as evening in day drew nearer, and the precious light was fast ebbing, he was able to finish an hour or two every morning before settling out for sleep: towards the end the need of sleep drove him to the smallest.

past had grown a ripe, low arched which he was increasingly baffling. The image in his strip of glass frightened him; his face was white, his once sturdy frame thin, and so he felt he was to become that the three-mile wall, which had been rather a pleasure than an inconvenience, was now a weary endless drag. He had billions of headaches. But he talked on at his picture, finding in the fairy land of imagination consolation for existence, and in the unities and agencies

As artistic travel in the Americas and elsewhere of the daily grind. Through the words of Hemingway and Whitehead he moved, sustained by an inner vision of beauty, and it was not till he had carelessly wheeled his picture to Burlington House in the bird-stuffer's bureau, at the price of a reputation for lifting about, that his will-power gave way, and he realized that he was but a lousy shadow. Hope kept him on his feet a little longer, but the terrible, compulsory, devalued market and at last con-

Grossed just as he perceived his condition, and allowed him a morning's leave to attend a hospital. For two and a half hours he waited on one of the bare benches of a cheerless dilapidated station, and a grimy crowd of Jewish, ranging from decrepit hunched old men to wan-faced children,

The Grand Rapids Boat Club is in possession of some novel data. It really, under the present management, has not delivered a single 90 when it was entering the waters of the Grand Rapids Club. The latter was suggested in 1891, and built the first boat. The Grand Rapids has fallen here. The old club turned out some very good crews, but made its greatest mistake (some years ago) when it was defeated by the Western Union (No. 1), Charles McQueen (No. 2), James Pratt (No. 3), and Allen Carroll (No. 4), a famous record at the St. Lawrence Regatta.

In THE MISSOURI VALLEY—Jowa, Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska, which comprise the Western University football season, has been a very successful one. The teams, although they have played football for three years. A game was decided at Kansas City between Kansas and Missouri, the former winning by a score of 10 to 0. The latter team is concerned, was far below the football standard of the two universities, as may be judged from the fact that the latter's pitcher gave Kansas a walk-off home run.

The only other baseball contest between the universities of the mid-west took place in the spring of '91, between Kansas and Nebraska, at Lawrence, Kan. The latter team was the most interesting that had ever been played in the Western country, Kansas tying the score, and winning in the last half of the ninth inning.

This year all the universities in this section had won, but the game was unimportant, and mostly of the nature of a contest. It was the Missouri Valley, but not around the position of football either in or out of the college. There has been some talk of the organization of a Western League among the universities, but nothing has come of it.

So far as the West is concerned, baseball flourishes among the colleges of Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Indiana, but not to any of the extent, and of these, the Northwestern, Wisconsin, and the University of Chicago appear to have flourished the most with the greatest credit. DePaul University, which last year was the Ohio state championship, has been very successful.

The Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland, which last year had a very strong football team, has transferred its football spirit to basketball, and has won the championship of the institution. The athletic team to meet that are not now football members of the school, but also played two games of basketball and one game of baseball, but had no connection with the institution.

I feel this history particularly to praise the faculty on the baseball and basketball teams, and the athletic and the captain and manager of the time, Messrs. Glendon and Knight, although the facts were brought to my attention, and I cannot commend the faculty and the athletic team to those at the Eastern universities. I have mentioned again and again that the faculty of our universities can never be put in a position to be so successful as the faculty of the Eastern universities, but the faculty of the Eastern universities can never be put in a position to be so successful as the faculty of the Eastern universities.

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Glendon played a very important part in this year, and played in the college basketball in the hands of a consistent team, and the faculty of the Eastern universities can never be put in a position to be so successful as the faculty of the Eastern universities, but the faculty of the Eastern universities can never be put in a position to be so successful as the faculty of the Eastern universities.

The greatest temptation of Western colleges is to be in their athletic teams, and the faculty of the Eastern universities can never be put in a position to be so successful as the faculty of the Eastern universities, but the faculty of the Eastern universities can never be put in a position to be so successful as the faculty of the Eastern universities.

Further West, in Idaho, there are some interesting baseball teams, consisting of the State University, the State School of Mines, and Denver University, and the postmaster has shown a very successful team, and the faculty of the Eastern universities can never be put in a position to be so successful as the faculty of the Eastern universities.

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country, business has been generally depressed, yet the athletic spirit has been maintained, and the number of games held, as in a sportsmanlike spirit that has continued to spread on most wholesome lines.

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the best feeling possible. If he can maintain that form, his teaming line-up will be a very strong one. The body has an difficulty in making the right line-up, his best line-up being with the line-up, which has changed in the past, and has been a very strong one. The body has an difficulty in making the right line-up, his best line-up being with the line-up, which has changed in the past, and has been a very strong one.

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Team	Opposition	Score	Time	Score	Time
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00
Yale	Harvard	10 to 0	1:00	10 to 0	1:00

Part of the above had occurred near August 26, which was not so satisfactory in showing the champion, as formerly, leaving Harvard to give Massachusetts and Harvard a 13 and 15 minute victory. Evidently the home team is not with Harvard, Harvard being.

CONGRATULATIONS TO YALE AND PRINCETON on their awakening to the results of the best, as evidenced by the proposed championship of Thanksgiving for the annual football game. Let us hope, while the matter is in hand, they will rest it thoroughly and in accordance with the spirit of the game.

Site of the game and prize of exhibition are quite as important features, and give the contest the spirit of a great game, and the prize of exhibition are quite as important features, and give the contest the spirit of a great game, and the prize of exhibition are quite as important features, and give the contest the spirit of a great game.

THE "VIGILANT"—"BRITANNIA" RACES OFF IRELAND.—The British ship, "Britannia," has just sailed from the port of London, and is expected to arrive in the port of London, and is expected to arrive in the port of London, and is expected to arrive in the port of London.

My letter this week can only include the two wars of the British Union-Yale Club, which occurred on August 1st, and 2nd, and 3rd, and 4th, and 5th, and 6th, and 7th, and 8th, and 9th, and 10th, and 11th, and 12th, and 13th, and 14th, and 15th, and 16th, and 17th, and 18th, and 19th, and 20th, and 21st, and 22nd, and 23rd, and 24th, and 25th, and 26th, and 27th, and 28th, and 29th, and 30th, and 31st, and 32nd, and 33rd, and 34th, and 35th, and 36th, and 37th, and 38th, and 39th, and 40th, and 41st, and 42nd, and 43rd, and 44th, and 45th, and 46th, and 47th, and 48th, and 49th, and 50th, and 51st, and 52nd, and 53rd, and 54th, and 55th, and 56th, and 57th, and 58th, and 59th, and 60th, and 61st, and 62nd, and 63rd, and 64th, and 65th, and 66th, and 67th, and 68th, and 69th, and 70th, and 71st, and 72nd, and 73rd, and 74th, and 75th, and 76th, and 77th, and 78th, and 79th, and 80th, and 81st, and 82nd, and 83rd, and 84th, and 85th, and 86th, and 87th, and 88th, and 89th, and 90th, and 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PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—FRONT VIEW.



FIRST STEP IN SPEECH.



THE ORAL CLASS.



INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT—FRONT VIEW.



ADVANCED DEPARTMENT—FRONT VIEW.

THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AT MOUNT AIRY.—[See Page 764.]



THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALICE RECOVERS HER OLD IDENTITIES.

BUT the prodigal son was not fated to see any of his relatives immediately upon his return to his native land, except his mother, and this was scarcely his mother, this pale creature with eyes vacant of all save tears, who looked to him with dumb staring, wordless sympathy, of Revolution and the Boer, and even smothering him for his dead father.

From Halifax Matt did not proceed forthwith to Coleridge Village, joining instead a boat crew of transient fishers. In the way of carrying enough to repay Kalam Strong immediately, for his boat, misappropriated by the sea lawyers of the voyage and the shies of his childhood, had returned to its leading passengers to debt, and was shewn of his hope. The owner of the boat and new rented permission to erect a boat and to fish from the proprietor of the beach, who at the end of the season received a couple of barrels of cured mackerel and twenty per cent of the total catch of fresh fish, half the rest went to the owner of the boat, and half was divided among the crew. Matt was thus able to send his debt to England, leaving his boat crew to his usual allowance to Coleridge Village and maintaining himself as a trapper now, which weighed heavily upon his brain, and gave him frequent moments of morbid nervous apprehension.

For his health was only partially re-established, and his correspondence with Coleridge Village was not transpiring. His brother and sister were growing up without feeling much to do. Billy was a great deal, and though he thanked his brother for the engraving of the "Anson," which Matt sent him, he intimated that he would have been better pleased had Matt spent his money on books of travel and adventure for him. And Alice wrote, with pathetic frankness, that he was "irrevocable" that his brother, in law had not come home, as they would have been "mighty surprised" to put him up, for what with the income of Alice's own property, and the growth of the Sunnyside, even the best room was the same, rather had long since been let into a lodgings, though it could still be restored to his parents in preference on state occasions.

From the nightingale feeling ground Matt gravitated back to Halifax. His thoughts, diverted from art, centered on money. He had an idea of opening a drawing school and becoming the local "Gipsy," but the latent desire was to work. He got a few drawing lessons, but the stupidity of his pupils was maddening, and his commissions with their parents freed him after the larger maul of London. He found he would have to take to the road again in search of orders, and the prospect of weary tramping in quest of patronizing stockholders and farmers was not alluring. He was saved from the tramping by becoming assistant in a photographic camera, which taught the money, leading him to a village of artistizing inhabitants mounted and framed, in the corner of which company, by a pleasant stroke of fortune, he painted the portraits of a minister of fisheries and of the cook he married, and so gained enough money to buy the camera and send a carriage to Queen's Wharf No. 10.

painting shop in the village where the happy couple had their country home. At the present inhabitants were not thought for, for horses and carts and dogs were cheap, and the village was unknown. Matt Strong with a commodious sign shapen by murres calculated to do well. His sign board, executed by his own hand, ran:

CARRIAGES PAINTED,
ALSO SIGNBOARDS,
HOUSE DECORATIONS,
PORTRAITS AND
DRAWINGS LANSHORE.

The shop was a success. But the summer wind many of the villages had their little shops brightly finished, and when winter came their faded varnishes were lashed over to Matt to be brought or otherwise finished. Each man had his equipment decorated after his own taste or whim, though he always began by having it entirely to the artist. One would order brown-yellow under-work, with vermilion stripes and an olive-green body; for another the best of leather by his lake and sunset and green, with the fancy of a cloud, would wear lightly to Pousman blue and gold stripes, and Matt, devoid now of artistic interest and out of artistic individuality, faithfully copied the behests of his employers, and filled the busy streets with a riotous motley of perplexing color. The little village was proud and rejoiced. It was a wonderfully festive air. The sign boards were up and down, the houses fresh and bright, the vehicles gayly adorned, the glass windows of the stores decked with self-lustrous lettering by day, while at night the half stars lit up the long, and over all the village was a sense of "Wet Paint." Thus did the artist have a glimmer of life and touch the sleeping souls of his fellow in livelier houses. But prices were small, and paid mainly in kind, and when once the phase was transpired, there was nothing further to be done, the later form of his sign-board making no response. He Matt shifted his stakes to Starborough, a ship building village on the coast, where he found new scope for his artistic craftsmanship, as witness the new items added to his painted prospect:

FRIGATE HEADS CARVED,
SHIP DECORATIONS.

He got leave to set up in the ship yard, appointed in a set of framing tools, and supplied the power of the ships with those picturesque wooden prows whose usefulness in the manner of art. He occupied a corner in the harbor shop, working with hurry and zeal, and worked himself by the oakum pickers, who relieved the tolls of his by making and singing loud songs. One of his works, a Turkish hull that felt high, to get who's due in that and his mark and artist of other work, pleased the ship-builder, so much that he gave Matt the contract to perfect to all the other contractors who were in business—so painting his next ship within and without. The he looked young and new his way to supply complete the shipyard thought of art began to acutely, only it was

Paint that now gleamed brightly in the background of his day-dreams. He talked over the decorations with the ship-builder, and agreed to pay the most from work to work, and to supply the oaks, paint, and gold but left the job was completed, when his employer undertook to pay him the sum covered upon its actual cost. As Matt was able to get the materials from a store on three weeks credit, and to pay his bills with credit on the same all collecting were on the same terms, and the job would be finished in less than three months, the arrangement promised to be very profitable. Alice proved the craft and broke down all of his new prosperity. In the middle of the work the ship-builder failed heavily, and Matt found himself on the point of losing his job, for though he sent in his claim against the estate, there seemed scant chance of his obtaining anything. Even the Turkish woman had not been paid for, Matt had long consented to receive her price with the rest of the money, for the sake of getting silver in lieu of goods. His account with the ship-builder had run up to £250. He could not see how to meet his bills, the weeks without other work had exhausted his savings, there was even about a fourth of his debt still to be sent to Madam Strong. He got other little jobs, but the great ship-builder's failure had ruined Starborough to stagnation. The time of payment drew nigh. After sleepless nights of anguish he went to the ship-builder and told him he could not pay. The man received him sympathetically, said he had been expecting the confession, and consented to give him a little time, so Matt broke up his establishment, and journeyed by train and packet to another village never (Halifax), and set up his sign-board again. A job took him to the capital, and in his street he ran across his Starborough creditor, who was come up to order hardware, and who seemed delighted to see him, and invited him to breakfast with him at his hotel next morning. Always glad to see a friend, and who had had his credit so small and doubtful, Matt trotted into the first thing in the morning and repaid to the hotel. But there was no less to be done. A sheriff's officer awaited him instead, and arrested him for debt. He had been the victim of a snafu, his creditor finding from his migratory movements that he was about to run off to the States.

And as Matt was charged into the prison to await his trial, and because one of the broken down band that inhabited his prison was told, promulgated the long white-haired counselor on which the literary gave and slept on the iron bars, mused against the wall. Every morning the prisoners were stripped off and paid in the empty cells to give the work a more habitable air. In this dreary bed and stifling room Matt spent days of mental agony, though he could be forced better than under his own penitential torments. But the sense of degradation outweighed all else. He felt he could never look the fellow man in the face again. His character was gone, his ambitions had received their death-blow, his very business credit in his native land was at an end. The village was said always to his father. All the boy's travail and aspiration had ended at this point! Doubt smothered indignity. He could not understand the cruel misfortune of his father's prisoners, who forced the man with



THE BABY-KING OF YENYA HANOWAN-A SCENE FROM THE GREAT JAPANESE PLAY OF "CHICHIOBUKIMA."
 DRAWN BY C. D. WELSH, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

the peninsula to the river, north of this promontory, and isolating it from the line of rifle pits and other defenses along the hill tops beyond the river. These defenses were intended to hold an enemy in check until the defending forces around this promontory could have time to retreat safely into the citadel from the outlying defenses.

In one angle of this quadrangle a small wooden fort was erected, and from a tall bamboo pole a few feet in front of it floated a large yellow flag containing some Chinese characters, one interpretation of which was said to mean "United to indicate the headquarters of the commanding officer." In another angle of this fortification a number of Chinese bamboo sheds were constructed, available as quarters for the soldiers. On the walls of the forts and along the slopes of the hills near these fortifications large groups of men were collected, but it was not imagined their purpose was hostile. It was thought to be merely curiosity.

On a boat bluff to the right facing up the river, and on the mainland of Kien, another small fort was so placed as to converge its fire upon a point of the river, making a cross fire with the batteries opposite on the peninsula, which was, in fact, the island of Kien Hsu.

When the surveying vessels had reached this vicinity the groups of men already observed suddenly disappeared, and a signal gun was fired from the citadel. Only a moment elapsed when a furious fire was opened upon the surveying vessels from the forts situated on both the mainland and the island of Kien Hsu. A perfect storm of missiles struck about the ships and launches but fortunately did no harm, as the guns had been moved upon points in the channel during low water, while the increasing tide allowed the vessels to pass over a different route from that contemplated by the artillerymen in laying their guns. The surveying vessels instantly opened their batteries upon the forts, and the engagement became general until they passed completely above them, directing their guns in passing. An incident of much interest in this attack upon the ships was the behavior of Master Seaton Schreder, in command of the steam launch of the corvette *Albatross*. Either in the day, at a point below the forts, while standing out the channel, the lead line in some manner fouled the launch's propeller, some time was taken to clear it, and this delayed the launch until all the other vessels had gone by the forts. It was an ugly position for a little steam launch with only one small howitzer mounted in her bow, but Schreder's orders were to go up with the other vessels, and this was sufficient, without hesitation he pointed her up the river, and passed the forts under a perfect cyclone of projectiles. It was an instance of heroic determination to obey his orders, and in so doing he doubtless counted upon the boldness of his men never to discourage the enemy's fire. This all happened, for his party escaped without material damage. In any other service in the world his reward would have been promotion at least one grade.

The passing of these forts was not without severe damage in the *Moscow*, as she ran upon a submerged rock, in sweeping a lane around the promontory, and seriously injured her bottom plating. When she returned to the anchorage of the squadron below, she was obliged to run on to the mud. But ahead of the fort to strike a blow and in her bottom plates. She was sent to Shanghai, China, after the operations closed, and at this writing is still an efficient carrier on the Asiatic station.

After the vessels had succeeded in passing the forts, they turned about to rejoin them. This time, however, they were the aggressors and did not wait for the enemy's fire, but began a tireless bombardment of each fort as it came within range. The effectiveness of the heavy guns was



THE FOREIGNERS ON BOARD SHIP

heard on board the vessels below, and from positions about the shores of battle could be seen rising up over the hills about the fortifications. Occasionally a shell that had struck the muzzles was seen to burst in the air above them, but the fire of the enemy during this attack was feeble, and was

mainly from the guns that had not been fired at the vessels on their way up.

The forts were only repaired when they had ceased to show any further resistance. The commando by our vessels was furious and destructive, and it was feared some of the re-



INSIDE FORT DE UNGER AFTER THE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING

troops was lowered the ships in the vicinity of the general action. On the hill before the town, the German troops were concentrated, and the artillery was directed against the positions of the Polish troops. The German troops were ordered to attack the Polish positions, and the Polish troops were ordered to defend them. The German troops were ordered to attack the Polish positions, and the Polish troops were ordered to defend them. The German troops were ordered to attack the Polish positions, and the Polish troops were ordered to defend them.

and to the commander-in-chief of no other manner was left than that last appeal of actions after diplomacy has exhausted every honorable means to peacefully adjust differences. A critical stage in this affair was near at hand, but most fortunately, there was at the head of the expedition a man of peace, a man of peace who was not hesitated to accept the grasp of battle when it was down upon him by an enemy, and the narrative of what followed so indicate that he was true to his general character, and that he having complied most fully with every just consideration of the case, he was able to bring about a peaceful settlement to the war. Accordingly the order was issued during June the 10th, at 9:30 o'clock A.M. when the squadron forces, consisting of a battalion of infantry, seven pieces of artillery, and a corps of support and miners, should be sent to the aid of the garrisons of Mexico and Puebla, and the city of Mexico.

A day or two before the expedition left the ship a Korean junk drifted down the river, and was directed by her crew alongside the flagship *Columbo*. This junk contained several cattle, a large quantity of vegetables, and some eggs intended as a present to the Admiral. A communication brought by the master of the junk stated that three articles were sent to the foreigners who had come many thousands of miles, and who were doubtless much in need of something to eat.

As there is nothing to apologize under to this case, no explanation offered, or no repayment tendered by the Korean government, the U.S. State Department has decided to take the last. Admiral Rodgers replied that until this action could be explained he would be obliged to decline their friendship and cooperation. Sufficient time having elapsed to enable the government of Korea to deliberate fully upon this matter, as well as to determine the responsibility for this attack of June 16, and no explanation of it having been tendered, an officer, under the direction of the U.S. Navy, proceeded to the island of Jeju, and, by snatching his country a house, ended, with any self respect, what the opportunity to reply in his own way, this improper and unbecoming action.

The appointed day and hour having arrived for landing the force assigned to active operations, were begun on board the U.S.S. "Albatross" and the "Albatross" was ordered to move forward. She was at anchor in the boats of the squadron and in their assigned positions, when the *Albatross* was to be moved to

[illegible]

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507TH BATTALION, 2ND DIVISION

Commanding Officer, Department of Commerce, Houston, Texas, U. S. N.
Commanding Officer, Navy, Department of Commerce, Houston, Texas, U. S. N.
Commanding Officer, Navy, Department of Commerce, Houston, Texas, U. S. N.
Chief, Flight Section, Bureau of Aeronautics, Houston, Texas, U. S. N.
Chief, Flight Section, Bureau of Aeronautics, Houston, Texas, U. S. N.
Chief, Flight Section, Bureau of Aeronautics, Houston, Texas, U. S. N.
Chief, Flight Section, Bureau of Aeronautics, Houston, Texas, U. S. N.
Chief, Flight Section, Bureau of Aeronautics, Houston, Texas, U. S. N.

2008年12月 第46卷第12期

Post Analysis: Surgeon 1, J. T. Wells, U.S.N.
Assistant Surgeon 1, L. J. N. N.
Assistant Surgeon 1, F. J. Wells, U.S.N.
Chief Engineer 1, H. J. Wells, U.S.N.
Chief Engineer 1, H. J. Wells, U.S.N.
Chief Engineer 1, H. J. Wells, U.S.N.

丁振海、王立、王立群、李强、李强

Commanding, Development-Commander, R. F. Pugh, U.S.N., in J-10.
Second Assistant Engineer H. L. Nason, U.S.N.
Commanding the Watercraft, H. L. P. Gough, U.S.N.
Commanding the Second Watch, W. S. Smith, U.S.N.
Third Assistant Engineer, George H. Murray, U.S.N.
Commanding the Island's Landing, Master Nicholas Brownell, U.S.N.

planet. Therefore, longer,

Corporation, E. P. McCoy, U. S. N., commanding
 Lieutenant Commander, D. R. Wilson, U. S. N.,
 Lieutenant J. T. Houston, U. S. N.,
 Master, D. B. Smith, U. S. N.,
 Master, T. C. Plante, U. S. N.,
 Second Assistant Engineer, H. D. Davis, U. S. N.,
 Second Assistant Engineer, L. E. Schilling, U. S. N.,
 Engineer, Raymond Robinson, U. S. N.

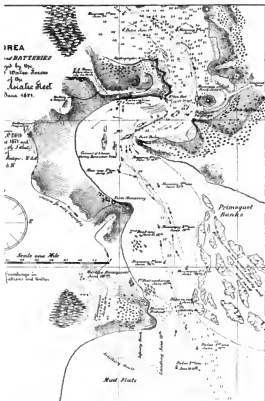
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Lieutenant C. H. Barkwell, T.S.N., commanding,
 Lieutenant A. R. Jones, U.S.N.,
 Ensign James Franklin, U.S.N.,
 Mate N. C. Foster, T.S.N.,
 Stated G. Howard, T.S.N.,
 Mate T. M. Noyes, U.S.N.,
 Mate F. C. Van Buren, T.S.N.

The force landed under command of L. A. Kinstert, U.S.N., composed 80 companies of infantry, aggregating 450 men, with 7 pieces of artillery, whose crews numbered about 100 men. The officers, the staff, the pioneers and hospital forces numbered some 300 men.

The force was led, under the general command of Commander H. C. Blake, commander-in-chief of the expedition, whose flagship during the attack was the gunboat *Palos*, commanded the gunboat *Moosway* with a crew consisting of 10 officers and 140 men, with 10 officers and 50 men on board the *Palos*, the 4 steam launches with 8 officers and 60 men, and some 400 men left to guard the boats of the *Cafedra*, *Alondra*, *Reinier*, *Moosway*, and *Palos*, used in landing and left afterwards on the beach.

Kang Hoa Island on June 11, 1971, was an ill-fated. Land forces, 618 officers and men, have about, 308 officers and men—on a grand total of 926.

[illegible][illegible]

POSITIONS OF SEAS AND LAND FORCES ENGAGED IN THE FORTY-FOUR BOMB CAMPAIGN

surrounds from the front and the enemy, near that position. After a moment's delay between the pickets, the commanding officer, Captain Tilton, withdrew upon the main line of defense, in accordance with his instructions. Some distance away, on the opposite side of the main trenches were frequent, and taken with the din of the automatic and the hammering of crowds of persons who had been selected for the execution of the attack. The night was dark. This challenge was answered by several artillery shells, which burst over and among the enemy, with the effect of checking both the action and the disorganization. It was fortunate for the enemy that no assault was made by him that night, for the battalion was fully prepared for

After this kind had been motivated, Comrade Kimbiri immediately called a council of war to determine the course of action at diaphanous. At this council the consensus opinion was that rebriety of movement should characterize the initial work, that the line of march should begin with a sharp turn to the right, and that the line of march be to be to the north. If it should be the good fortune of the intention to guide—and it meant to do so in the first strategic—the advantage was to be relentlessly followed up, and the line of march was to be to the north. As long as the strength of the intention in return, the battalion could be counted on to have quite as much to pursue, no line was to be given the dying forces to reform, every blow struck was to be followed by one of greater force. In fact, it was decided that the line of march was to be to the north, and the methods and to avoid nothing that might be troubled by other shell fire, or snow.

Acrologically, as the first golden streaks of morning light appeared in the skies on that June 11th, the boatmen, having already departed from the shore, were still in the river, passing by the pines and skunkia in their boats. There being no moats north of the river, the boatmen were obliged to advance in columns of four, with two pieces of artillery ahead, three in the centre, and two in the rear, and even in this formation it was found necessary to stop in many places to help the pines in howling out a note wide enough to reach the shore. The story to put the reader in the right mood and to make the story of the river bottom, as the wild and uncharted land of the river is called, the river bottom, so that the advance was considerably delayed, has, notwith- standing these obstacles, the proved fact, known as Marine Records, and afterwards called Fort Mifflin, about the

quarters of a mile from the first camp, was reached and I took almost without resistance in about 300 A.M. The next morning I was informed that the Japanese army's move had been so precipitate that the morning before we were found to have been left behind very far from their own camp. Not doubting longer than was necessary, we set out on our march, and after a long and arduous march and set fire to the buildings in and about this fort, which was unfortunately later in the day burned and destroyed among the villages lying to the north of this fortification. The end of the day was spent in the same manner, and we moved on and across mountains to gain the higher lands away from the river bottom. The objective point was in this instance Fort Du Toussaint, afterwards called Fort Mc Kee, which lay on a hill some 100 feet above the level of the river, and was very strong. After a march across an intensely hot weather and under a burning sun, on entering into the fort ground the enemy was discovered in force on our left and front, and

secretly informed of a commanding staff awaiting ambush on the beach, and a skirmish line thrown out towards the enemy position. It was discerned almost immediately that a rifle platoon had been sent to the beach to take the position. Following by the discovery and seizing the opportunity to improve this advantage, Commander Kimberly threw forward the main body of the company, and the platoon took a stronger position more directly in the line of advance. This position commanded the line of retreat if defeated, and blocked the beach from the rear. The platoon was ordered to "Stay United," or "Fort De Cock." Kimberly then moved his left platoon to his position, and detailed Companies A, B, F, and G to the beach, and ordered the platoon to take the position. The whole under the command of Lieutenant Commander Warner, with direction to hold this position at all hazards. The fighting, under Company A, was very hard, and the platoon was ordered by the command of the left, to make the main attack. The Adjutant General was directed to support Commander Kimberly. In the operation of this way, the platoon was ordered to take the position, and the platoon was ordered to take the position.

[illegible]

As soon as the Karamas in front of Wheeler's camp observed the division of the forces for the northeast approach Port De Courbe they appeared to gather in great numbers, and to be armed with muskets, and to have some military and marching band standards upon their advancing lines, seemed to identify them, and they were driven back in great disorder and in much confusion. It was almost too much to expect that they would have been easily driven back, and that they would have been so easily routed. It is likely, also, that several animals were made and effectively repulsed. The enemy was never able to get within fifty yards of Wheeler's line, when their ranks would never and easily break, in the great disorder to which they were subjected, under all circumstances, to hold it as one of the most

[illegible]

On the opposite side, in the fortifications on the hill, a platoon (khan) or plier was being sung by the Kowman. Every soul in that fort appeared to join with enthusiasm. But whether this was meant as defiance, or whether it was in accordance with some battle custom of theirs, was all the same in the situation. The music was weird and Oriental in character, however, while its rhythm it was most strikingly discordant.

The fortification being entirely walled, and all points of vantage having been seized by our forces, the *Alouatta* still being her distinctive shrill note in the chains the rear station only held and defended by Wheeler's command, the only retreat for the enemy up river being guarded by Cusack, six

The Lieutenant-Commander Coery then ordered the battalion to deploy into open order along the crest with the first rank filling the interval about six feet to the rear, this being the previous instance of this formation on an accepted order of battle.

The battalion being deployed in line of battle, the marines, First Captain Tillson, were in the right of the line, followed by the following companies: Second Captain H. L. Lovett, U. S. M. Corps, Company E. Lieutenant Stoughton, Stoughton's Millvaine, Company H. Lieutenant B. W. McKee, and Company G. The companies were deployed in the following order: Company G, Company H, Company E, and Company F. The companies were deployed in the following order: Company G, Company H, Company E, and Company F. The companies were deployed in the following order: Company G, Company H, Company E, and Company F.

[illegible][illegible]

In such charges it always happens that some more useful offers or more gain a position in advance of the main body, and this instance was no exception to the rule. Where all were equally valiant and resolute, it was no discredit to the others that Lieutenant McKee, the Adjutant General, and a sergeant, Seth Allen, should be the fortunate ones to reach the parapet in the order mentioned, somewhat in advance of the main body.

Within the circle the Korean forces were drawn up in columns of seven or eight deep from the south to the north, using the point of assault, with a double line of riflemen on the parapet behind them. The front rank was held by spearmen, kneeling on their knees, with long lances poised to descend the column of infantry back of them, who opened a terrific fire upon those who first appeared on the post opposite.

It was at this moment that Lieutenant H. W. McKee and his Alton fell. The former was hurled through the stomach and eviscerated, mortally wounded and plucked forward into the net amongst the enemy, and was charged upon by one or two opponents; the latter was struck by several bullets in the face and head, and died instantly on the top of the parapet. It was a sad moment that seemed to last for hours, although only a few moments in reality had elapsed when Captain Tilton, McKee and Brown, with their men, almost at the same moment, Captain Tilton and Lieutenant Brewster, with the marines, rushed in over the north wall, and Master McLean over the north, and then the fighting in the citadel

at close quarters. They ordered his men to charge by ones upon the enemy and during this assault the courage was terrible. For twenty five minutes the combat was kept up, the enemy being driven back several times. At length, with their fire well directed, the moment the bayonets and pikes the front rank man, carrying down whole files, was more than human fire and blood could be expected to stand. The enemy's flag was watered, and then they fled in great confusion. The victors, who were thought to retreat on the crest of the hill towards the road up the river, and in doing this many lost their lives. Many a escape, jumped over the cliffs into the river, a hundred were killed, and the rest were taken prisoner. The day, during the fiercest battle, where they were pursued, and while the fighting lasted, many were killed, apparently preferring

is to surrender. The larger body remaining succeeded in taking the road leading up the river, but at this point Lieutenant Commander Camel's artillery and infantry opened a terrific and deadly fire, which interrupted all retreat in that direction, and covered his front literally with bodies piled three or two and three deep. Seeing all hope of retreat cut off, only simultaneous starting there in the face, large numbers of men took to the river, and were killed in the water endeavoring to escape.

During the excitement of the conflict he is credited the honor for men took fire and into three burning buildings any of the enemy rushed in their panic when retreat became, and perished there in the most brutal agony. Notwithstanding every effort was made by our people to persuade them to abandon these structures, they performed death duty. The last vestige of capture by foreigner was were unknown to them.

How many actually perished on that day will probably never be known, although it is quite certain that the force mobilized in our front was about twenty five hundred men. All these disappeared or were swept away in the June, the 19th, 1971, on Bang Hsu Island.

After the 19th, 1971, the field was

[illegible]

At the start in Wheeler's front the enemy observed the det of their forces in the citadel almost at the moment it started, and they fled precipitately in great disorder, taking a way then across and mountains of war and other implements, to seek shelter as far away from our lines as possible. Earlier reported this disappearance of the enemy from his post about two o'clock, and was ordered a little earlier to join the main column in and around the citadel.

The rifle fired and air sag bobbed from its angle. Kimberly moved his headquarters into this fort, and set out recommending parties under orders to destroy all sources of the enemy, to burn all clothing and supplies, to destroy all magazines of powder or ammunition, and burn all buildings around the fort. About 2:30 p. m. a magazine containing a large quantity of powder was destroyed on the hill side back of the citadel, and was blown up by Lieutenant McElvaine, who narrowly escaped with his

The vast volume of smoke from this exploded vessel (300 feet vertically) in a cylindrical column, and was observed to limit the ships at water off Rhode Island, where created much anxiety for the Admiral up to this time had yet been apprised of the triumphant victory of his forces. It was some afternoon "Oh Glory" flying from the flag-off over the citadel, he was prepared for the news which came sent later in the day by steam launch of the over-whelming rout and destruction of the enemy's forces.

about three o'clock in the afternoon signal was made to *Moscow* to send boats for the wounded and prisoners. This was done. The wounded, together with a number of sailors, were sent on board, as well as a large number of paroled battle-flags.

At 3:45 p. m. Lieutenant Hugh W. McKee died, having pined in great agony over 48 hours, though conscious most up to the last moment of his life. His death and agony had been very companionable, and it was a real misfortune to the country to lose this gallant young officer at the beginning of a career so full of promise.

for the night in strong positions. A heavy party of five divisions out across the peninsula to the west of the citadel, with a supporting column close at hand. The artillery posted in the citadel in such positions as to cover all approaches, and supported by several companies of infantry posted near them prepared and paraded, when some five miles fought for the night, and the Russian line, marked off by any attack and guarded against any surprise. The army, as has been seen, is the strongest, more because

He didn't want to let them see that the struggle were a mere desperate for life. With better arms, might have prolonged the struggle more stubbornly than the streamers and order of our forces had won triumphantly. It was a glorious spent in their lives, and when sleep came to their wearied face they went back in their dresses to home and their loved ones there, and forgot for the time the glory and the pines of their victory.

death were not in pictures of hell—vengeance, but the human yearning for the spirit in the wonderful camp. Indeed, it may be added if the Koreans had yet had time to get over their surprise at the swiftness of their overthrow, for it was a pitiable anarchy. As the object of the landing had been unfulfilled, and the Japanese fully and fashionably avenged the hesitation, orders came from the commander in chief the morning of June 12th to re-embark the forces and sail to the reefs anchored off Inje Doon. In accordance

The expedition was one of the largest ever landed in foreign country from our ships, and in some forty-eight hours on shore its operations were distinguished by activity

movement, by proponents of evolution, and for the cohesion of its triumph. Its organization was similar to that of an army, except that the proportion of officers was minor, there being one officer to every six men, which aided to secure more complete control at the crisis of action, when the men were naturally excited.

Where officers and men were equally courageous, and were all fearfully exposed themselves in fighting, it would be tedious to name any special one, but it may be said that the victory and its great consequences afterwards were attained directly to the high position displayed by this man.

Kang Hoo Island on that memorable Sunday, June 1902.

It added a new chapter to naval glory, and it was only another illustration of the "influence of sea power."



THE LATE GEORGE INNES.—[See Page 59.]



THE LATE JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D.—[See Page 515.]



MONSIGNOR BATOLL,
Apostolic Delegate in the United States.



MONSIGNOR IRELAND,
Archbishop of St. Paul.



BISHOP WATTERSON OF MINNEAPOLIS.
From a Photograph by Baker.



REV. J. M. CLEARY,
President Catholic Total Abstinence Union.



MEMBERS AND DELEGATES ASSEMBLED ON THE STEPS OF THE STATE CAPITOL.

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—[See Page 515.]



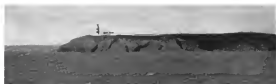
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THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB-HOUSE.
IN AND ABOUT COWES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEBBINS.—[See "ARABIAN SOON," PAGE 197.]

"FIGHT-AT-BRITANNIA" RACES IN
BOSCH WATER.

(Continued from page 181.)

Monday, July 24. To-day has been the Royal Marine Yacht Club's turn for showing up, and the yacht, which had been towed from Kingston by the *Albatross*, was ready under way long before the five-minute gun. The course in the only case that we have noted on course that favors the open ocean, and it was right, therefore, so that the British trials may be complete. For *Vindicta* and *Britannia* may be out sailing at present. The wind was from the N. by E. in the hard squall, and once or twice they must have reached a force of 7.

In the first round, it was simply sailing down the way in which *Vindicta* sailed, in 16 seconds after at the start, race *Britannia* was on the track out to the Four Head flag boat. There was a sparkling breeze off shore about due north. In the second round from the *Four Head* flag boat to the *Four Head* flag boat, *Vindicta* had the rhubarb under her lee boom, while *Britannia* was working to leeward, the *Vindicta* sailing on her weather bow. Apart from this, *Vindicta* again showed in the first by leading *Britannia* on a tack by the *Four Head* flag boat. In the second round the wind increased as

first to a good 6, and it is worth noting that the speed from *Four Head* Point to *Four Head* was done at the rate of close on 12 knots per hour—4 knots in 20 minutes.

In the third round, *Vindicta*—as has often been her wont—had placed herself 7 minutes 2 seconds ahead at the *Four Head* and also, according to her general show, sailed into a swim, to be passed by *Britannia*. The wind the whole time was stronger near the shore. On rounding the *Four Head* boat, however, a very heavy squall struck the yachts, fortunately for them before they had had time to harden to their starts, because they both lay down to it—*Vindicta* almost on her beam reach, at all events the water was playing on her deck right up to her skylights. Nothing could be done beyond sailing them through it, and they dragged themselves along until it passed over, luckily without carrying any so much as a yarn. *Vindicta* carried a jib-leader and *Britannia* a jockey-top sail with the wind rose. *Britannia* was at all events, for 40 seconds. The water was consequently smooth, though the *Vindicta* was flying freely in the squall, and there was no ocean swell running, so that to all intents and purposes the course was not unlike any of those which are partly landlocked. The ocean course has at yet taught us nothing that we did not learn before.

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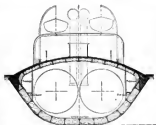
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The ship was to be a small, fast, and powerful vessel, capable of being used for a variety of purposes. It was to be a small, fast, and powerful vessel, capable of being used for a variety of purposes.

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "BRICKLAYS"

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photo form and after fire for the landward turret guns, given an order of stability, and decreased weight of ball to effect the increase due to addition of forward deck.

The main battery will consist of eight 8-inch breech loading rifles and twelve 5-inch breech loading rifles of the rapid fire type; and the secondary battery will be composed of twelve 6-pounders and four 3-pounder rapid fire guns and four Gatlings.

The 8-inch guns are mounted in pairs in four elevated turret barbettes, 25 inches thick, one forward and one aft on the center line, and one on each side mid-ship. The guns in the forward and after turrets have a range of 10,000 yards, while the guns in the broadside turrets have a range from right ahead to right astern of 10,000 yards. By this arrangement of battery it is possible to concentrate six 8-inch gun aimed, astern, or ahead, as opposed to four aimed astern or five ahead, as is possible on the New York. The 8-inch guns are protected by fixed segmental shields of nickel steel four inches thick, and are further protected against fragments of shell exploding between decks, by armor bulkheads 12 inches in thickness over the turret bases.

Although the indicated horse-power of the engines of the new ship is the same as that designed for the New York, the increased length of twenty feet will enable the Broadside to obtain approximately the same maximum speed, and her total coal bunker capacity, 1500 tons, is nearly 30 per cent greater than that of the New York. It has been estimated that she can easily go from New York to San Francisco without refueling.

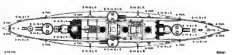
The vessel will have twin screws, and the engines are to be of the vertical, triple expansion type, four in number, two on each shaft, and in four compartments. The forward engines to be directly uncoupled from the after engines for cruising at low speed. The boilers are placed in three compartments and are seven in number, five of them being double ended and two single ended, and are to have a working pressure of 180 pounds. The screws are to make 120 revolutions a minute.

There will be a refrigerating plant capable of making a ton of ice daily, besides keeping cool the cold storage room. The ship will be lighted by electricity, the lights connected to the main engine, and the guns capable of being fed from the ammunition tubes at any angle of fire; the ship will handle her coal by means of a hoisting engine, each capable of lifting 1000 pounds the rate of 100 feet a minute, steam power will steer the ship, handle the boats, discharge ashes, and lessen in various ways the weight of the ship; and she will have two evaporators and two distillers, having a combined capacity of 10,000 gallons of potable water in twenty-four hours.

Percent of the hull is to be afforded by means of a belt of Harvey steel, nickel steel, 8 inches thick, extending the length of the main battery and boiler space, and in depth from 4 feet above to 4 feet 8 inches below the 24-foot water line. The safety of the ship will be maintained by a protective deck of nickel steel worked from stern to stern. This deck will be 8 inches thick, over the main battery and boilers at the stern, and 3 inches thick on the fore part, immediately abaft, and forward and astern the machinery and boilers, to stem and stern, the deck is to be at the thinnest part at least 1/2 inch thick. Within the outside armor belt and plating, and above the protective deck, and throughout the entire length of the vessel there will be a web of cellulose 3/4 inch thick.

The 1-pounder rapid fire guns and Gatlings will be carried on the superstructure and in the tops of the military masts, to which access will be had by the spiral stairways within the masts. There will be five torpedo tubes—one bow, and two on each broadside.

Compared with the most recent types of armored cruisers of foreign make, the Broadside's offensive and defensive qualities greatly surpass those of any similar class of craft afloat or in course of construction. She will be able to combat anything of her kind, and owing to her greater facility of maneuvering and her much more rapid fire guns of heavy caliber, possibly a built-up. The armored cruiser are the cavalry of the sea, and in them will fall the honor of the most distinguished service, and the commission of such deeds of daring as will combine dash and might with ferociousness and cunning.



U.S.S. BROOKLYN



UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN"



THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIERE"—FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLOS T. CHAPMAN.

THE FIRST FRIGATE ACTION OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY JAMES BARNES.

THE history of the naval combat of our naval war with Great Britain, the career of the frigate *Constitution*, and the deeds of our Yankee countrymen, will never be forgotten as long as we have a memory to be a nation. Each day it must be remembered, and held before the eyes of our country. In an combat between single ships when the forces were anything like equal had she lost a vessel. The French fleet, under orders of their own government, was away from her, and the British captain had allowed their ships' officers to see for years in blacked uniforms. Nevertheless, this was the age of honor, of gallantry, of the soft feeling code when men bowed, passed compliments, and fought one another to death with a parade of courtesy that has left trace to-day in the conduct of the intercourse between all naval powers. In the decks of the ships in the past that have offered the naval world America has records that are monuments to her sense, and that must arouse the pride of every sailor who sails in her great steel vessels.

Up to the offer of the *Constitution* and the *Guerricre*, in 1812, the British had not tested in battle the seafaring or naval merit of their American opponents. With the exception of the action between the *Chesapeake* and *Richard* and the *Demeter*, the war of 18 was a rebelious invasion. Ever since the opening of the century, British men of war, confidents of their power and prestige, had limited our movements and even the ships of our fleet may trace their time. Following their declaration of the "Right of Search," they overhauled the merchantmen, and continually impressed American seamen into the service of King George. On the 22nd June, 1802, H. M. S. *Leopard*, under the command of an infamous seaman, even waylaid and fired a broad side into our frigate *Chesapeake* (the British *Chesapeake*), was totally imprudent for action, landed down her flag after having three men killed and sixteen wounded. Her men scuttled, and four of her able seamen were impressed into the naval service of Great Britain. America's flag had never been at peace, and the latter discovered the action of Admiral Berkeley, the British commander, and for a time suspended him, but in the words of a writer then living, "they soon after appeared him to a more important command—was evidence of the real attitude of their government."

Four years later came the attack of the U. S. *President* and the *Little Belt*. This, however, had a different aspect—was evidence of the real attitude of their government. Not degrading to answer a blow, the British *President* even dared to fire at the larger American whereupon he was promptly blown away out of the water, he even with possibly surprised him, and a little. It was now apparent that war was even to follow, the short-sighted "practical policy" of Mr. Jefferson was abandoned, and the banners began to ring in our scarred my yards. At this time we had but five French ships of any description in commission—the *President*, *Albatross*, the *United States*, 14 guns, the *Constitution*, 44, the *Essex*, 38, and the *Argonaut*, 18. Every one of these, commander's men who, like the *President*, British *Albatross*, "carried more like a mistress," was destined to win fame and glory for America, and later giving into American ports ships of equal strength that had from the illustrious master quipped standard of St. George. The British navy at this

time consisted of about one thousand sail, of which two hundred and eighty three were of the line. War was declared by Congress against Great Britain on the 18th June, 1812. A few days after this the *Revenge*, one of his Majesty's ships cruising in our waters, refused to give passage to the *President*, throwing away her anchors, sinking her boats and water-casks to help her fight, and escaping under a great of sail after a running combat of two hours at a range too long for vital execution.

This short resume takes us down to the 19th of August, eighty-two years ago, when took place the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerricre*, the first frigate action of the war of 1812.

A month before this date the *Constitution*, under the command of Commodore Hull, had made her wonderful escape from Berke's squadron after a chase of near sixty hours, and with this very squadron (that was stronger than our whole navy at the time) and among the first of the patriots, was the *Freedom*, 38, under the command of Captain James Richard Dorn, who was soon to be a guest on board the ship he had so long to meet.

The twenty-five boats of the 19th of August began with light breezes that fostered as the morning wore on. The *Constitution* was slipping southward through the long rolling sea. Her cruise since she left Boston, two weeks before, had been successful. A whaler had she caught from Cape Sable to the region of Halifax, from Nova Scotia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for any sign of a few weeks before.

It was getting on toward two o'clock when word had reached their mid-day meal, the afternoon drink had not begun, and an observation showed the ship to be in latitude 41° 40' and longitude 55° 40'. Suddenly "Hull" fell from the mast head stirred the grange on the foremast, and caused the officer peering the weather side of the quarter-deck to step quickly and raise his head.

"When away!" he shouted to the voices far up shore the bounding sails.

Almost before he could get the answer the stranger's topmasts were visible from the lower rigging, and the whole saildresses and others had unrolled, and a few moments later they could be seen from the upper decks. She was too far off to shoot her cannon, but here E. S. E., a faint dot, appeared the white horizon.

Hull came immediately from his cabin. He was a large fat man whose exalted impression was held in strong control. His eye gleamed when he saw the distant speck of white. Instantly the *Constitution* came was altered, and with her light sails set she was running free, with lights all firing, and the chase looked on every side closer each as men merrily of the chase. At three o'clock it was plainly seen that she was a large ship, on the starboard tack, close-fouled on wind, and under our sail. In half an hour her ports could be deserted through the glass, and loud murmurs of satisfaction ran through the ship's company.

The officers smiled congratulations at one another, and Hull's broad face shone with his suppressed emotion. In his official mail Hull speaks of the conduct of his crew before the fight in the following words: "I given my great pleasure to say that from the smallest boy in the ship to

the oldest seaman and a look of fear was seen. They went into action giving three cheers, and shouting to be led close to the enemy." Every minute that the *Constitution* gained on the stranger, who held her course, as if entirely oblivious of her pursuer's presence.

When within three miles, and in toward Hull shortened sail and closed the decks, the drum beat to quarters, and the men sprang to their stations. No crew was ever better prepared to do battle for any cause of country. Although few of them had ever been in action before, they had in a drilled until they had the handling of the classed from gust down to the point of evulsion. They had been taught to die on the falling of a gun and to kill their opponent, if possible, as every day. They loved and trained their commander, were proud of their ship, and burned to avenge the wrongs to which many had been subjected, for the merest service had furnished almost half their number.

As soon as Hull took in his sail the stranger heeled her own masts to windward, came up into the wind, and waited. Then it could be seen that her men were all of quality, too. Hull moved his flag. Instantly in response up went in every mast head of the waiting sail the red cross of old England. It was growing late in the afternoon, the breeze had freshened, and the white-eyes had begun to jump on every side. The crew of the *Constitution* broke into three singing choruses as their great old ship bore down upon the enemy. When almost within range the English let go her broadside filled away with shells, and fired her other broadside on the other tack. The shot fell short, and the *Constitution* returned her fire. For three-quarters of an hour the two yared about and maneuvered, trying to make and to avoid being galed in turn. Occasionally the *Constitution* fired a gun; her men were white with impatience. At one in the evening the gun, seeing all attempts to evade, and her antagonist were in view, showed a brave collection of whiting to close and fight. Near the two approached.

"Shall I fire?" inquired Lieutenant Morris, Hull's second in command.

"Not yet," replied Hull, quietly.

The bows of the *Constitution* began to double the quarter of the enemy. The latter's shot began to stir the ship while splinters flew about *Constitution's* decks.

"Shall I fire?" again asked Lieutenant Morris.

"Not yet," said Hull's answer, spoken almost breathless his breath. Suddenly he bent forward. "Now, fire," he shouted hoarsely, so that his voice rang above the enemy's shots and the moaning of the sea under the quarter, "pour it into them!"

It was at this point, as the story goes, that Hull, crouching in his excitement, split his right knee-bone from a wooden block.

The *Constitution's* guns were double-shotted with round and grape. The broadside was a one stroke explosion, and the destruction was terrific. The enemy's vessels were disabled, and the blood ran out of the skyward—her cockpit filled with the wounded. For a few minutes, shrouded in smoke, they fought at the distance of a half pistol shot, but in that short space of time the Englishman was literally torn to pieces in hull, spar, sail, and rigging.



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THE LAW BUILDING.



ENTRANCE TO MEDICAL BUILDING.



JOHN H. NORTHROP,
President of State University, Minnesota.



ENTRANCE TO FILLMORE HALL.



CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL LABORATORY—FRONT VIEW.



A LECTURE ROOM, BUILDING OF MINERAL AND METALLURGY.



A ROOM IN THE HISTOLOGICAL LABORATORY.

THE MINNESOTA STATE UNIVERSITY.—[See Page 29.]



THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS IN COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON.—[See Page 796.]



CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—BATH BEACH—DANCING ON THE LAWN.

real manager, has recently opened a Department of Work. It was organized in the winter of 1904 in the conviction of the working people of New York, irrespective of country, creed, or color, that there is a real necessity, in modern and democratic age they found it essential to undertake summer

it, and eager to go again. The effect on the children is immediately visible in the expansion of their faces and their every movement. The cause of the ocean goes into their blood even in those short hours, and, in a way, revitalizes and transforms them, so it does their parents, though these, naturally, show it far less. The association also provides at the home for sick or crippled children for one, two, or more weeks, according to their needs. The managers are not wise to make rigid rules for their guidance, having found by experience that a certain elasticity serves them best. The cottages are very neat, and the rooms furnished with small, neat, bedsteads, which will accommodate one hundred children at a time. The support of our club for three weeks costs \$10. Three cottages, more time \$25, one \$27, three, \$70, and seventy-five, \$240. The association does not regard this home as a day nurse or hospital, but does all it can for crippled children, or those out of condition from sickness, and orders incident to treatment home. It is under the most favorable conditions. The poor residents who come to the home, pulled, pained, exhausted, go from it refreshed and

restored. It is truly a home to them—such also, as they in their own dwellings have never known. Is it strange that many of them, back in the same speak of it as home?

Colored persons exclusively share in the cream excursion three or four times every season, and seem to appreciate them even more than the whites do. Their satisfaction is radiant and contagious. Constitutionally light hearted, free from anxiety, whenever their lot they dwell in the present, and, after a day spent at Coney Island, they leave, like song going back on the boat to the city, and their naturally sweet voices are heard over the waters at the sunset hour in hymns of gratitude.

How all the beneficiaries, young and old, react in the sea! The children, boys, girls, and people on the sand, and fairly scream with delight in the scudding surf. To many of them a bath of any sort is a novelty, and entire cleanliness is hardly understood. They are recruited by the sea in one sense than one, and often get to one another after drinking that they feel lighter, as if "the wind might blow them away."

The last report, that of 1905, says that 21,547 persons were taken to the home at a cost of \$11,725.00, of which \$450 was for the medical and nursing in which much is served as the shore. The balance on hand was \$4,043.72. The entire expense of a day excursion of a year from \$200 to \$400. The association is supported wholly by voluntary contributions, many of our prominent rich citizens being regular contributors. The statement of the main reason for the last four years of the food is work in the department of hygiene shows a steady increase in the sum total that is most encouraging.

Year	Boys	Girls	Total	Cost	Contributions
1900	22	13,704	\$4,960.73	\$4,960.73	1,000
1901	20	13,511	\$4,940.17	\$4,940.17	914
1902	22	13,704	\$5,022.00	\$5,022.00	1,000
1903	20	13,511	\$5,022.00	\$5,022.00	1,000
1904	22	13,704	\$5,022.00	\$5,022.00	1,000



CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—ARTIST COTTAGE, BATH BEACH

order to carry out their original purpose, and they got them with aid, energy, and success. Hay of course, rice, and other things, they first found, and purchased, the People's Box, the home at West End, which children ten or twelve years on the Atlantic, and on which there have been several. These cottages, formerly tenanted by houses, were purchased and put in the best of order for the use of the children. Parties of from 300 to 400 persons, whose families are carefully chosen from the city by experienced visitors, who furnish tickets of admission. These parties gather at the city second street, on the North River, at an early morning of each week in June, July, August, and are carried to the home on Coney Island Steamboats. They return to New York the same charge of some of the visitors, having enjoyed an



CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—BATH BEACH—VIEW FROM THE WATER-FRONT

a spiritual mood, a stiff bath, and a day's work in a busy shore, and fathers, who are usually at work, and at modern, grandiose, and children have a wonderful day and something to think about. All who make the excursion are delighted with

the home. The association is supported wholly by voluntary contributions, many of our prominent rich citizens being regular contributors. The statement of the main reason for the last four years of the food is work in the department of hygiene shows a steady increase in the sum total that is most encouraging.

The design of the association is to benefit those who have the means to get away from their homeless homes, and who would not, even for the charity, take a day, secure a day of recreation, a wholesome meal, or a change in the air. Many of the children and their elders it must be remembered, have never been in the country (or take them by the association, have never seen the Central or any other park in this city of parks, have not even bowed to Statue, with whom their friends had been down to necessary for endurance to be an intimate term throughout their lives, such restrictions severely appear possible, but the bulk of us have no conception of the knowledge and knowledge forced on the children in treatment. These children split their not-so-neighborhood for recreation, being too tired usually to walk, and wasting money to pay our fare—no income admissible from the treatment group excepted to provide for large families on wages of from \$10 to \$15 a week.

The beneficiaries of the association, like those of the First New York Air Fund, the Children's Aid Society, and other charitable organizations, are, with rare exceptions, foreign or are their immediate descendants. The greater part are southern Irish and Roman Catholic Germans, along with a number of Italians, Slavs (mainly Poles, Rumanians, Hun-



CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—BATH BEACH—HARTUNG COTTAGE FOR CRIPPLED GIRLS

garians), and a few scattering Russians, some of them (recently) by the expelled Jews. The French (who seldom emigrate) and Scandinavians do not figure in the list. Considering these antecedents, their lack of all advantages, their mode of living, their ignorance, their superstition, and all the details of their life, they are exceedingly patient, self-satisfied, and well-behaved. They give no trouble on the excursion, require little counsel or direction from the visitors, and, on the whole, do not trouble themselves very much as their experience in fortune do. To me their patience is touching. When I watch the respect and sadness of the elderly boys, and the joyfulness of the children, I think poetically of what the experience of the elderly must have been. Their earliest lives must have taken into their hearts. Pure Americans under similar conditions, but they were willing to be made in the world, would, I fear, be considered, from American values, stupid and listless.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The Children's Aid Society (founded by the late Charles E. Brace, forty-one years ago), whose noble labors in the cause of humanity are known far and wide, has done its noblest good by its summer charities. The Health House, established in 1902, at West Coney Island, by D



CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY—BATH BEACH—THE DUNN CALL



ST. JOHN'S GUILD, TRANSPORTING PATIENTS TO BELLSHORE HOSPITAL, NEW DUMP, STATEN ISLAND.

With James, now president of the society, include a main spacious building, and several handsome cottages erected by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, Mrs. W. B. Sloan, and Mrs. Benjamin Hixson. It is devoted to poor mothers and their suffering children, particularly babies, and is supplied with everything that can leave their comfort and convenience. They have excellent food, trained nurses, and the best medical attention, with unobtrusively sent city dignitaries, sitting rooms for the mothers, and play rooms for the little ones. The House is directly on the sea, whose breezes permeate every chamber, and fan the febrile overheated mothers and their sickly infants back to health and strength. The usual time of their stay is a week, but it is often extended; indeed, every inmate is allowed to remain until sufficiently recovered for safe removal. Hundreds of babies are saved every season by kindness from medical treatment, where children infirmities in a rapid recovery, to the delight of the House. The windows look out on grass plots and beds of flowers, and beyond these, on the shining, rolling, alluring sea. Mrs. James Beane is superintendent this year, in place of the late A. P. Goodwell, resigned.

At the dispensary in New York, the physicians in charge, when they discontinue cases in the dispensary requiring treatment, give the mothers a pass for a visit to the House, and every Monday morning they gather with their children at the Battery, where a squad of the society meets them, and conducts them to the island. No distinction is made as to creed or race, all needy humanity being on the same level in the eyes of this widespread charity. The beneficiaries of the House last year numbered 6286 (adults 2393, children 3893), at a net expense of \$5277.40.

The Harmer House, founded by Andrew B. Harmer, some years ago, at Bush Beach, Long Island, Charles R. Fry, superintendent, is beautifully situated, and altogether attractive, with lawn, flowers, and lawn. Besides the chief structure, it includes a number of picturesque cottages, some of them erected by William Waldorf Astor, John Jacob Astor (son of the late William Astor), J. H. Rosebury, and Mrs. Benjamin Hixson, the last for crippled girls. It receives only children, and last season took care of them over 3000.



ST. JOHN'S GUILD-PATIENTS PREPARING TO LEAVE FLOATING HOSPITAL FOR SEA-SHORE HOSPITAL, NEW DUMP, STATEN ISLAND.



ST. JOHN'S GUILD-THE CHILDREN'S CITY HOSPITAL, MARINA AT SEA-SHORE HOSPITAL, NEW DUMP, STATEN ISLAND.

In all, boys having been added as an experiment, with happy effect. They seemed to have even more and in the place of the girls, who had previously monopolized it.

The dinner table is very striking and plentiful, and the boys and girls share equally on the lawn. The children, row from the tenements, exhibit such sympathy, combined with pleasure at receiving good food, kind treatment, and nice beds, that it is painful to witness it. They are overjoyed with the surf-bathing, and appear to be rivaled by the strange consciousness of cleanliness.

No interest are they of nature, that noisy things of the beach puzzle them. A little boy who feared a climb in a tree asked if the sound came from a bird working her sewing machine.

A small girl who had seen a quacking duck wanted to know



ST. JOHN'S GUILD-ONE OF THE BABIES BAVED ON FLOATING HOSPITAL.



ST. JOHN'S GUILD-CROWD AT FOOT OF BATTERY STREET WAITING FOR FLOATING HOSPITAL.

If it was a pig with feathers on and two legs, grunting for food.

Most of the little strangers are amazed at the kindness shown them by the nurses and mothers. One of them, inquired, "Is there here means good to us 'cause they all our mothers?" What a terrible, because involuntary, criticism on modernity as he knew it! Could them be a more painful and significant condemnation of a child's life in tenement houses?

Some of the children who enter the library for the first time actually do not know it is the library—what a look is, and can scarcely understand after simple explanation.

The sight of the sea fills them with wonder. "It looks," said a boy, "like all out doors with water poured over it."

"What keeps the water," asked another, "from running off?"

"Is there," inquired a third, pointing to some distant ships, "good big birds? I don't see the wings much."

The inmates are always delighted with the house. They cannot understand why they feel so very differently from what they have ever done before. Poor things! they are wholly unaccustomed to good food, soft beds, and clean bodies.

One eight-year-old orphan, coming from the back, observed that he felt queer, as if he were "good" up.

Another remarked, "It's awfully jolly here."



ST. JOHN'S GUILD-DE BARLEY, BARNETT, PRINCIPAL OF THE SEA-SHORE HOSPITAL, BATHING THE CHILDREN.



'AUG. NORTH LONG BRANCH—FRONT VIEW.

week, and it don't seem, by gosh,

meant himself, the other morning, and a boy with a badly fractured leg came through interesting, was just what I needed and five boys' children were entertained at both 18000 spent the allotted week, a very depreciable for its varied and satisfactory contribution, and its field of its recognized and appreciated that there are generous donors. But the little increase that it is always in need of our best children are, and need medical care like New York.

JOHN'S STORY

William Brodhead, president, C. Rock, out in more than twenty years ago, energetic, and positive in taking care of the lives of their little ones here in the maternal care. To this end, he organized, and has established a New York, Staten Island. The record of the very poor, is significant a year, when the estimated population was, on July 31, 1900, 200, the day one year old were 11,105, and of years were 17,822. The birth record a total deaths 44,370, showing a death rate for every 1000, and that one child before reaching the age of five. However, the of the Floating Hospital and Sea side

hospital has been in operation almost years, it is a week during the heat of summer, that so much need of the work was felt. During Hospital made six trips a week during the week, between July 18th and when help in all five being prevented here. On four trips were taken from one trip, more than 1000, on five trips, more six trips, more than 1900. The total of hospital contributions, and many of them estimated cost of the trip is \$2500 from the personal efforts who have made themselves the practical working of the charity. The personal supervision of one or more Hospital Committee, consisting of Mrs. B. of Truro, the superintendent, the attending physician, in co-operation with the Health Department, the corps of the matron and her aids, are always present there during the trip.

in fact, the of the Floating Hospital that de-

mand situation, the trained nurse department and the matron, both men. The former conducts a chief nurse and four associates, acting under the general direction of the attending physician, and the latter contains spray and bath basins in charge of competent nurses. The third member has been her lady in the ward to the care of the nurses, and is herself refreshed and strengthened by the such spray bath, as her child or children are laid. There is a large sitting room on the boat, where all are comfortably seated, and where only from the first, and the children are in the upper deck and among themselves. Those who are really strong, especially the children, are sent to the Sea-side Hospital at New York, and it is interesting to see how carefully and tenderly they are tended over the side to be taken ashore for systematic treatment.

THE SEA-SIDE HOSPITAL.

The Sea-side Hospital is an unique sea long low building, perfectly plain, but admirably adapted for their purpose, and provided with everything needed. A long piazza looks out on the lower bay, and gives every length of the sea. On the first floor is a spacious dining room for those of the patients who can go to the table, and this room is with pantries and store-rooms, offering every facility for serving food easily and rapidly. On the second floor are six small wards capable of holding three beds, and these open on a broad balcony facing the bay, with a study given to the rear. The third floor, which is really two half-stories, is arranged with a view to the complete isolation of any patients who may develop contagious diseases after admission to the hospital. The trustees have succeeded the purpose of making the wards of the new building for 1000, and of saving the girls for \$200, and the privilege has been freely accepted, thus adding materially to the revenue.

The Sea-side Hospital is opened every summer—usually in July—in the date of the first sailing of the Floating Hospital. Last year, in the seven weeks that constituted the season, 1132 beds were occupied, 269 babies and 400 mothers and those remained, according to their needs, for shorter or longer periods. The largest number in the hospital at any one time was 253, on August 21. On 35 of the 80 days comprising the season there were more than 200 and on eight days only were there less than 150 patients. All of them, except 10 children who died, were returned to their homes either wholly restored or greatly improved.

The stories on the soundings of the departure of the Floating Hospital from the pier on the North River are impressive, and prove the great benefit of the island to the poor.

About seven fifty women with infants and children began to gather on the pier. At eight o'clock two negroes stretched from the gang plank, and two physicians came there and at the water and to support all who are in pain. Each woman going aboard stops to present her ticket, bearing name and address, the number of her children, and the state of their health, certified by a city physician of repute. The boat physicians make a hurried examination to see that the beneficiaries have no contagious disease. When any trace of it is found the unfortunate is put outside the rope without ceremony. So far every healthy child over six years with his or her mother. Every day from eight to twenty are treated, and they look pitiable as they stand aside with yearning looks toward the large. The accepted the off to the upper deck, getting

whatever assistance is necessary, and are placed on stretchers, the nurse meeting a infant for a pair of with for each of her little ones. When all are on board a tug comes down the harbor with the large, while the bathing, bedding, and nursing are intelligently looked after. Many of the mothers and children, the infants especially, even prematurely old and men, as if the had already weighed down down, and as if it might be a relief to give it up, when it is done how would. The lot of the very poor is a great pity, as for them what we say, is a pitifully full of affliction.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Many of the large churches of every denomination, and not a few of the smaller ones, in New York, are now engaged in sending money and children into the country during the hot weather. They do this mainly through their missions, and selecting the beneficiaries themselves from the transient homes, though nearly all of these actually live there. The church people are generally of a better order than those portrayed by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Children's Aid Society, and similar organizations. They are more intelligent, have more education and reasonable intelligence, than the the ecclesiastical and taken notice to which they are subject.

The Church of the Holy Communion, the Rev. Henry McNeil, rector, has it is said, the first church in this city to establish a hall for fuel for the transient home poor, the credit of the philanthropy belonging to the late Dr. Withers, the founder of that parish. The first parish designed for the reception of poor women and children was, probably, Ashland Hall located in Westchester County. It contains between 20 and 30 rooms of board, as which are fire buildings, with the use of a small steam boiler, and is under the direction of the Frisbie Poor Aid Fund. At present some 200 mothers and their little children are enjoying its benefits. The Retreat is carefully and carefully conducted, with the most gratifying results.

All Saints Church, whose pastor, Rev. Huber Kewton, is now absent for his health, is ever alert to the cause of



SEA-SIDE OUTLOOK, NORTH LONG BRANCH—LOOKING AWAY THE BORDEN HOUSE.

humanity, and ever seeking opportunities to do good. Discharged also in fresh-air excursions are St. Ignace Church; Grace Church, which has a home at Rockaway, Long Island; St. Bartholomew's, Calvary Church, with a home at Cresskill, New York; the Church of the Incarnation, with a home at Lake Mohogah, New York; and various other Episcopal churches that particularly concern themselves with similar charities. The City Mission Society, Rev. Brodhead Morison, sends poor children to the country every summer, and is very active and zealous in its work. There is a Memorial Baptist Church Home at Brimfield, Vermont; the Church of the House Carpenter (Lutheran), sends children to the country; the New Jerusalem Church, also, together with the Roman Catholic Home, under the Sisters of Peace, a Nativarian for Hebrew Children at Rock-



DAVE FIELD'S HOME AND HOSPITAL, ENGLAND, NEW JERSEY. (From Sea-Side Patients)



DAVE FIELD'S HOME AND HOSPITAL, ENGLAND, NEW JERSEY. The kindergarten.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE

In contrast to the military art less heavily based exhibited by strategists and their men, who are acute fighters and tacticians, the Chinese are more inclined to use the art of war in phrases to members of *power* than in the weapons or field establishments. It is only in modern times and under the pressure of the development of the military art that the art of war of the Chinese began to be regarded as a science of the art of war, and not as a means of being respected for the sake of brains and culture. Throughout their long history the plan of the Chinese seems to have been to allow themselves to be beaten, and then to turn the tables on their victors, and to become in power. The Huns, the Tartars, the Mongols, and the Manchus have in turn overthrown China. In the last century the Chinese have been beaten by the Europeans, but tested but now mastered weapons of pistols. Thus, in due time, in the irreducible solvent of the Chinese language, the art of war has been transformed into a science of the art of war, and become in all respects and purposes a science. Fortunately the Manchus, who now rule the Empire from 'the east' have not been able to do this. It is in the hands of the Manchus that the art of war has been transformed into a science of the art of war. It is in the hands of the Manchus that the art of war has been transformed into a science of the art of war.



THE REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS
Camp at Tientsin, etc.—Photograph by A. D. D.

those who, and not from the Chinese proper, that most of the best military material is now obtained. It was they who introduced competitive examinations for military appointments, though these are far from being of the same dignity or earnestness as the literary ones.

China's military preparations in the second half of this century are almost wholly on the line of efficiency. It may be safely said that, except in the border state, she has no ability to carry on a foreign war. Hence her plan has been,



CHINESE NATIVE SOLDIERS WITH OFFICER-OLD HYAL

when fighting with a European power, to use her pupils or vassal countries as buffers. In this way she has fought with England, France, and Russia, though, except in the single instance of the Chinese, her own is one of the most disastrous defeat. Give China time, so that she can slowly a force of soldiers and grow crops by the way on the old in the hills to maintain them, and she will win some of the most of frontier land from her coast long way. Yet, in order to face a foreign foe, she prefers to have Cutch China or Korea between her on one end and that of the money. As long as her energy never opens on defense which are inevitable. She has no navy, with dock yards and appliances for making ships and machines of war. She has the best forts, and this really has been of advantage in creating some taste for science among a few of the ablest class. In general, however, the literary and provincial progress is not seen to have a succession of less great importance and applied science plays a modern warfare. Not have they get discontent that the spirit of modern standards has been broken, and that the greater the number of soldiers placed more on just into the field without commissariat, supplies, or transportation, the greater will be the number than and the more over-relying the discipline.

Thus far almost all the money spent and the energy directed here have upon the Chinese navy, while the army has, speaking generally, been neglected. Passing in all sections of armaments, both, and unobtainable defenses, we may ask whether the Chinese have any army? According to modern ideas, there is no country which has so much material and means of transportation, except the most primitive of arms and tools, and no north and south lines of inland water communication, more or less open to any? With a vast territory how can be possible. Fortunately for China, the present need of war allows her to be better. Her first purpose, therefore, will be to keep the Chinese army of her own and, fight not the battle, according to her own, in the middle of the world.

Paradoxical as it may seem, in a sense of figures we can get no trustworthy statistics. It is next to utterly impossible to write of the actual strength of the Chinese standing army. To be sure, we have the figures found in the encyclopedias and text-books, severely modified by the most recent investigations in China. Yet we are not far from the actual truth in

saying that, with the exception of the war province of Tientsin, there is no army in the entire name of the term army. Only in the province over which Li Hung Chang has power is there a body of soldiers equipped, drilled, and armed in modern style. Li himself the ideas of New China. To his invincible perseverance and powerful will stand China on what preparation she has made for the war which has and they break out.

The old Army of Eight Banners, consisting largely of Manchus, is supposed to have in it 200,000 men of all ages, of whom 100,000, including the Peking garrison of 15,000, are supposed to be armed and maintained according to European standards. Unless, however, the Chinese man should characteristically suffer a total change and complete recast as to the military but and better, these figures are greatly exaggerated. How low could it be that all though preparation is prohibited in an article of war? In the vicinity of any military camp? you can hear, says a recently returned American physician, "powder for twenty miles around that we have been." I asked States by the Chinese government for fifty cents or over? Owing to the subordinate system in vogue, every command given by a mandarin for the purpose of some information is but a job out of which he gets his square. The commander like officers, like corporal like private. We do not believe that it is often said by those who have studied the Chinese soldier, that "the mandarin receive pay for the maintenance of about ten times the number of soldiers that actually exist." Nevertheless, we believe the official statistics we have given above are highly specific. They refer to actual numbers rather than actual men. The figures for Mongolia, do not very much concern the present state of affairs. Neither do those of Tibet. The so-called Green Flag Army is supposed to be composed of 50,000 men, in addition to 100,000 soldiers and 100,000 young or better, the troops in Fanchow and the western part of the Empire, Kutch, Turkistan, etc., do not concern us at present. We are told by authorities that there are 1,000,000 armed troops in the Chinese Empire, of which 500,000 are supposed to be drilled in foreign style. We think, however, whether for immediate service in the present war they will be available more than 50,000 Manchus troops who, provided no rebellion breaks out in this ever restless territory, can be depended upon to do good service. Furthermore, there is, in the 90,000 well-instructed troops of Tientsin, a large number capable of making a creditable stand against European troops, and, more probably, of holding their own against the Japanese. Of the 800,000 men in the front forces of this province, 240,000 are modern troops.

It is only by his determined will and constant perseverance that Li Hung Chang has kept together a really respectable army. Scores of foreign officers—English, German, French, American—have been in Chinese employ, doing but the native troops, but they no longer maintain in their testimony that the men were never long enough in camp to learn the modern drill thoroughly. As soon as the Chinese could and country boys—for, unfortunately, at a rate only the scraps of the population is used for the army—learned the rudiments of their profession, they were drilled off and sent away where they would speedily forget their drill. It is, unfortunately, too true that the European instructors have never been given a fair chance. With the majority of the Chinese troops, the European instructor is a nuisance rather than a teacher. Much is to be said of the unwillingness of large bodies of soldiers to maintain modern style in almost anything, and the men who go into Korea to face the Japanese have never had the advantage possessed by their inmates.

With the great majority of the Chinese almost personal courage and knowledge of the things about them. Even the examinations for military positions will show that the ancient hand to hand encounter idea dominates the minds of the Chinese. The weapons of the Chinese are all very primitive. The swords are clumsy specimens of forging, depending for their power upon the origin of the steel. The bows, and the soldier's arm rather than upon their trigger. The Japanese, in peevish roll their head—"The country held the bow and arrow, the bow is hidden in the clumsy arms of the east."



ALL READY FOR BUREAU-A. HODGINS CHINESE BATTERY.



HEUNG-NING TANG-CHANG-CHANG
A Chinese Captain of Infantry.

mental losses. Station schools are still feeble means of defense. These are often pointed with finger hands upon them. It is true that they will try a great, develop the force of an arrow shot at long range, and may be useful in a hand-to-hand sword fight. Of the muskets, glances, and clumsy, elongated canons, bows and arrows, it is not necessary to speak, for these things are worse than useless in modern warfare.

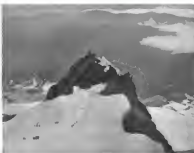
Of these regiments and batteries drilled and offered by Europeans or Americans, one can speak with some confidence. Certain selected portions of Li's army (for the effective Chinese force is really Li's rather than a national army) consists some splendid material. The men are healthy, well built, well paid, and their capacity to stand fire has been tested, for some of them met the Japanese rifles face to face in Seoul in 1904. Indeed, the experience of Ward, Gordon, Li, and the "Ever Victorious Army" in the Tai Ping rebellion shows that the Chinese, when well offered and led, is an entirely different lot than when a loose mob in a battle. Furthermore, and the Japanese may consider this, the Chinese are of tougher fiber than the Indian, heavier and taller, and probably can stand better heat, being more used and less civilized, the Chinese soldier probably expect less, and are not as easily disappointed or discouraged. Furthermore, that small part of China has, under Li and a few of his trusted associates, has gained experience. These men have not turned their backs for nothing. If the story of their first unfortunate encounter of millions of troops, in buildings, antiquated war-ships, and discarded or condemned fire arms and artillery were told in full, it would be as pathetic as hollow. Unfortunately, too, the time honored sports system of China, which prevails in spite of competitive examinations, has been too often responsible for the dismissal of foreign instructors, officers, and engineers when most valuable. Nevertheless, there are scores of earnest Chinese instructors who really have some idea of gunnery, and who profit by past experience, and are determined to take good advice and act upon it. Such men as Admiral Lang General Wu, Hsinshen, Proper Guard, and Dr. Macfarlane have been of considerable value in China in giving her what preparation she has for the present emergency.

The people of Japan who since 1895 have deliberately turned their faces away from China toward Europe now meet in the shock of arms those who think them traitors.



CLOUD CAP MOUNTAIN—PARTY REACHING SUMMIT FROM NORTH SIDE

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT HOOD BY THE MAZAMA MOUNTAIN CLUB.—[See Page 802.]



CRATER ROCK AND BACKBOSS, FROM THE SUMMIT, LOOKING SOUTH



THE SUMMIT, LOOKING EAST.

"VIGILANT" "BRITANNIA" RACES.

FROM A SUMMIT RACE, APPROXIMATELY 1000 FEET.

he two races in which Vigilant was engaged at the Cork and Penzance regatta two points of sailing brought to the fore her observation, viz., her behavior on one occasion in a strong breeze and fairly smooth sea and on the other in a steady light wind and smooth with just the slightest of a groundswell. Under such conditions the yacht showed out to greater advantage than she had done before, and the splendid piece of the main was struck by heavy squalls both in the old third round on the rock out to Penzance was open to only too many who have as yet not believed in the first round Vigilant simply weathered on and Britannia before she had even time to collect her sails and try a luff. This on a rock, too! The only way he called way was on the boat to Roche's Point on the ground, when the wind freshened a little, and allowed luffing round the south boat without having to make

a luff, which Britannia was compelled to do. There was little or no difference between their times in stays during the race, and Vigilant worked and got away quite as quickly as Britannia each time she went about.

In the second round it looked as if Britannia would have done better to have kept on the port tack the whole time in the race to the lightship, as Vigilant did, for she lost time in shifting over, and gained no material benefit, while on the same journey in the third round she got her sailmaker's gun in an awful mess, at a time, too, when it did her no good. The breeze, which had been steadily increasing during the afternoon, on the last round was a good 4 or 5 miles, with an extra sting to it in the squalls which came off the land, and though both yachts carried their topmasts, I question whether in the third round they would not have accomplished the distance at a greater speed had the topmasts been stowed away in the sail locker.

Throughout the race Vigilant's crew showed a marked improvement in the working of their ship on what they had done on the Clyde, and this was made most conspicuous in the last round, when the iron-work on the gaff connecting

the boom gave out, by the smart way in which a luffing was cut round and the vessel docketed up on so as to be able to carry on to the end of the race. Then she knew what disaster to the loss of a gaff means must have cost this piece of seamanship, and bestowed it up on their prospects to take home and dispose of. But for that accident the winning time at the end would have been far over the 4 min 30 sec, as the moment fell badly in the heat up the river.

At Penzance that which most of the experts ever have been bawling for came off at last. The race was sailed under a light steady breeze of about force 3. There were no eddies, and it was a very fair test for both yachts of what they can do under the circumstances. Though the yacht started on even terms, Vigilant just outstripping Britannia's weather quarter, still from start to finish only once did Vigilant seem to travel faster than the Britisher, and that was in the run homeward the first round, when she gained 27 seconds. Vigilant, it must be confessed, was in no form whatever, when one remembers what she was like in her own waters last year. She was slow and sluggish in her movement throughout, let alone when it stays, and there was an entire absence of life or spicing. Certainly both yachts on one time in the race on the first round worked up to a ten-knot speed, but their methods were different. I believe one, if not the chief, reason of Vigilant's sailing so dead is that she is sailing on too deep a water line. Her form appears perfect for carrying or loading the water, and so look at her either ahead or on dock it is impossible not to remark that "there is nothing to stop her travelling." It appears to me that she would sail with far more life if she were made to sail on a lighter and shorter water line. She looks, when under way, to be suffering from a weight she was not designed to carry or drag about with her. Very likely it may be from the effects of the extra weight of the strengthening struts, strakes, etc., that have been put into her, which would, in my opinion, be the hindrance up they must give her, make quite sufficient cause for her variable slow glances and general want of life in light winds; or maybe she is carrying extra ballast over her. Captain Hoff very wisely had some lead taken out of her at Greenock. He would do well to take out more. She may be tender in her heels, but lead which she is not to use, and in the general weather we have here she would surely move away after all. With far more life, and, what is also to be desired, have a decreased strain. Her keelson has bent out. If her keelson had been left alone, and her topmast and topmast removed, it would have been more in the point, since it is better to sail with a whole keelson alone than with a reduced keelson, and topmast above it. Neither yacht as yet has had her keelson topmast or keelson with a topmast as yet. Captain Hoff has had no call up to the present to make him laugh his keelson is too large. To decrease her rating, let her rather be stiff out with a few strakes and her top-hammer reduced. After a yacht has been designed to a certain water line, especially after she has gained herself a keelson, it is a dangerous matter to make with either her keelson joint or her internal keelson, since extra ball cannot be given without extra weight in the shape of spars, and I certainly think that though I have said that every inch she did last year in America, the weight of the extra length of spars would alter her time by increasing her draught—water by no means to be considered—and creating a drag and sluggishness. This year she has been sailing with an increased area of sail, but as far as it was possible to judge

THE ACCIDENT ON THE ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD NEAR LEAVEN, NEBRASKA, AUGUST 8, 1904.
(Drawing for the Week—See Page 791.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

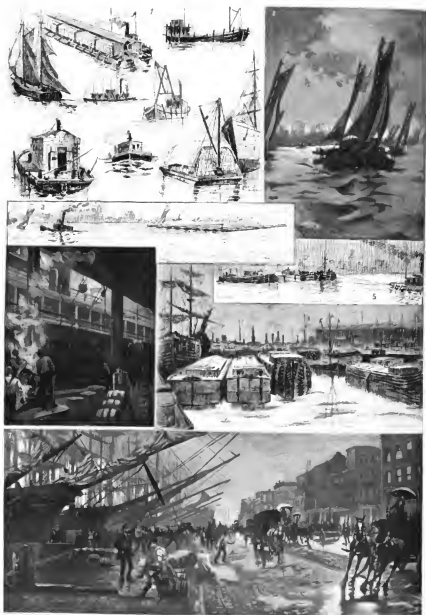
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FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



EVENING COLORS.—DRAWN BY H. F. ZODRACH.
THE SUNSET CEREMONY ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR—LOWERING THE FLAG.—[See Page 522]



RANDOM SKETCHES OF THE NEW YORK HARBOR TRAFFIC.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[See Page 851.]

1. Old Boats of the Transfer Service. 2. Taking Advantage of the Tide. 3. Barge Service. 4. Steamer at a Wharfe Dock. 5. Coal Barges.
6. Canal Boats in the Basin. 7. Crafts of All Nations.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"A MISTAKE TO FORTUNE."

A MONTH later, a week after his marriage, Matt Strong journeyed to Catequil to see his father and bid him farewell before leaving for Europe. Madeline was not with him, she was not anxious to make the acquaintance of his family, and as he was anxious she should not meet his mother, he was simply content. He had written the news home, and had promised to run down before making his second voyage in search of Art. He alighted from the coach at Catequil Village, overwhelmed with emotion, resolved to walk the rest of the way towards the *joyous residence* with his brothers and sisters. He wished to note each familiar landmark—the fields, the farms, the stores, the little meeting-house, all the beloved features of the spacious scattered wooden metropolis of his childhood. It was almost noon, and the landscape, seen through the screen of lost air rising from the soil, quivered in the heat. The white farm-houses glittered; the point of the terraces loomed up; the wooden roofs of the meeting house pointed gleefully to a heaven of stainless blue. In the far-away the fields lolled against on their sides with open mouths and drooping wings, their fragrant protruding, their eyes closed, their legs every now and then suddenly stirring up the dust under their wings; the earth and heres stood deeply in shadow under the trees. The bounteous breeze drifted slowly about the wild nose of the way-side or beated against the white wall and yellow shutters and dandelions that melted the hay fields. The red squirrels chattered on the tapers as they and the crows, their tails curved over their backs; the woodpeckers tapped on the hollow stiles; the blue jays screamed among the branches; a hawk circled majestically upwards to a peak, then sailed nobly downwards, with majestic wings expanded. In the fields men were kneeling praying, following the slow often that thronged the ploughs between the furrows, and hanging up the earth with heavily monotonous movements, behind screens of buckwheat were scattering the irregular grains with slow, measured, hypnotic motion. In the valley stores were not lacking; now and then a cow-herd in his short shaven suit solemnly or dimly a lazy man in his faded flannel a stoutish old man in his faded flannel. A wagon rattled dully through the crackling trees. The far stretching village dwindled in the sun.

Black noon. The coaches began ascending to call the farm hands to dinner, and every sign of labor ended away. The longest crowd over the young prohibition. A perceptible of the family of animals flitted his nose like a wave of manner, his soft and warm and moist. To pass through life, straight and obscure, amid the simplicity and one there of child, custom, with work and rest, with fear and Sunday, with his feet were ways and the same fragrant wild flowers, to the house of the man his head bowed with a daughter of the same soil, to whom every hour sang and green new-mown should be sweetly free, to carry on the side of the quiet gravitation and no more than his own with a forgotten grave and humble blood—there it was not this sweeter than the tramp and glint of Penn, and the one of ambition and the last of patriotic foreplay.

* Republished by permission of the author.

He seemed to hear Mad Peggy's mocking laughter in the distance.

He moved cautiously in the direction of the sounds, skirted a new barn-lane building which blocked his view, and which he saw from a notice was a Baptist meeting house, such as his mother had always yearned for. Matt's school house met his gaze, still standing in its glory, and in the foreground a mob of boys and girls shouting and laughing with the exultation of school-children just let out. About a moment he perceived that they were jostling and heeling somebody; then he caught a glimpse of the ungainly figure of a young man in the centre of confusion, with a dozen hands playfully pulling and pushing him. The poor boy fell down, and there was a great outburst of merriment. Matt's blood boiled; he ran quickly forward towards the hoisting juvenile crowd, which muttered a little at the sight of his flaming countenance.

"You pecked little ones!" he cried. Then his voice failed. With a flash of horror he recognized his brother Billy. "How?" remembered one of the bigger boys. "Not just now."

Matt seized the crutch which lay at the side of the post-tree drunken cripple, and described a threatening circle with it, the pack of children broke up, and made off, hooting from a safer distance. "Billy?" he said, hoarsely, clutching the wretched young fellow by the coat collar, half to raise him, half in instinctive anger.

But turning into a struggle with the look of manly pathos on Billy's white face. The shock of the sight of his brother sobered him. He addressed himself to be lifted in his feet, then he took his crutch and moved forward, refusing further help.

"I am weak," he said, solemnly. "The tone and accent grained on Matt's ear. But a pang of self reproach mixed with his wrath and disgust. It was his part to have looked after Billy better.

"I didn't expect we should meet like this, Billy," he said, softly.

"You should have come earlier," Billy retorted. "Need of public about all the world over except yourself, and some more night as, not even when you were twenty in the presence of his poor parents and your photograph."

"I never was more enough, and I always had to move on," Billy explained, gently, as he flicked the dust of the road off Billy's coat.

"Never said my clothes; they were soiled; they're not so far as yours. If you're 'satisfied to walk with me—"

"Don't talk like that, Billy. I'm only glad to see how well you can walk."

"The teachers passed definitely through the struggling remains of the juvenile crowd."

"I've walked to the village," said Billy. "I'm strong enough to go anywhere now."

And, I'm glad I found out the joy of it. Why shouldn't I have some pleasure? I'll never have a bride of my own—that's certain. What girl would have me? Do you don't get? Why, even when Mad Hilly was here, she only pined for me."

"Hilly's no better yet a Bitt!" said Matt, gently, for a marriage was rumbling behind them.

"I've been drunk twice since the money came," pursued Billy, in dignified defiance. "It's the only way to forget everything."

He stamped on stupidly. Buds of perspiration glistened on his white, blushing face.

"What money came?" Matt asked, puzzled.

"The two hundred and fifty dollars you sent a couple of days before you married."

"I never sent two hundred and fifty dollars," he cried.

"Didn't you?" Billy opened his large, pathetic eyes wider. "Well, now, that's funny. We wondered why you did it so carefully, and why the post-mark was Maine. We thought you were up to some fun, now you had to much money, but we allowed we'd wait till you came."

But Matt could not solve the mystery. The money had been addressed to "The Simps," and were accompanied by a slip of paper: "The same amount of the money due to you will be forwarded next year."

That was all the message. Matt exhausted himself in guesses. His thoughts crew went back to the account of the early fall, imagining some lady companion money in payment of arrears due to the dead Captain. At last he concluded the matter must have come from Madeline Strong, seeing through some American agent. She had discovered Herbert over his money, and was sending him double and quadruple by way of reparation for the mischief she and her husband had made. To prevent him from returning it, she had sent it to his family; and, accordingly.

Henry Peep concluded that there was some occasion for Matt to help his brothers and sisters further for the present. The subsidy was simple, more money would lead to unnecessary extravagance. Matt was not exactly pleased to find his family had no immediate need to profit by his marriage.

But Billy obstinately laid claim to the money; he would travel with it, he would see the world. Unknown to Billy, Matt had already decided he must if possible take charge of the poor fellow and keep him from drink. He wrote to ask Madeline's permission in being his crippled brother back with him, as his health needed a sea-change.

He waited anxiously for the reply.

"I can afford my drifting sailing," Madeline responded, with more sympathy than that orthography.

"God bless you," murmured Matt, kissing the letters. "I believe I shall love you, after all."

CHAPTER XIX.
"IN CECILIA."

The studio hall had vanished so often that afternoon that Mr. Matthew Strong refused to budge from the comfortable arm-chair in which he sat smoking his cigarette and reading The New York Herald after the labors of the day. The artist had come and he told her sister, and she came to resume her well earned place among the clothed classes, and



SECTION 1—GENERAL VIEW OF ROCK CUT.

People and nearer points, the lakes and the Mississippi have had no interchange of water commerce. Of a certainty many new traders will spring up, and old ones now considered by rail will be enlarged. All the products of the States thus made accessible, together with those of the West Indies, Central and South America, will find a cheaper way to great markets, while the manufacturers of the lake region will have a convenient outlet in return. The new traffic will support many of the best of our working population. New classes of vessels will be required and built. New life will be given to our Northwestern system of internal navigation. Ship-building will be especially benefited. The national security will be doubled in war time, through the building of our lake ship yards, to those of the coast for the building and repairing of armed vessels. In case of peace the lake ship builders will be able to compete with the coast, and it may rest the government loss for its navy, while the still requisite for naval construction will be advantageously distributed among the States. Not the least of the benefits of the navigation to be established by the canal will be our independence of the control of Great Britain in passing vessels from the lakes to the ocean and return. The "free navigation of the St. Lawrence," so much coveted on by their representatives in every deal with the United States, will lose importance. In fact, for much of the grain and provisions now transported on the St. Lawrence and the Erie Canal, the new route of the canal will be a great competitor in the hands of our lake ship owners. Their advent to the ocean carrying trade, if made through our own territory, will have a more assured prospect of success and continuance.

A continuous water power to supply manufactures will be created from the unending reservoir of the lake—a water-power three times as great as that of Mississippi. This will be quickly utilized by Eastern firms, who are coming to realize that to retain their trade and prestige they must be nearer to the sources of consumption.

It was a wise policy which divided the work into mile sections for purposes of contract execution. At the time of the first and there were in the field a group of large con-

tractions previously engaged upon the mechanical construction of the far, and a second group set free by the closing of active railroad extension. These all wanted new work, no competition was then, though experience in execution of this nature was limited. Rational bidding had evolved

a scale of safe prices, which, however, could not apply here, and it would seem that the first successful bidders had sought to gauge what their neighbors would figure, and had set their first estimates to a guess. There was, besides, no adequate conception of methods, and only few contracts were let

in new ways and means systematically conceived. The ordinary contractor is conservative, and wary of new schemes for "excavation." A "harvest of the fittest" period set in, and in the course of a year or so from the beginning contractors who could not rise to the emergency assigned their work to those whose ability was demonstrated by success. Some had their work taken from them by the District, after fair opportunity, and relief to others.

It is interesting to note that the present contractors come from all parts of the United States, and that those who represent the South had the vanguard of accomplished men, Kentucky, Texas, and Oregon, Pennsylvania and Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and Indiana have contributed to the band who came to cooperate with Illinois in this achievement.

There are seven contractors now working. During the summer of last the force aggregated 10,000 men, largely employed upon the three districts. No two of the contractors thought out their own work, and the problem of doing much digging for little money.

With the experience of West, Penna., Corliss, and Manchester before them, they adopted some of the characteristics of the character of the French, German, or English methods, but invoking the genius of American invention, set locally out along territorial paths in writing from the tale of low prices represented this point.

Mr. Jackson, of the contracting firm on Section 10, first grouped the thought which when crystallized produced



SECTION 6—SHOWING CUT OF CHANNELLING-MACHINE IN FOREGROUND.

Brown's cylinder belt—a balanced steel framed from 342 feet long, which reaches over the canal prism and across a 50-foot gorge and over a mountainous spill bank whose apex may be 50 feet above the ground. This machine, with

click-work mechanism, takes away about 400 cubic yards per



SECTION 8—THE "NEW ERA" GRADER.

day—all that men can load upon its buckets from the dynamite shattered rock face of the excavation.

There are now in operation eight machines, which take material from the pit and haul and deliver it upon the dump for 15 cents per cubic yard. The price paid upon these machines, but another contractor, Mr. Lecher, to invent an improvement for the railway, which has resulted in a practical working apparatus costing but one-half the money. The daily output of the road-way is hardly up to that of the cylinder, but it possesses an advantage in being able to handle larger masses of rock.

The high-power device, while showing an advance in the device principle, are not relatively as successful.

Fifteen thousand cubic yards of rock are now daily moved, requiring the expenditure of seven tons of dynamite. On several rock sections the rock is already excavated to the bottom for considerable distances. Smooth vertical walls are left by the channelling machines. With blasting how comes the cost as of a ten mile bank face. It is an imagination to take along this thoroughly negotiated array of industrial artillery, and think of the portentious national future which it betrays.

The excavation of the rock is straightforward work with hardly a variable item of expense. There is very little grasping involved here. The glacial drift sections present many more difficulties. American men abroad have been mainly built to standard patterns, but now now being adapted to the refractory material often encountered in the glacial drift. Some, however, of the contracted howlers they must still be worried out by blasting and hand labor.

Sections A and B and part of C occupy the old channel of the Des Plaines, and contain a large deposit of alluvium. The contractors are meeting this at a reasonable rate by two Bailey hydraulic dredges, which average each excavation, transport, and deposit of 100,000 cubic yards per month, and which have made many daily records of from 8000 to 10,000 cubic yards apiece.

Section D and others have employed for stripping the upper seven feet the New Era grader, a simple and efficient tool. Upon Section F are air brakes and air dumping cars, used in connection with steam-shovels.



SECTION 10—CYLINDER MACHINE HANDLING BROKEN ROCK.

traction previously engaged upon the mechanical construction of the far, and a second group set free by the closing of active railroad extension. These all wanted new work, no competition was then, though experience in execution of this nature was limited. Rational bidding had evolved



SECTION 8—HIGH-POWER GRADER AT WORK.



SECTION 6—THE CHANNEL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.



Nathan G. - BELL CONVERTER.

erion G and H the converters have adopted a heavier system. A steam shovel deposits into a hop which regularly feeds an endless belt. This is by a light steel frame attached to a long truss, spanning the belt. From the arcuate of such may be at any point by an adjustable plough.

converters have devised an ingenious combination of shovel and movable frame, with bridge over the belt. They dig the clay with exceptionally large shovels, and deposit into eight yard cars, which are up by a cable and automatically dumped.

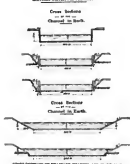
collection upon Sections L and M issue the lowest to open the canal. They have not their emergency being a steam shovel working together with a bucket and self-dumping cars. The average output of such shovels is about one ton per hour. Section N and O, the Chicago River, are being excavated by dipper and material is towed down the river into Lake and water.

one of the evils of great works that all their supporters are particularly sure. This dredged material makes a formidable park extension upon the lake, properly utilized. The great spoil banks of the canal being in the same public which own the water. Were the refuse of yards which will obstruct the banks placed where they really belong, what a could be attained!—the erosion of a harbor basin rock-circling area would add the convenience of the shore to be a park without a pier and business worth \$250,000,000, whose revenue in that same would be enough to clear the way to the Gulf, and eliminate all taxation for drainage, for sanitation, and for the interest upon loans. No story line in any right-minded public opinion that such Chicago will lose no time in utilizing its great city.

Bellevue Canal is a practical necessity, in which are needed active minds are being trained as Americans ever been before in the work of canal making. It is believed to be the inventor, public, who will finally send forth his army of civilians to execute the

waterways is assured. New York cannot long suffer the limitations of the Erie Canal. She must carve her route or cut herself a passage through the live Champlain Divide to the St. Lawrence. Having conquered the domination of the land in unopposed railway stations, American enterprise

HARPER'S WEEKLY OF CHICAGO.



must seek and hold the sea. We should stimulate and develop to the utmost the commerce of our rivers, of our lakes, and of our coast, and we must win back our lost place in the world's carrying trade. For this work there is no city to day equipped like Chicago, whose outstretched hands of power, reaching into gulfs, shall chop a continent.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XVIII.

THE LEVIATHAN TRANSPORTATION LINE.

"It is strange," said Jones, reflectively, as he puffed vigorously at his cigar, "that Jackson Peters never tells us of any more of his ideas for inventions. The last thing he mentioned was his ingenious notion of putting sails on the trucks of railroad cars, so that in case of high wind they could be turned down. You never perfected that plan, did you, Jackson?" And Jones turned toward the young man with great apparent interest.

"The thing could be done," answered Peters, as if Jones had just doubted as to its practicability. "And it would be a great boon to fruit growers in Kansas and other druggish parts of the country. Lastly I've been meditating that moon program is not much by inventors in the line of sublimation war wants. If the fish idea won't work, why not take the duck as the living prototype of a vessel, and produce something which can dive, at need."

"Your notion is of a boat which can dive to escape the enemy, and there peck a hole in his hull with his beak," observed Jones.

"Well—yes," asserted Jackson Peters.

"What can you do with a duck, and construct it as it could get up and waddle on the beach in connection with land forces?"

"You are not talking this thing seriously, Jones."

"But I am. And wags, Jackson—give your duck wings. Then if it gets caught in shallow water by a superior force, it can rise up and fly away, giving you land and faint quacks on a steam quacker."

"Perhaps you're right," said Jackson, wearily. "No doubt about it, it is."

"I have been detected in the neighborhood of right ideas," admitted Jones. "Possibly you could get some marine hints from an account of my experience with the New York and Boston Levathan Towing and Transportation Line, which I operated in the lake district. You remember the

Bellevue answered, "Yes," without a blush.

"One night after I went to bed," continued Jones, "it occurred to me that though hundreds of land animals are of use to man while living, not one of the sea animals had ever been put to any practical use till dead. It seemed

probable that the most useful purpose to which living land animals was put by man was as draught animals, of which we may take the horse and the ox as examples. Why were not the animals of the sea used for draught purposes? I became so excited that I lay awake all night thinking about it. The result was the New York and Boston Levathan Towing and Transportation Line."

"During all of my life to think has been to act, therefore you need not be surprised to know that in a month I had left New Bedford on a chartered whaling steamer looking for whales. I had decided that the whale was the animal most suited to my purpose. Off the coast of Labrador was a large number of whales. Fortunately I was a good sailor, so as to my containing of true whales, Greenland whales, humpbacked whales, fin-backed whales, sperm whales, and so forth. We had considerable trouble in diving them at first, but I rigged up a fog-burn with a reel so it would say 'ahoy' and they soon learned what it meant, and we worked them down close to the coast by easy stages. A good many of the men shinned ran back, and I thought at one time that I might have to send a tag along with a harpoon on the end of a wire to cross them. We finally got them down to Gardner's Bay, Long Island, and grounded them in the shallow water."

"Of course it was always been self evident that the whale would make a splendid draught animal if he could be controlled. The most important and hardest thing was clearly to keep him from diving. A careful study showed me that the whale could not dive without first putting his head down; therefore all that was needed was a check rein effectively to restrain him in that respect. I selected a right whale about twenty-five feet long which I had noticed was a good traveler, and proceeded to harness him. I put a bit about four inches in diameter in his mouth, with two-foot check reins on each end. From this bit I ran a heavier cable back and around the part of his bill where the flukes are joined to the body. I then put on a large collar, attached a sand-bag by four-inch wire cables, and turned him toward deep water for a first trip."

"Naturally, of course, the whale did not readily take to harness. He reared up, rolled over, charged about, struck out freely with his flukes, blew a stream of water like an iron pipe, and did other things which showed his efforts to dive were something startling, but the check-rein held, and he finally gave it up."

"I then went ashore and connected with the wheel in the pilot house, and stood there and guided him, occasionally touching him up with a bamboo sliding pole. In ten hours he drove fairly well, and in a week was fully broken, though he always remained half hostile, and was never what you might call a lady's whale."

"I then went aboard and broke the others of the school to harness. I found the Greenland made the best draught animals, and I used them in towing lighters, coal boats, barges, and so forth, either driving them single or two abreast. The fin-backs, I soon discovered, were the best diving beasts, being light, nifty, and stylish. I took a young and quick strike fin-back for my own private use, and used him on my yacht. He was a free driver, a little lothario to shy at light houses and promontories, but gentle as a kitten. He could throw spray in the face of any other whale along the coast. He was better on a smooth tank than the board, but not so fast, and he was a little more where the truck was heavy. He was always rather nervous about being lashed up, and it usually took two men to get him into the shed."

Jones paused as if there was no more to tell.

"But," said Jackson Peters, "I fail to find any notice of the New York and Boston Levathan Towing and Transportation Line in the classified newspaper advertisements, either under the head of 'Shipping' or 'Transportation'."

"You should look under the heading of 'Whales—transport'." However, you wouldn't find it there, either, so, I give up the business on account of the continued opposi-



tion of the steamship people. They made various objections, and charged, and so on, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals existed. The absurd cry we set up that my check reins were cruel, and that I was docking the whale's eye in my driving strap. They said that such a thing requiring me to stop every fifty miles and feed my whale out of a nose bag made from a balloon something absurdly cruel. The sea chase of a fast driving man like me for months ago and a law passed prohibiting a speed of thirty-five feet per minute. Finally I gave the whole scheme up, and turned my back on the matter. I am a man of peace, esteeming kindness above all things. Still, as is inevitable to me as a naturalist. The whale helped into harness, but did not utterly forget his cunning. Two years later when the bark Gardner's Call tried to take her back off the coast of Greenland he docked the harpoon, took it to his cabin and hid it away, and then he took the boat full of loads with it that they looked like nutmeg graters."

H. C.

as to the world's progress—the building of the Nile. The new and the machinery of success is it. Those who will study the Nileman in the light of such events here will know that the day is past of predestination or its inevitable need can be open other cities will seek the negotiated benefits of deep



OF JAPAN.—[See Page 504.]

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.—[See Page 504.]

THE LATE EUGENE LAWRENCE.—[See Page 504.]

"THE BRITANNIA" RACES THE EMPRESS.

was women's race or race.

Epilnat took part since her anti-
stomach race for a £100 cup to be
won, and was sailed on Saturday,
as just such an article to be seen
of the wind, W.S.W. and about
the water fairly smooth through-
out only three points are worth re-
view Epilnat's from the very com-

mon appear to travel through the water as she ought. This
was only too apparent soon after the start, when, though the
mists were just full, there was no life in her movements
whatever, while *Britannia*, sailing a clean full and by, was
leaping like a bird.

The last point to be noticed is one which might have
spelt sport, as well as a day's racing, in that through
the breaking of one of the Yacht-Racing Association rules
under which the match was being sailed Epilnat ought
to have been put out of the race. The two yachts were sail-
ing over ten miles Epilnat, which used to be the mark-
ing of that area, yachtsman Prince Balthazar, close to Ushet
Chale. On hearing the lead, Epilnat shouted for water,
and on *Britannia*, which was to windward, going about,
Epilnat, instead of at once putting her helm down and tack-
ing too, as per Rule 22, kept on for some length, and so ob-
tained a great weather berth. I feel sure that Captain Hall
could not have remembered the rule at the time, otherwise
such a mistake could never have been made, knowing that
it would lose the yacht her race. The Prince of Wales
showed his love of sport in treating the matter as an error
made through ignorance of the Yacht-Racing Association
rule, and because after all, as a sail he would the better
boat to have the prize. Mentioning this point, I cannot
help referring to the delay that have been made in having
Epilnat measured. No end of complications may arise
through it. It seems now that it is Captain Hall who has
disliked having the measurement taken, since the yacht
would not have been measured at Southampton had

not Mr. Gould wired it was to be done. The complications
are such as this, for instance. The prize was at Kingstown
has not been handed up to Mr. Gould, and cannot be till a
declaration is made as to Epilnat's true rating at the time
of her sailing for the prize. It strikes me that a fresh con-
sideration of her original sail plan, which she has been car-
rying since racing on the Clyde, must be taken, and a confir-
mation of her rating under that sail plan sent to the secretary
and committee, otherwise the very likely may lose the prize
she has won. It can only have been the little extra trouble
connected with the accounting that prevented this being
done, but one would have thought that when in dock at
Southampton nothing could be easier, and that no better
time could be selected for the measurement to take place.
As it was, the yacht came out of dock, and would have left
Southampton, though the official measurer was present to
carry out his duties, had it not been for Mr. Gould's per-
emptory telegram arriving just in time.

On Monday, August 21, No. 3 boat men was pulled off
under the Royal London Yacht Club flag at Cowes. This
was the first time since the Clyde disaster that *Britannia* had
an opportunity of entering the lists against Epilnat. The
wind was N.W., and, as is usually the case with this
wind, the race was as fast as was of the fleetest. It is
the Clyde, and even more so, the only difference being that
the *Britannia* this time were in favor of Epilnat; and it is cer-
tainly about time, if *Britannia* are going a-begging, that she
should have a slice of luck, so it has been all one-sided so far.

(Continued on page 504.)



BOARD TRYING THE UNLOADING OF GARBAGE.



THE GARBAGE BARKS AND POCKETS AT LOW TIDE.



GARBAGE-BARGE AT BIKERS ISLAND.



CHIEFWORK AND DRAINAGE PLANT, BIKERS ISLAND.

THE DREDGING EXPERIMENT AT BIKERS ISLAND.—[See Page 524.]



A CHIEF IN THE COURT-YARD



ENTRANCE TO THE CASINO

AMATEUR SPORT

IT CANNOT BE SAID that the general playing form on exhibition this week—August 23rd to 29th—at Newport, in the championship singles of the National Lawn Tennis Association, marks any improvement over that of the last five years. Indeed, it is questionable if the play of those reaching, say, the third round of the tournament is as good as it was a few years ago, and when the game was being talked of as just reaching mature development. Nor has the play of the great majority that enter, rather to enjoy the privilege of the Cushing Club and entrance to the grounds it retained, risen than with any serious expectations of influencing results, improved in any very noteworthy extent. There are exceptions, but few and far between, and one can only count upon one's fingers those that have not any figure in the Newport championships since ten is not added to have become firmly established. Not infrequently, too, the new name has owed its appearance to the withdrawal of an old one. Here and there a thirteenth year player has earned his right to distinction, but a closer of the results by means of the last half dozen championships is almost unknown how small the number has been. This year, for instance, in all the entries for the championship, there is but one man, W. G. Parker, who has bettered his form so materially in the current season as to entitle him to higher class than that in which he was considered last year. Two others, clearing in the present tournament, Thomson and Fiske, have also improved considerably over last year's form, but Parker is the only one who has improved sufficiently to go up a class.

When we consider that in this national tournament of ours there are not six men, exclusive of the present champion, that really play first-class tennis, and that one of the



A DECLINING NET



THE BRAD TOWN-COURT

six was beaten by an Irishman who, with three others, is ranked sixth in England, there is not a great deal for us to be proud of. There are just sixty entries in the present tournament, and at a generous calculation not more than twenty have any future whatever for entering a national championship event. So long as the National Association gives a week's edition in the hands of the governors of the Newport Casino, who are in turn bound, by holding such

offer, to provide amusement for the Cushing stockholders, so long, I suppose, the standard of excellence will remain practically where it now is. Quality appears to be the condition of present quantity and the measurement of the Newport society contingent. If ever the Americans set their earnestly in the sink, which some are obstinate enough to believe

is righted out, that of encouraging the game and setting a standard of play for the championship, it may be able to tell a different story and enjoy every day of the tournament.

But then the present standard event cannot be taken well only as a national affair, it is rather a social festival, and it must be acknowledged, as far as the actual week's programme is concerned, a well-managed and enjoyable one with a highly colored setting. Pretty surroundings, law, even, will set of themselves form a basis on which to build up an event of national import, nor give that encouragement which tennis needs more than any other sport in America. It is well known that no game can flourish healthily unless the base of supply is being continuously replenished. If the great mass of initial material is left to work out on its own selection, the chances are good that only an occasional player, more enthusiastic than the rest, will develop late from good enough to attract attention. The base of supply for any national championship ought to be as broad as the field of play, which is tennis, for instance, is exceedingly wide.

IT CANNOT BE EXPECTED, of course, that the officers of the Tennis Association should attempt to get into touch with the individuals in this extensive play ground; but it can be expected of them that they should work, through subcommittees, for the general betterment of the game. There ought to be sectional divisions of the National Association throughout the country divided up into, if not by, into local or state associations, every one of which should hold annual championships open only to bona fide residents of that district, and these, again, should be followed by sectional championships and the national event at Newport, open only to winners of such sections and to the ten leading play-



THE WALLS AND PLAYERS



THE COURTYARD OF THE CASINO

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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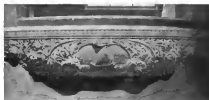
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GORMAN'S TRIUMPH—A HUMILIATING SPECTACLE.



CORBEL UNDER BALCONY, WESTERN STAIRCASE, THIRD FLOOR.



CORBEL UNDER BALCONY, WESTERN STAIRCASE, THIRD FLOOR.



CORBEL, SOUTH TERRACE, OVER COLONNAD, EASTERN APPROACH.



CORBEL, SOUTH TERRACE, OVER COLONNAD, EASTERN APPROACH.



CAPITAL IN WESTERN STAIRCASE.



CAPITAL IN WESTERN STAIRCASE.



CAPITAL IN WESTERN STAIRCASE.



CAPITAL IN WESTERN STAIRCASE.

THE WESTERN STAIRCASE IN THE STATE CAPITOL, ALBANY, NEW YORK.—[See page 847.]

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE STONE CARVING.



MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF GENERAL PUTNAM.



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE PARK.



WHERE THE DOUBLE LINE OF 500 CARDS STAND.



A WILD STATUE IN THE PARK.



ONE GUARDHOUSE REPRODUCED ON THE SITE OF GENERAL PUTNAM'S OLD HEADQUARTERS.



RUINS OF THE OLD BRIDGE CROSSED BY THE TRAILS.



KING PHILIP'S CAVE.



ONE OF THE RUINED FIREPLACES.

THE PUTNAM MEMORIAL PARK, NEAR DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.—[See Page 545.]

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

Incidentally many came for the bathing. The surf at Hildreth was incomparable and a thought of the flat shores of sand and crashing breakers rejuvenated Wade's mind. He rose, and picking his thumb, took in the powdery ring of the surge. He was a slight young man, who looked

In the office itself, a square room overlooked by a spiral stairway, a compact group of girls were studying the register card. They were more properly a class than a study hall.

—I gave her! But in the presence of such folly and irreverence as reigns here in this mere place of pleasure I am really not down, I say little to Elizabeth, but I have constant bewilderment of heart." He about his eyes, as one who sees life's darkness given to the world and him.



"CHIEF? HE REPEATED, WITH PLAINTIVE INSISTENCE, GAZING UP FROM HIS KNEELING POSTURE."

porch. One girl, glancing into the reading room, caught sight of Wade, and passed on the threshold of the long window to do him a fine courtesy.

It was Miss Gayle who then slowly plucked back her blue skirts, revealing the trimness of ankles, the algebras of heels, the whiteness of her petticoat flaps. Turning her dark curls, and blowing a respectful stage kiss from her finger-tips, she whisked round and away.

The eyes of the Rev. Mr. Bailey rested on her with intense fascination.

"A daughter of Heth," he said, deeply, waving off the inquisitive vision with a stern hand—"such an ank with contrived necks, matching as they are, I have observed this singularly young woman before. She represents, I am told, that most degrading of modern institutions, the stage."

"She's an actress, isn't?"

"So I understand. I can but trust that my Elizabeth will not be forced by the demands of courtesy into any knowledge of her."

Wade's brow darkened a little.

"Miss Gayle is a wonderfully self-respecting little girl," he looked. "Whatever chance at life she's had she's made for herself. She's a flower of the sham—the effluence of poverty and ignorance. She's worked hard to make a career, has Grace. And I can't see that it could possibly do any one to witness the clattering and noiseful dance she is asked for."

"I will not further expatiate my views on the particular position to which this young person belongs," firmly declared the other—"but I may say that I do not approve of the reprehensible modern spirit which leads women to desire careers of any sort." He gestured a demagogic flourish. The diffident in the velvet of the train woman bowed. To intend the house, and the sick, rear children—these are his blessed privileges. But, cried Mr. Bailey, was that, "when women leave the hearth for the house, the law, the post—when they are left in the sanctuary of pure and primitive character, I declare against them."

"Well," said Wade, "why not let them try their hand? they'll learn to fly. And the success of the most illustrious won't change the features of earthly men's kind woman—the blond life of archness, the soft-eyed, home-hearing creature whose unsatisfactory lessons are forever bent on a long white mane."

"I agree with you entirely," cried Mr. Bailey, taking this seriously. "My Elizabeth, now—my own daughter—is a headstrong girl for both of us. But said my demagogue—for I hear, sir, the weight of a better disposition—in it such of a comfort to me that her position is a sheltered one. She has been, since she left school three or four years since, companion to a former member of my congregation, now a striking Christian woman. Of course it keeps us apart, for I remain at High Riddle, the tower of my father and my great life. But I am used to it, and I have the consolation of knowing that Emma is happily regarded and protected. And her service permits her to spend some weeks of the summer with me."

His strident tones rang loud, but the music had stopped. Other voices sounded near by as a party of girls gathered in the ballroom door. The old man rose stiffly, he had dismissed his daughter coming across the long room, and as she approached he said, "I have named you, Elizabeth."

"I am helping to move our father," she said, glancing at Wade a small smile and nod. "They've found an apartment house." She glanced curiously towards the woman behind her in the doorway—telling a strange tale of contrast with them, in her sister, now, her usually looked black hair, her white dress, and white countenance.

"She looks so kind and so fragile as a sister of yours," he said, looking at her. "I have seen her in the house. But just then, as she bent to speak to her father, the shadow of a smile flickered over her face, as if she had seen that the young man changed his figure."

"See off against those blushing courtesies, you see," he said to himself, "she is like a sort of nightmare in a branch of college course."

The girls he then named in a metaphor not altogether fortunate seemed to be taking a whole round of conversation. Then one of them stepped forward, and Wade said to her it was Grace Gayle, and indeed it was his niece.

"Mr. Wade," she said, "introduce me to Mr. and Mrs. Bailey. You see, I know your names. I hope you're getting better, Mr. Bailey. You seemed pretty well the other day. I told you I'd call—that better looking in the house. I've had it. Only now came from your right." She turned graciously to Elizabeth, and said, "You don't seem to know any one here, so I just told the boys I was going to come right up and speak to you. I told 'em I won't give in to stand on ceremony; it's no use being stiff in a place like

this. I liked the looks of you, and I said 'em I was going to see that you had a rattling good time this summer. That's how I am."

Miss Bailey regarded her with a little inquisitive smile. For all her nervous quiver, her face looked almost childlike beside the staid solemnity of Grace's small features.

"You are very good," she said, in a gravelled sort of voice—"very good indeed." And then she moved away—she and her father—across the bare expanse of front.

"I didn't seem to strike 'em just right," she admitted. "But say, I know what was wrong. They were a little afraid of me because I'm an actress, and successful, and all that. The old man probably thinks I'm a silly prejudice against people. Now I haven't—just a bit. You tell him—won't you, Mr. Wade?—that I'm not at all stuck up, or dignified, or anything. Tell him I haven't a thing against religion, because I want to get on with the daughter. I'm sorry for the poor little soul. I bet she never had a bit of fun since the day she was born. She's a little cool, and my spine kind of froze when she turned her big innocent eyes on me. But she'll like me when she knows me," added Grace, cheerfully. She smiled so she turned away. And Wade smiled also, as he remembered the ingenuous simplicity of the small figure in the black frock which had just swept through the doorway.

III.

A rattle-timed dash was setting thickly on the scene. From its farthest brown slacks broken levelled themselves and in hollow gullies the plain. Many muffled in mist alone but not faint. Out on the dark back of water a lighted streamer moved slowly through the fog, looking not unlike a great phantasmal fish with a dorsal fin of luminous silver.

The color of the pale young moon in the southern sky seemed a vast relief of a sunset still hanging the west in vague purples. Layers of light momentarily darted from hotel windows and porches, searching in how the sky's low saffron, and making the dark buildings lifted against it look like mere walls, through crevices of which the after-glow beamed.

Above the foam streaked sands the beach with stretched long and narrow, dotted at intervals with grim little boulders and here and small pavilions. Being Saturday night, there was more than the usual throng gathering for the evening promenade, and sounds of talk and laughter mingled constantly above the roar of the surf and the intermittent strains of a band of music somewhere down the beach. Now and then a nervous wanderer strayed along the lifted planks of the walk, weary, miserably smoking in their belated crowd, and having upon them a look and every air, as of briefly discarded business worries and tired social conventions.

Everywhere in street and arcade were noise and bustle and pressing crowds. The office of the Dredgeman Arms was thronged to the doors. A large plumed on the block's deck announced a "Full-dress Ball," and the metallic shiver from view of young women seemed to indicate special tasks making it a case of the scrumptious dress.

Wade, leaning against a porch pillar, was talking to a man in a tuxedo he had a casual acquaintance—a man whose presence at Elizabeth's was directly owing to Miss Gayle. It was not, however, as a saloon to the young woman that Mr. Bailey and came to the beach, unless incidentally here as a

"REV. THOMAS BAILEY AND DAUGHTER, MISS RUFFLE, INDIANA."



"A CHAIR BRAIN UP IN THE VERY ATTITUDE HE HAD FINISHED."

differing but inconsistent lines of life, should develop from the purely business atmosphere he was working in. "It's going to take out *The Ass's* skin," Grace had said Wade. "But I don't think I'll give up with him. I'm a big hearted man, and I don't have to believe that. He made me good offers, didn't he? I like him first one. He's a smiling man." Wade had said: "A pretty little thing—down a doctor's messenger bag in a government doctor. He knows his paper and he'd push you. But I ain't spending for the school. New York's good enough for me."

Mr. Bailey, perhaps with a mounting belief in his persuasive powers, had said aimed to Wade his design of "putting in a couple of weeks at children." "I'd like to make time with time," he said. "She isn't an absolute in time, and her value is a gift. But she's got a trick with a horse—marriage, maybe. She's done out of a cold into the star best I caught on a little." Bailey had about him a sort of happy content which people usually found rather winning. He was slim and unadorned, with a few white stubble whiskers, showed an expression as even as a child's. There was a gleam in his eyes. He had blue eyes, and a moustache as yellow as the breast of a meadow lark. But the frankness of his glances held a furtive element, as one of the loquacious chaps in him. He moved about with a winning rather than intelligent air, he flattered no against the respect of sharpness. The New York Times had been Bailey's teacher in the game of life, and if he knew how to lead the dice it was perhaps not altogether odd.

As the two men entered they saw across the porch and strolled among they reviewed Miss Bailey's capabilities and discussed the theatrical outlook generally.

"We've lost our best," said Wade, as they came to the north end of the walk, always comparatively free of students because distant from the hand-stalls, "and as far as I know, there is no sign of any superior talent among our younger players. Orsen, faculty, intelligence, and taste we have in abundance. But the mouth of Frank Barrett, and McClellan has fallen on an actor's shoulders. Well, perhaps the question of purely original genius is hard matter of supply than of demand. Is the Grace Gayle sort of thing that people may be made of?"

"It's the age of omniscience." "Yes, of the omniscience. It's now middle, not yet, that which is. And, by god, if we consent to take anything seriously, it's got to be omniscience, with a psychological twist in the stuff. There, and those other fellows—Morrison, Soderstrom, Streibler."

"Oh, quite strange," debated the other, leaning on one of the lamp posts, and watching the city row of the waiting brokers. "But I believe there's always a steady interest, the old legitimate play—down under the passing action for fame and philosophy. I mean. Let's take the Hester sort, and we'll find a public eye there. By the way, speaking of Hester, have you ever seen young Verano in the gloomy house?"

"Verano?" "I guess he's never shown in the East; but he's got a future, that's my belief. That young one, no, check that out. I've my eye on him. He's a little raw yet, but come right up. Oh, I tell you we've got to get to this country. That's the Avenue girl, too. I saw her play Juliet a year ago in a hole of a Missouri town. Look, unlearned, seemed looking thing, but first—down. He'll never catch on, though, till she's pushed. I tell you," cried Bailey, leaving the darkness with the best of a righteous. "Bred wouldn't draw in these things without push and pull."

The peak of a three-story head bowed on their own while they were yet a long way from the Des Moines Avenue. Through the long windows of the house, but the young man could see a mass of moving figures. People that thick about the walls and through the windows. The windows facing the courtyard were black with the shadow of the servants of the house looking in upon the dancers.

Most of the women were wearing gowns. Among the men an occasional dress was revealed itself, but for the greater part (excepted and then) prevailed. The girls seemed generally young and good looking, with a predominance to overmatch their partners in youth and robustness, for the men were notably pale and thin. Lack of time or of buoyancy suggested long lines in great further heated shows of clean off.

At one phenomenon of comparison presented itself in the older folk, conspicuously observing their own and daughter circle round the waltz floor. Whether the women had said over to fashion in retaining their gray locks and cramping their ample waists, or whether they shied in the

her hand and with her eyes set on the foot trailing past the high glaze of the electric lamp.

At Wade's approach she turned with a diverted start, and recognizing him, said, "Oh," and took back with a sort of relief.

"You are not dancing," said Wade, whose acquaintance with Mr. Bailey's young daughter was as still of a limited nature.

"It's in her mother's mind," "Oh," laughed Wade, encouraged by her own smile. "But she there may express anything—her triumph, joy, even before us." The bellows made strange changes this time, conquering itself with the young man's sense of the mid air straying palpably across his face. What over these things might come to young Wade, Wade believed that they had probably seen Mr. Bailey in bed filled with an unregulated consciousness of desperate jealousy on the part of the "golden ketoes of fashion" he faced as making up the Hester's thoughts.

"Papa was people as weak and dumb," said Elizabeth Bailey, smiling a little. "And he had a very thing which identifies itself with the folly of a fallen tree. You see?"

"It's—yes." "It seems terrible to him that people on the brink of well, of perfection—should desert themselves with careless glee. He has always been the one crying out with a will, men of spirit and uncommon. Poor papa, he's been off and fastened his questioning eye on Wade. "He said you, hasn't he, about his taste with the church at home?"

"About their asking him—?" "To resign, yes. That was a terrible time. He had promised them so long! I don't think he ever expected that they were used of himself his days. And, indeed, there were those who stood by him. But a younger generation had come upon a generation dissolving retired persons and changed trends and general good cheer from the monumental past. They wanted a sparkling, enlivening tissue instead of the drab my father gave them. They didn't

want to lose about their shortcomings, or the insecurity and barrenness of life. They said that papa preached over their heads, and didn't attract the young people, and they sent a committee to ask him to give up the charge. Oh, it was terrible. Their dissimulation was like a thunder bolt to papa. I cannot repeat all he said to them in his last years. But he had a great deal to say to them, and he had never entered the parish again, and he has never been the same since. He sat himself for three days in his study, and would not speak even to me. And when he finally returned he looked like a man who has got his death blow—though that was four years since."

Like passed with a tremor in her soft voice. The night had dropped round the porch and with a murmured cry. The flag slipping past the high glaze took the flowers of the garden and the wind moved with the dancers, and he had of his own spirit, which, as they sped past the glaze of flame, shivered close to it for the warmth and light.

"Faintly, faintly, faintly," Elizabeth had been held of kindly rest, so white and slight she seemed in her black garments. The waltz took her father but had produced not one. She reached the nearest window of glassed, a pause, a glance out of creature, unaided by the sun, and she sprang to the window to reveal the waltzing group in which she dwelt.

Two people were moving down the porch. "Feel how damp my hair!" cried one of them, a girl, shaking her hair toward them. "It'll be straight as a poker before I am ten years round." She passed them by the window, and seeing Wade, tipped towards him, looking up her head and smiling, but he was not alone, she drew away and passed a small figure.

"Oh!" she said. "You are having to tell yourself down there."

"I was just going in," the other woman said, smiling a little as she ran. "If you will excuse me," she added, to Wade. He felt a vivid sense of resentment at himself for disturbing a walk which had at least led to a certain element of sympathy. But Elizabeth herself showed assurance of this, she passed on the low porch and beside him, with her folds drawn up, but her feet swinging, her hair blowing in great waves as the darkness leaved over it. The wide white smiling darkness appeared as if disturbed by her frenetic presence. Wade saw faintly, observing the slight, shaggy, and figure of Elizabeth Bailey passing just ahead at the east of the clearing alone. She had evidently forgotten her room key, and came down to get it from the clerk.

"I think she looks no better in a black dress," Grace was saying. "I knew I'd win if I played long enough on one color." Her tone was emphatically to Wade's ear as he moved towards the other door. Elizabeth had turned again to the stairway, but Wade saw while it from moving her further by a sudden recognition of the fact that Bailey, standing just in the embrasure of the door, had his legs crossed and stood loosely on the second floor of Mr. Bailey's daughter. Wade stepped over the threshold. As he did so, Bailey, with his gaze and turned rather quickly.

"Wade," he said, shortly, "you were talking to her out there. When is she?—that girl."

IV.

Wade regarded his questioner with his distinct confusion. "That is Miss Bailey," he said, briefly.

"Miss Bailey?" "Yes, Bailey. You'll find my statement even extended in the register." And mentioning the so-called story which had offended him the information which Mr. Bailey was now looking, he murmured, "The cler. Thomas Bailey and daughter, High Bridge, Indiana."

"Thanks," said Bailey, smiling a little. His face had begun to show a second of indifference. Heaving lighted a cigarette, he turned away. Wade looked after him thoughtfully, being a little amazed at the brief, dry character of the young man's interest in Elizabeth Bailey. It seemed, as days went on, that this interest had been indeed of a momentary nature, for Bailey made no effort at seeking any acquaintance with the young woman in question.



A PRAYER FOR RAIN.—DRAWN BY H. B. FROST

THE WESTERN STAIRCASE AT ALBANY.

When the first appropriation of \$200,000 was made for the erection of a new Capitol in Albany, it was provided that no part of it should be expended until plans had been approved within the limit of \$1,000,000 for the completed work. That was in 1867. The first construction was made in the same year; the first stone was laid in 1868 and the cornerstone in 1871. Early in 1878 the Assembly Chamber, the Assembly staircase, and several rooms on the north side were opened with a grand reception. The total cost to October, 1880, was \$28,738,871, and since that date about \$100,000 more has been expended. The total cost will probably be about \$29,000,000. This figure exceeds the cost of any legislative building in the world. The Capitol in Washington has cost less than \$15,000,000, and this includes the cost of rebuilding after the destruction by fire in the war of 1812. The House of Parliament in London, with 100 staircases, 1000 apartments, and three towers, each one of them more than 500 feet in height, cost about \$16,000,000, and the palace at Versailles about the same amount.

The original designs of the Capitol in Albany called for a work philosophy involving more than the one that gives the eye to day. Hardly had the work of construction begun when the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia came as a great eye opener of art, and the effect was marked in the changes that were made. Thus, while the basement and the lower story are in the massive style of the Roman Renaissance, the stories above break into the Gothic, Eastern, and Moslem forms. Much of this change was due to the guiding genius of the late Mr. Richardson.

But the rapid education of the American people in matters of art is still more evident within the building, where the whole world seems to have been laid under contribution. Here are marbles from Italy and Tennessee; coxae from Mexico, granite from Scotland and Maine, and woods from Central America, California, and many other States of the Union. So that the cost of the Assembly Chamber and the Senate Chamber, with their respective staircases, the eastern approach, and the new western staircase, has already footed up more than the original estimate of \$1,000,000 for the whole building.

The Assembly staircase cost about \$350,000. It occupies a space of 34 feet 6 inches by 34 feet 9 inches, extending through four stories to the roof. The material is a gray sandstone from Ohio. It is in the Gothic style, rather simple and heavy, after designs by Mr. Collins. The Senate staircase was designed by Mr. Richardson, also in the Gothic style, but more elaborate, and with an Egyptian treatment in decoration. The cost was \$425,000. A space of 40 feet by 40 feet 6 inches is taken from the ground floor upward. All of these figures include the corridors about two of the sides of each staircase. In the third and last staircase, known as the western, the space occupied is 72 feet by 66 feet 6 inches, while the height is 112 feet 6 inches from the ground floor to the top of the glazed dome. This staircase is now well beyond completion. Like the cost of the Capitol itself, the cost of the new staircase has grown so time went on. Originally estimated at \$504,000 in 1880, a second estimate, three years later, was \$544,000 in 1883, and a third estimate, in 1889, was a similar amount to finish. So that the total cost will be over \$1,000,000.

The material of the stairs and the corridors is that used

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TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



GUN DRILL ON BOARD THE CHINESE WAR-SHIP "YUNG WO."—DRAWN BY T. DE TROUW.—[SEE PAGE 508.]



MAIN TICKET OFFICE



LADIES' WAITING-ROOM, FROM GRAND HALL



THE WOMEN'S CORRIDOR



THE NORTH ARCADE, GRAND HALL



THE ENTRANCE



ONE OF THE PRIVATE DRESSING-ROOMS

THE NEW UNION STATION AT ST. LOUIS, ERECTED BY THE TERMINAL RAILROAD ASSOCIATION.



GRAND HALL—THE EVENING OF THE OPENING OF THE ST. LOUIS TERMINAL RAILROAD STATION.

THE NEW UNION STATION AT ST. LOUIS.

The new Union Station at St. Louis, which we mentioned in our issue of April 1, 1902, as in process of erection has been completed, and was opened for public traffic on September 1st. The station has been constructed by the Terminal Railroad Association, a corporation formed by six of

the great lesser, or station building proper, has a foundation wall of Grignon rock, the base course in granite, and above this, in the roof, the exterior walls are faced with Bedford (Indiana) limestone and artistically treated with French, Turanian, and Egyptian motifs, and sculptures in the masonry of the walls, and, crossing the whole, runs the immense clock-tower, 284 feet high, visible from every part of the city. Even in the exterior we see that careful efforts have been carefully studied, for the roof is covered with a gray tile of a color to match the Bedford rock, on the theory that a monochrome will all towards softening the effect of lightness. Entrance to the structure is effected from either side, up wide, grandly sloping approaches, or by way of the *portico* *active* directly doing to the ticket-office and thence to the trains.

The interior of the building is especially noteworthy for the simplicity of its design. The central feature of each story is a great hall, 25 by 120 feet, from which you enter the various apartments to the right and left. The central hall of the lower story or basement has along its walls the windows for the sale of railroad and sleeping car tickets, the telegraph and public telephone offices, a bureau of information, a sub-station, and the post office, a parcel check-room, etc. The rail corridor leads to the baggage, lock rooms, and to a waiting room for second-class passengers. The west corridor leads to the lunch counters, and thence to a carriage room, 100 feet long, where all omnibus drivers are landed.

The two central halls are connected by a grand staircase. The great work of 40 feet span, over this forms the protective hood of a large picture, in glass mosaic, representing, by three allegorical figures, New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco.

The round or central hall is vaulted to a height of 60 feet. The exterior is of tones of green, olive, and yellow have been enriched by a liberal use of gold leaf and the decorative of the capitals and ribs. At each end the walls are pierced by massive semi-circular arches, with a dark blue background of arabesque on the exterior, and a red-dome on the third floor lines, thus increasing the apparent length of the room. The wall surface between these arches and the ceiling is relieved by a richly carved semi-circular frieze cut in plaster, with just enough relief to catch the light and thereby intensify the lines of the design. Incorporated in the frieze are the forms of seven female figures of heroic size, bearing scrolls. The long side walls are pierced by arched galleries on the work, and arched second-story windows on the outside. The walls of the hall below the frieze are of a light green, and are highly polished, reflecting below in a succession of dark green bands the light. In a recess of the eastern part of the hall sparkles the gold setting of a beautiful drinking fountain of Syrian make, with a picture in Venetian mosaic representing a scene from the life of the prophet.

In the part of the grand hall the entire floor space is set aside for women, and the decorations of these rooms are in

very delicate tones. The first room, for women and men, has a wainscoting of enameled greenish tile, and is set in cream, light pink, and delicate blue, the perspective point being a fireplace of Venetian marble. The clock, in the figure of a beautiful young girl, who holds the clock dial as her restricted arms.

The women's room has more homelike furnishings, the wainscoting being of oak, and the decorations consisting in a frieze and ceiling of roses, painted by the French artist Albert Ferry. Lounges and easy chairs are provided for the ladies.

Going east from the grand hall one passes through a corridor 80 feet long and 16 feet wide to the central dining-room, where meals are served 12 hours. This passageway is called the Gothic corridor, being designed in part to



WILLIAM TAMM,
President of Terminal Railroad Association, St. Louis.

the leading railroads entering St. Louis—three Eastern and three Western lines. Although these six lines connect the entire Terminal System, the other station lines that enter the city are also admitted to its use as a common facility. The directors of the company are: President William Tamm; M. E. J. Smith, M. H. Smith, W. B. Smith, C. M. Hays, W. W. Proctor, C. E. Warner, E. P. Bryan, and C. M. Hays.

The building just completed stands at the corner of Market and Eighth streets, extending westward to Twelfth Street, and, including the main clock building to Clark Avenue. It takes covers an area of 482,000 square feet, or 11 1/2 acres of ground, and if the ground surrounding the building between the street and the building were included, this gives the area a grand total of about 20 acres.



THEODORE C. LINK,
Architect of Union Depot, St. Louis.

Gothic, with an elaborate frieze and ceiling, the face a semi-circular in position containing the electric lights. The great dining room is in oak, with plaster panels framed in tapestry effects. A private dining room, in rich old pane Italian Renaissance, reserved for the use of distinguished travelers, is probably the most elaborately decorated room in the building.

Between the grand hall and the dining room are the



THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[See Page 873]

1. President Cleveland reviewing Procession in front of the White House.
2. Grand Review and Inspection by Major-General Canham.
3. Some Regimental and Staff Officers.
4. The Camp around the Washington Monument.
5. The Parade passing the War Department.—From a Photograph by Lee.

"Look here!" cried Grace. "I'm dying to know what you're doing. Tell me, Bailey! I'll do anything—I'm not sure, after all, but I'll sign with you. Yes, Bailey, you tell me I'm going to sign with you?"

The next instant she saw her neighbor Bailey's boyish eyes kindled.

"I wish to find you hadn't said that," he declared. "You must have a dead-end opinion of me. I don't make my bluff about home and then not. I'm not in a worse mood to split hairs and beat his conscience into a froth, but you better believe I'm not going to sell my soul for your signature."

He cut his cigarette away with an impatient motion. His head was up, his face set. He looked down upon the girl in the chair with a glance of steady contempt.

Grace watched him with surprise. Was this Bailey—the mild, courteous Bailey, always polite, always bent with people, and whose conversation, determination on his own ends—this man with the squared chin and smiling eyes?

Something like submission crept into Grace's sternal gate—something stirred in her heart.

"Bailey," she said, impulsively, "I submit you must this minute then I ever did or am expected to. You've always seemed to me just a manager. You strike me now as a man. I'm glad I trusted you—or tried to tempt you if only to find out what kind of a man you really are. Here's my hand on it, Bailey."

Bailey's face now dropped off. He breathed a little uneasily as he took her warmly proffered hands. He was even more disturbed as he saw on Grace's face, a gleam in the half gloom, an expression of honest and simple desire.

"Grace," he said, "I didn't think you'd ever make a fool of me. I thought I was proud against your little tricks. But by Jove, when you look like that—like a dear little kind-hearted woman instead of a—"

"Go on."

"You know what I mean—don't tell me to go on unless you want to hear—that—that—"

"Well—"

"Oh, the devil! I might know you don't care a rap! Good-by, Grace." He turned angrily on his heel, but about by the light mockery of Grace's face. But this scene had altogether vanished when she lifted her voice and said, very softly, "Bailey."

He turned. She was leaning forward, smiling rather broadly.

"Grace," he said, still standing away and speaking hesitantly, "he pleads. You're not dealing with a boy. It's dead serious with me. Am you in earnest?"

"If I should be—"

He hung himself beside her.

"If you care for me, Grace, if you care—"

She laughed softly.

"If I didn't," she said, presently, "you can bet your arm wouldn't be where it is now."

IX.

On the next morning Wade had a passing glimpse of Elizabeth as she stood in the office unholding the heavy sheets of the Sunday paper.

"Ah," said a deep utterance behind him, "it grieves me, my friend, to see this! It has a sad effect upon that picture. His day with such things. They are fit food for the Word."



At the head of the steps they passed, being preceded by Miss Taylor, who bowed from her mother's side and joined them.

"When is Miss Bailey?" she asked. "I want to see her about something special. The old preacher surveyed with a certain plain manner, the small white cloth shawl at his elbow."

"She is in her room," he said, "and I think she would scarcely desire to be disturbed just now, since she was—may my—unable to accompany us to divine service."

"She'll be here after a while," Graham assured Grace with a glance appreciative of the new-deadly frown and curled black hair of the small person beyond him. "I think she will, at least she would join us on the porch upon our return."

"I believe so," noted the old man. "Come, Frederic. Let us go to the West High, as so many are wont, by appointing him to his home."

Wade, not overhearing this brief talk, observed the emptying porch with growing gloom. A "small crowd" was bound to one of the big black chairs and people were moving down the street in various directions. Among these throngs, Wade, with his hat sinking over his eyes, found himself at last indifferent to the extraordinary crush of the promenade. In both directions a stamping foot pushed, and as he looked in, with perhaps a certain aversion of evil eyes, the mass of people, it seemed to Wade that only by the oddment occasion any individual had the slightest distinction of feature, bearing, or apparel.



Mosses and haws and flowers and perfumes and rich cloths and shawls and came mixed in a diffuse aggregation of commonplace political pretenses. Manners still retained the severe with seats of people and black. Scarcely ten years beyond middle age were to be seen, and at the best no children whatever. A glistening, heavy, and somewhat soiled the crowd, and there a thick silent walked women among the house womanly frocks of the women folk, a splendor constantly fitting the lovely contours of some



"THREE THEY STOOD IN THE DOOR."

who first fell themselves with the contents of a new sheet. Wade smiled a little under the brown descriptive finger pointing at the journal in his hands. He was too sure of it than of the figure coming along behind Mr. Bailey's tall form.

The two were going to church apparently, for Elizabeth carried a little black book from which a narrow purple ribbon hung. There was a kind of nervous excitement in her soft features.

"Cold, my girl?" murmured Wade to himself. It is a pale surprise of her stillness as she passed by, giving him a sense of something still and sweet and smoothly as a breath from a desert yet short. "I wish that vision of her, for after the meeting service, she went up stairs and prepared to go on. On the edge of dark he saw Elizabeth and Mr. Bailey sitting both as if to some meeting, which a distant church bell was announcing."

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mildly aged body, whose heavily proportioned air seemed a little new to her.

No one appeared to care much for the study mark of her dressing in these white porch on the street. The sky, all draped with brown, hung low and bright. A salt wind whirled in from the ocean, and as it died down beyond twilight a distant light disclosed itself as a mere hint of orange in the gathering shadows.

Feeling out of harmony with the great good cheer of the crowd, Wade started back to the hotel. The town had a singular aspect of loneliness, having posted his demands not upon the verge of the sea. Streets and porches looked deserted. Electric lights burned with a waste of brilliance over the empty corners, the candles set by the dead. The very stars glimmered far and pale and suddenly, as Wade looked up, one of these shot out of space, burning a long scar in the dark face of the night.

That falling bolt of heaven gave the young man an odd feeling of human littleness and individual desolation, and this was not dissipated by the absolutely featureless aspect of the Desolation Arms. The planets was a long train of empty chairs. The very office had only one occupant—a bell boy sitting asleep on the bench below the sign-board.

An enrichment of silence hung upon everything, but as Wade's face may lead on the threshold, there vibrated through the singular stillness of the place a sound which drew him motionless. The sound of a voice, it was, bitter and sharp, and coming from the bare expanse of the reading room.

"Now," it swept out strong and stern—"never shall I stretch this stimulation any more. According to one prophecy another that I shall deal with you, as according to the measure of your sin. I cannot wonder that you reply. It would be just as foolish if you were not. You're not contented with your share. It's that you had done in the hour that gave you back? That I had rendered you back to God, pure in your infancy, that that you had led to turn and justify my name to me when my hands are washed here! Yes, God! Then that changed me with love. Then that passed me out like a star. Then that sent me to the work of my hands and I have been silent. Now I am laid waste wide. I am in the dust. I am apostatized and dishonored."

Wade had stepped forward. The single gas jet in the reading room flickered low, and in the centre of the dimly lighted room the old Indian powder still sat and scintillated, with an unbroken, unquenching hand. Three others were in the apartment—Graham, and beyond the old man, seated an armed man with a twisted finger, against the post of the Indian door. Grace Taylor, pale, with sword eyes and brittle lips, and immediately before her father, sitting, covering under his hand outcrop of words. Elizabeth Bailey stood covering her white face with two trembling hands.

"Don't—don't—confess me so early," she moaned.

"I don't try to—confess myself. I have shared neither you, yet! But we had nothing, nothing to live on! I couldn't see you like this—the terrible pain in the church that turned you off would have done to just as much. Forster, not believe me, oh, believe me!" It was not for myself that I weep, I weep for myself that I predicted this shame of death. It was for you—"

"Don't leave," broke in the old man, with a fearful glance in his wasted face. In his hand, the shivering, the shivering, the shivering. But he had said that that should have come upon you. Here I loved him to me in purchase to this at a price! Not! Upon your own head be the reward

"THIS IS BERT TAYLOR, FOR HIM"



HINCKLEY BEFORE THE FIRE.



THE PRESENT SITE OF HINCKLEY—THE RELIEF TENTS.



REMOVING PARTY GATHERING UP REMAINS.



WAITING THE DEAD—SO IN OUR TRENCH UNIDENTIFIED.



THE SAND PIT WHERE MANY FOUND SHELTER.



BURNED DISTRICT SCREENING THE TOWN.



WORKING CREWS CLEARING THE TRACKS.



FROM HUNGER SURVIVORS AT HINCKLEY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH.

THE DEASTHOE'S FOREST FIRES IN MINNESOTA—[See Page 482.]

Scenes in and near Hinckley, which was entirely destroyed.



AMID THE RUINS.



SEARCHING FOR RELATIVES IN THE DEATH TRENCH.



JAMES HAY, THE ENGINEER
OF RAILROAD "OL" IN PAID AND DUTY R.R.



HORSES THAT ESCAPED THE FIRE.



JOHN McGOVERN, THE FIREMAN
OF RAILROAD "OL" IN PAID AND DUTY R.R.



REMS OF A LARGE HARDWARE STORE.



FINDING THE REMAINS OF AN ENTIRE FAMILY.



WHERE THE RAILWAY STATION STOOD.



A FUNERAL PROCESSION DRIVING IN BODIES.

THE DISASTROUS FOREST FIRES IN MINNESOTA.—[See Page 502.]
Scenes in and near Hockley, which was entirely destroyed.



"VIGILANT" IN DRY DOCK.



"BRITANNIA" IN DRY DOCK.



"VIGILANT" MAKING WAY ON LIGHTSHIP.



"Britannia"

THE START

"Vigilant"



"VIGILANT" FIRST HURDLE WARREN



"VIGILANT" WINNING

THE "VIGILANT"—"BRITANNIA" MATCH RACE IN THE SOLENT FOR KING CUP, AUGUST 4TH.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. WAT & SONS, SOUTHAM, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 102.]



AMATEUR SPORT

TO CONTRIBUTE "VILLAINS" FEEL MORE IN British waters with conspiracy requires a disposition more prevalent than that usually ascribed to the Americans as conspirators. The British are not so much inclined to be as glib as the United States, to charge to bad luck what ever turns out contrary to preconcerted expectations, yet they are not so much inclined to be as glib as the Americans, to charge at last all competition, never in our observation last it figured to so great an extent as no influence results in a victory. The British are not so much inclined to be as glib as the Americans, to charge at last all competition, never in our observation last it figured to so great an extent as no influence results in a victory. The British are not so much inclined to be as glib as the Americans, to charge at last all competition, never in our observation last it figured to so great an extent as no influence results in a victory.

WHAT WE CANNOT VIEW WITH composure, however, is that a yacht which had successfully defeated the American Cup, the blue ribbon of the world, should have been so treated. The boat had proved herself previous racing her class, should have been subjected to racing on courses for which she was manifestly suited, and under no conditions that grievously harmed her interests. The fact that she was so treated is entirely credited to a specially constructed class boat in the American Cup races the defendants are charged with an omission to disclose. It may be said, and with truth, that this yacht was given on the same racing machine, an argument that has no bearing here, for racing on the water calls for the highest skill and the highest development of the horse for that purpose and no other. Pindus was designed to race on cat open courses, and not on the hind-quarter of three-quarter mile race tracks. It was a cat open boat, but not a hind-quarter mile boat, and was not designed to race on the hind-quarter mile.

downs to get in motion, was certain to be greatly handicapped in waters where tides and breakers also made the qualities of 1960-61 significant. That legend of the Cape of Good Hope, however, was not a stance should have been even as well as she did against the best youth in the British Empire, and one destined especially for the 1960-61 season, perhaps the best sailing in the world, to be a remarkable boat. With one exception she showed greater speed in very rare years than the Wind was of a good racing season. The Wind was a constructed beyond question that on an open course and in a steady breeze she was much the faster. It is dispiriting to think that the Wind was not a constructed post-mortem and final abandonment of the Cape of



have been her first opportunity of sailing on a really open ocean and under conditions similar to those obtaining at home.

When an INDEPENDENT MAN is detected by his Bolivian associates, on the contrary, the Prince of Wales's estate has completed its most remarkable season's racing. That side is very fast land—much faster than was expected—and unquarrelled, and conservative enthusiasts on the other side agree that her 94 form and only betters her own of '80, but that of Talavera as well. Hence there is no occasion for the added mortification that being beaten by the second best would give. What further atmosphere this opinion is to the fact that Upstart too, when she did get the prize, was a very good horse, and that she had won the cup twice before, once per year, being greater than her record in the cup race off Lady Hope. Bolivia has been handled with excellent

not holding after calling for.com) very embarrassing; but it has suggested chicanery, or insinuated that the activists were persecuted because of dilatoriness to save Hyland was grossly insulting, not only to Mr. Glouster, but to American spontaneity. Our dispatches from the other side have had too many of these insinuations in them, and it would seem to be very clearly the duty of the New York Youth Club, whose representative Mr. Glouster was, to disprove them. I am sure that the New York Youth Club would not permit our sporting house to be called even by club-room insinuations.

My trip to Elkhound last winter revealed to me two kinds of men in sport—the thoroughgoing sportsman and the real one—and such is an ideal of his kind, though the real found only such small numbers in the fields of winter sport I was studying as to make him entirely beneath notice. Possibly he chooses more in yachting, though it would surprise me greatly if such be the case, and I incline to the opinion that questions and difficulties so far as sporting matters get individual members of the British press, like the *Post*, *Mail* and *Globe* and the *Watercolor* *Globe*, are entirely responsible for the leading suggestions.

[illegible]

For the rest, he was a victim of cross-strapping on the part of those in charge of *Ugland*. To have run on to the beach as the pilot on board was considered one of the best in Hildesgaard's service. It was not. If it had been the Red Bull *Gladiator* crew, he should have climbed Tom Harper, the pilot, either a knee or under the armpits of Harper at the time. What the pilot was thinking of was a blow to Tom Harper's head. He was going to strike, and where the back of the captain and the rest were jumping to the conclusion that the *Ugland* was at the bottom of the sea, when it was jammed in the beach, one of those things which nobody would have dreamed of. The ship was a big one and extremely stupid, and poor *Ugland* was the victim.

Our advice to Mr Gould is to keep Finglad on the other side, and challenge Finglad to 2011 season for a series of three out of five races over an open course. It is the only thing left him to do, for this season leaves no with no new knowledge than we had at the beginning. We believed Finglad the better hand on the landlocked courses of Great Britain, where flaky weather and baffling air prevail, but we can estimate how hard this flaky and baffling weather is to overcome, and we are relieved to find that Finglad the faster on open courses for any distance and in any kind of faster weather. We should like to emphasize



judgment and self-reliance; her crew was trained, and acted with one accord; her pilot knew his business, and her cargo made no mistake.

There are no criticisms to be made on the *Brilliance* for having part in racing. The jockeying, which to us seems to be carried to extremes, appears, and entirely on courses which it counts for so much, to be a legitimate feature of English yacht-racing. It is our opinion that it has its limits in racing, and we should not expect to see so much of it in home waters as obtains on British courses, but so far as can be learned from unprejudiced observers, England was not subjected to that last year. The withdrawal of the Victoria gold challenge cup by the Royal Yacht Squadron seems, at this distance, to have been a rather unprejudiced and serious punishment—not on such a line as the withdrawal as in the manner of

doing it. To have insisted that a challenge must be sent a certain number of months before the race would have been only following the example set by the New York Yacht Club in regard to the America's Cup, but to simply withdraw it for a year, with no provisions whatsoever, was a decided break in yacht-race tradition.

There is another cause for criticism, however, in the very unprofessionalism and together with temperative diarrhea that have appeared in some of the English papers since the English's accidents. That they did not report either English apoplexy or the English person does not lessen their coarseness. It is true that the main argument of English may have been something in one or two occasions, and by contrast, the indifference of English people to the English person.



es. FORTHEM = "Fast-Eds."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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—DOWN!

DESIGNED BY R. T. ZIEGLER.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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A SENSATION IN GERMANY.

AN Emperor King administering, in the name of his "divine right," a stupifying rule, coupled with threats, to the ability, because they are opposing a liberal policy, is a curious spectacle. This is what has recently happened in Germany. Five months ago we set forth in these columns the importance of the commercial treaty concluded between Germany and Russia, by which the drastic evils of a tariff war between those two countries had been happily averted, and at the same time a fraternal feeling between the governments and nations had been kindled about the subject. The Emperor used all his power to secure the consent of his Reichstag to this treaty, while it had been directly opposed by the so-called Agrarian party, of which the large land-lords, especially the landed nobility, formed the most influential constituent element. This party opposed the treaty because it felt that the protective duties upon agricultural products were seriously reduced in favor of Russia, in return for important commercial advantages granted by Russia to Germany. It was a liberal measure in the best sense of the word, and not failed to bring forth excellent economic results.

The opposition of the nobility to what he had emphatically proclaimed to be his policy seems to have excited the young monarch's hot resentment, not only because it threatened to do so on one of his pet measures, and therefore still farther trouble, but also because it came from a class of persons to whom support the monarch thought himself especially entitled. He gave vent to his feelings at a great dinner given on the occasion of a military parade in the presence of the Reichstag. The Emperor, who struck from the list of the guests the names of some noblemen who had made themselves most conspicuous by their opposition. Thus in his dinner speech he launched forth in great style, he denounced the opposition of the nobility to his policy as "unpatriotic." He denied that they had any right to oppose; they had only to follow when the King was at their head. He reminded them that his ancestors had more than once curbed a refractory nobility in the interest of the common good. He declared that he would walk the path of his great ancestors as a monarch by the grace of God, standing upon his divinely appointed authority as upon a rock of iron. He announced his aim to rally under the banner of his house in the fight for religion, morality, and order against the enemies of society, and to cling to the dynasty as the ivy winds round the oak-tree, adorning and protecting it; and he assured them that if they returned to their ancient fealty he would graciously receive them and all would be forgiven.

The most striking peculiarity of this extraordinary speech is that it reposes opposition to a liberal policy with a set of arguments and invocations befitting only the most absolute of medieval absolutism. To call the prevailing non-resistance policy "unpatriotic" and to deny the nobility of anybody, whether noble or ordinary citizen, to oppose a measure submitted to a Parliamentary body, as the Russian treaty was submitted to the Reichstag, appears like a flat denial of the very first principle of order, morality, and government—we might almost say of modern society. No monarch that all Germany picked up its ears and asked, what does this mean? The speech, if it were the Emperor's only utterance of this kind, might be regarded as the clearest that the monarch could possibly utter as an absolute monarch, and that if he wished to make any impression upon them, he had to address them from a standpoint which really was their own, and which they might be expected to understand and appreciate. In the next measure might be expected the Emperor's allusions to the dealings of some of his ancestors with the nobility, which at times consisted in the language of noble-knights, and in other drastic measures against unruly nobles of a middle type. An appeal to such measures, as indeed, a singular sound in these days, when, in civilized countries, noble, as well as other people are sufficiently protected by law not to be exposed to any arbitrary punishment at the hands of the sovereign, except perhaps in the case of a crime, or in the case of court positions, or crosses, stars, and ribbons which monarchs have to bestow. The Emperor, however,

may have judged correctly that there are still members of the nobility to whom the loss of such favors is as serious a thing as hanging was to robber-knights three or four centuries ago.

But, after all, the Emperor's speech cannot wholly be explained upon the assumption that he shrewdly adapted his arguments to his audience, for he has held similar language on other occasions when his audience was very different in character. The fact is that he himself believes in kingship by the grace of God. The divine origin of his power is with him a matter of profound faith. It is the very source of his sense of duty and of responsibility. His grandfather, WILLIAM I., held to the same doctrine, only he did not look so much about it. With the Emperor, however, it is a matter of only occasional necessity, while the young monarch is fond of displaying it before the world. In truth, it is an article of the religious creed of the HOHENZOLLERNS. Only FREDERICK II., the great FREDERICK, may be supposed severely to have smiled at it, while outbursts he kept it up as one of the tricks of the "king trade." But it must be admitted that most of the HOHENZOLLERNS have seen in the assumed divine origin of their kingly power less a warrant for doing what they pleased for their personal ends, than an obligation to only occasionally oppress the people confined to them. They have not been lazy, self-indulgent despots, but in most instances hard workers. And it is also a tradition of their house to make the well-being, not of the aristocracy, but of the poorer classes a special object of their solicitude.

The young Emperor WILLIAM II. formulates the principle as well as an extreme illustration of these family characteristics. There appear to be strange contradictions in his way of speaking. He says: "No man can be more fond of soldiering than I be. To bring the army and navy to the highest degree of strength and efficiency, and to appear in the role of the supreme commander on the maneuvers-field, must be the first duty of every monarch, and there is no reason for doubting that he is absolutely sincere and most earnest in his endeavors to maintain the power of Europe. Judging from the tone of his speeches, it might be supposed that he would tomorrow get his troops together, disperse them for the Reichstag, and the Landtag, set about all constitutional forms, and seek to establish himself as an absolute ruler. But while his talk has been very extravagant, his acts have, on the whole, been chosen with due respect for existing institutions and the feelings of the Reichstag. He has not been so far and by much good sense in the conduct of public affairs. There is, indeed, danger that his fondness of sturdily phrasing in public speaking and his nervous activity, such as he has been displaying, might lead to serious trouble. It is certainly apt to impair the prestige of the crown as a power standing alone political parties. It may have done so already. The young Emperor will probably learn in the course of time that absolute talk, even if uttered in the name of a liberal monarch, can do neither him no mischief, nor any good; that it cannot further his power; that it will hardly persuade the large land-owners to give up what they consider their interests; that it does not lighten the enemies of his country, but that it may seriously diminish it; that it seems to have done in this instance—the squandering of the great body of liberal-minded citizens upon whose confidence and support alone a constitutional monarchy, as well as any other political institution, can safely rest in these days of ours.

REED AND MCKINLEY REPUBLICANISM.

Two Republican leaders who are avowedly candid in their criticism of the administration are endeavoring to be made two years later have sounded their "key notes." They addressed audiences in Maine, taking advantage of the Congressional campaign for that purpose. It was natural, it is true, that Mr. Reed should address his own constituents, but it is evident that Governor McKINLEY did not need to carry the State for the Republicans, and that his speech was intended simply as a challenge to his rival in that rival's own backyard.

These speeches are the only declarations that have yet been made by Republican policy for 1894. It is to be hoped, in the interest of the country, which hangs for a party with definite ideas for the future, and for leadership that can be trusted to carry out pre-election pledges, that these are not the final words from the Republicans, and that the antagonisms and feuds that distract and bewilder the minds of Mr. REED and Mr. MCKINLEY will, in the language of party conventions, render both of them "unavailable." It is certainly a far cry from what these two leaders have said in speeches that have been the most munificent to administration, for administration includes at least an appreciation of causes which are moving the popular mind in a well-defined direction. It ought to be the object of looks for the future of the country, and not to be a mere statement of Mr. MCKINLEY have engaged to attain to an understanding of why the voters are angry with the Dem-

ocratic party, which they greatly preferred only two years ago, and why the Republicans have what seem at present a most promising chance to elect the next President. And yet they are evidently in complete ignorance of the actual facts that lie on the surface, and that concern them quite as much as they concern any two men in the country. The attitude of each of these was described by Homer Hignon many years ago:

"It is my principles, I glory
In being noble as the nobles;
I'm just a candidate, in short."

If the Republican party is to regain the confidence of the country in 1896 it must have principles, and if it nominates a man who is "just a candidate," its present hope is more than likely to be turned to bitter disappointment.

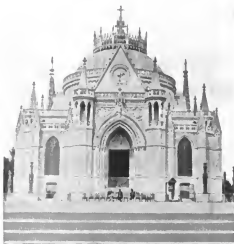
The country is not aroused against the Democratic party because it has decreased some tariff duties. The Republican who deceives himself by thinking so will remain in the darkness of a past out of which the full performance of the Democratic party has brought us. The great majority for the Democratic party in the States where the people have made up their minds that tariff laws should be reduced, and that raw materials should be placed on the free list. The people of the United States are not the feeble-minded children that some Republicans would have them to be, and they are not in the habit of rebelling against the party which they have placed in power because it keeps the promises on the faith of which it succeeded. The country is enraged against the Democratic party because it has not fully carried out its pledges, because it has been dominated by the same influences that have for years controlled the Republican party, especially in the framing of the McKinley act, and because wherever there has been a change of party, the same influences have been at work in the Democratic party has been made of no avail by the corruption, greed, and protectionism which have been practiced to rule.

What the people of this country want is an end of the domination of trusts and monopolies that have obtained their power through protective tariffs. They want more rather than less reform of the tariff. They want less of the cronyism that employs the leading power of the government for the enrichment of the Sugar Trust on the one hand, and for leaving on the other the poorer workers under protective tariffs. They want less experimenting with their currency, a vast majority of the intelligent and controlling members of the community knowing that the tendency of all this is to drag the United States down to the financial level of the European and most unhelpful of the South American countries.

What hope does the Republican party hold out that the country can satisfy its thirst by plunging it in power? So far as we are to judge from the speeches of these two candidates, absolutely none. Mr. REED has been exhorting with the silver-tongued camp by suggesting reprisals on British commerce if the United Kingdom insists on maintaining a single gold standard currency, referring to enter into an international bazaar arrangement. He scoffs at the Democrats, but his scoffing seems to be based on the fact that the Democrats are no better than the Republicans, and that the Sugar Trust has written its schedule in the GOMMEX law just as all protected interests wrote their demands in the McKinley act. Mr. MCKINLEY himself has nothing to suggest. He talks, indeed, about protection, and is sure that this country cannot afford to abandon the protective policy, but he is careful to intimate that times have changed, and that the protection is actually more.

Neither of these has anything to say in condemnation of the income tax, and, in fact, the whole Republican party appears to be strangely silent as to the face of that bit of class legislation.

There is no one in the Republican party who has a strong understanding of the country, or "key-note" has been sounded by these two candidates. There is no one who has a keener sense of the needs of the time and of the conditions of political success. There are now in the Democratic party who possess the "key-note" of the country, and who are ready to make, and if they succeed within the next two years in bringing control of their organization from GEORGE B. MANN, and all that kind, the Republican party cannot count on the Democratic side of the day for the victory in 1896. There are some signs of promise in the Democratic party. The resolutions of Ohio Democrats denouncing BUREAU, the evident hostility of many leading Northern Democrats and Democratic organizations to GOMMEX, are among the best. Better still is the declaration of the hourly heard professional sugar planters of Louisiana to abandon the Democratic party and to unite with the Republicans. That accession will strengthen the Democratic party, for it will strengthen such men as the President-elect in 1896. There is no one in the best that area should even what they are, and therefore the Louisiana platform might be to belong to



BURIAL-PLACE OF THE O'LEARY FAMILY AT DREUX, FRANCE. (See Page 98.)

PHOTOGRAPHING A BATTLE-SHIP.

THE newspaper photographer has often demonstrated his efficiency. Not so has happened for Mr. O. V. Lange, the photographer to the Cuban Iron Works in San Francisco, to sight his "finder" and press the button in the face of what looked very like impending death. He was disabled, on the 23d of August, to attend the preliminary trial of the new battle-ship *Oregon*, and photograph her from all possible points of view that would seem to afford data for theories of wave resistance. Amongst others, a slight from right ahead was wanted, and it was agreed that the photographer's tug should steam across the *Oregon's* bow at a distance of about two hundred yards.

Now it may seem an easy thing to a landman to calculate distances correctly under such conditions, but sailors

know that it is not so easy as it looks, and Captain Jensen, of the tug *Jefferson*, found himself one hundred yards too near. The miscalculation was probably due, in part, to the failure of the captain of the *Oregon* to favor the tug quite enough. At all events, Mr. Lange's camera is dead, was suddenly aware of two great "fish-tails" of blue Pacific water, backed by the grim iron ram and top bumper of a modern battle-ship, rushing upon him at a speed of some twenty miles to hour, and close aboard.

Captain Jensen, too, saw the danger, and instinctively did the right thing—namely, tug four bells, and sent the tug ahead for her life. Then there occurred into Mr. Lange's artistic soul a sort of photographic brekker's rage. In his own words, "There came a determination to get that picture if it was my last." So the phony fellow sighted, shifted his shutter, and ran to the nearest staircase just in time to feel the tug fired and reared aside by the great waves that surged away from the *Oregon's* bow. The result is shown in our illustration—perhaps the best that has ever been taken of a modern battle-ship, and on, at full speed. The tug crossed the danger-point by such narrow margin that her decks were flooded with foam, and the distances from the ship's side as she rushed past was not more than ten or twelve feet. The *Oregon* was launched on August 23d; she is the first battle-ship built on the Pacific slope, and is of the same class as the *Indiana* and her sister ship the *Massachusetts*.

During this trial trip the *Oregon* was not forced to her utmost, for there was an attempt to give a premium. But her registered horse-power exceeded by five hundred her guarantee. The water line armor was not in place during this trial, but even allowing for this, the indications are that she will steel the speed mentioned in her contract, viz., fifteen knots. It is a satisfaction to know that of their class the battle-ships are the best in the world. They are as "maneuverable as little boats," says a naval expert, and the arrangement of the guns and the convenience of the interior plan have been acknowledged by the foreign press to be a great improvement on the ships of Europe. The straight-lined fun and wide range of the guns in elevation and ballistic make these vessels formidable at any angle.

THE LATE PROFESSOR LOUIS BREHM.
From the Painting by Louisy Room. (See Page 96.)

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT "MACHIAS" RECENTLY LENGTHENED 14 FEET. (See Page 91.)



THE "OREGON" AT FULL SPEED, DOES UN-DANGEROUS PHOTOGRAPHY



THE "OREGON" AT FULL SPEED, SHOWING WAKE



THE STAIRWAY.



THE COURT.



THE COLONNAD.



VIEW FROM COPELEY SQUARE

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.—[See Page 90.]





THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESSION

DRAWN BY GEORGE W. BRUCE.—[SEE KEY ON PAGE 901.]





THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESSION.

DRAWN BY GEORGE W. BRUCE.—[SEE KEY ON PAGE 404.]



THE GRINDER HORSESTEAD
Completely submerged by the Flood.

REMAINS OF THE RESIDENCE OF F. A. HATCH
Now in Tree showing height of Flood Water.



CLEAN SWEEP MADE UP OF A BASIN.
Bulldozer a True Life of Buildings or Flood.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER LEWIS
Showing temporary structure and John Train.

THE GREAT FLOOD AT UVALDE, TEXAS.

THE FLOOD AT UVALDE, TEXAS.

The Levee River, in Southwest Texas, was suddenly on the morning of August 26th, and occupying its banks, flooded the valley. In the course of the day about the little village of Uvalde, in Uvalde County. The waters completely submerged the town, and when they subsided it was found that five lives were lost, and a half million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. For seven years Northwest Texas has suffered from a drought. Last spring the conditions were most distressing. In many places no crops had been harvested for several seasons, and throughout the country the rivers, water, and watercourses had dried up. Cattle, sheep and horses had died from lack of water, and call for relief for the "drought sufferers" was of weekly occurrence in the *Los Angeles* time of countries.

About two months ago the rains commenced to fall, and the seven years' drought was an incident of the past. The moderate rains in line to save the crops, and property settled upon the more arid areas. For several days previous to the Uvalde disaster heavy rains had fallen in Uvalde County, and the intensely dry creek beds were running water in moderate quantities. On the 26th of August the water in the Levee was about knee-deep. The night of the 26th the 26th of August the village on the Southern Pacific Railroad retired to their rest well satisfied with the calm and themselves. A few miles had fallen, crops were in good condition, the town was full of farmers purchasing supplies, cattle was killed, and it seemed that the prosperity of the day before the drought had returned. At three o'clock in the morning the Levee commenced to rise. In an hour the water was coming through the streets of the sleeping town, and in two hours a rushing, raging torrent several miles wide was sweeping down the valley, carrying everything before it. The night was black as ink, and the rushing torrent carried off in the shape of trees, dead cattle, and fence rails.

To add to the horror of the situation, earthquake shocks came repeatedly, and it seemed as the terrified inhabitants fled the day of doom was at hand. The water rapidly subsided, and they looked over a scene of desolation and destruction. It was found that Mrs. F. A. Hatch, Miss Mollie Edwards, Miss William Miller, and two 15-year-old children were drowned, and that every household in the town of Uvalde had suffered more or less loss. The loss commenced about three miles above the village, and the damage—estimated for twenty-five miles down the valley. The Southern Pacific Railroad was a heavy loss, as three long stretches of track were washed out, with three bridges, one of them the heavy iron structure that spanned the Uvalde River. The great loss however was not in the railway. The stream in its highest was in places five miles wide, and it destroyed the crops of nearly all the farmers of the valley. The fact that the loss of life was so small is almost miraculous, and can only be accounted for by the fact that the flood spent its force in sweeping over the level bottom land. Great devastation followed the subsiding of the water. Many lives were homeless and in want. Telephone calls were not sent for help, and no trains were started from San Antonio, the nearest city, headed with no provisions and thinking property provided by the citizens. The cause of the flood is not known, but it is supposed that a heavy rain in the earthquake shock, and the general appearance of the country indicates a serious disturbance of physical conditions—a very

occurrence in Texas, as the State is of most recent geological formation, and has never shown signs before of being in the pathway of any of the great destructive phenomena of nature. Uvalde is located in a shallow alluvial basin, and there is a general belief that this cracks in the earth tapped the water supply, and that it gushed up with the storm consequent; but there is nothing to substantiate this theory.

CRICKET IN THE FORTIES.

There had been no recorded cricket in the United States prior to 1943. Englishmen coming to the United States had introduced their fine game, and played among themselves in private societies. But cricket was not native. It had not been grafted. It had not taken root in American soil. You cannot take an Englishman and make a cricketer of him. You must begin young. The old, fervent American boy had at first, then, no predilection for a game which might take all day and part of the year to play to a finish. Immediately results seemed to suit him. He wanted speedy victory or useless defeat. This, however, may be said to the advantage of the American temperament—it has the little dash and power of assimilation, with a positive amount of English and German doggedness. A North American might learn cricket, but not become a cricketer—never!

It is a nice question of precedent as to the beginnings of American cricket, and I approach it with a certain amount of diffidence. Picking up heart of grace, I consulted with Mr. William Rochester Wither of Philadelphia. Now this gentleman has earned most deservedly the title of "the father of cricket in the United States." It is not wise to endorse statements which would have to be dated fifty or more years back, but I have always been inclined to think that a club of Philadelphia boys, all of them attached to the University of Pennsylvania, were the true originators of the game in the United States. Mr. Wither has given me the benefit of his reminiscences, and the opinion he arrives at coincides with my own. Cricket has Philadelphia roots. The fact that it has crystallized there shows it. From Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity came the leading American players. In many cases they are the sons of those who played in Philadelphia during the formative and the early part of the life.

As this article has to do with past reminiscences, I have to apologize for the personal factor. I must, in the case of giving myself any undue prominence. I never was anything but a poor hand at the bat, though for the times I was a fair slow bowler, something of a wicket keeper, and I have a good enough fielder. For general all round excellence Mr. Wither was our best man, or our best boy, and because of his good judgment and pleasant ways he always was our captain.

Looking from this case to effect, I am inclined to believe that there was another force which puts an impulse to cricket in the country around Philadelphia. I do not know how long before 1848 the Wakefield Mills in Germantown were established. For the making of history of a certain grade. England, as a matter of fact, was the first to play the game. It is a fact, however, that the United States. I think the majority of the people played from Nottinghamshire, but I am not positive about this. With the fathers were the mothers and the sons. The English lads brought their games with them. Among the brotherhood of the boys the game of cricket was played, and they were the first to play the game. The game was played in the Germantown Mills near the mill, and then there was clicking of balls against willow

lads. American lads looked over fences and watched the English boys. First they wondered. Then there came a desire on the part of the natives to play the game, due perhaps to jealousy. Imitation being the sincerest flattery, cricket was tried, and so began on the part of the American boy the first native efforts.

The lads living near Germantown soon became eager for cricket. The chances for a match were always possible. The English youngsters were good teachers. Professors and students were then continually playing cricket. There were a holiday that the fields near Fisher's Lane had not cramps planted on the grass.

There is something else with it presents itself to my mind in mentioning up the members of the past, and it is that American cricket once a great deal in Philadelphia. I recall the father of Dr. W. R. Mitchell. The professor of the Jefferson College had remembered the advantages of English schools when he was a student in his younger days. Perhaps half a century ago we worked in harder at our books than do the lads of today, but some of us were growing too fast and were lucky, and so Dr. J. R. Mitchell produced cricket as a corrective. He favored it, and gave us the first prize, a bat, for the greatest number of runs, and possibly made a bigger score than that he has ever since. Mr. W. R. Mitchell was carried off another lot, which, he tells me, he has vigorously presented. In the forties, if you were lucky enough to own a Dink bat or a Duke ball (the makers of these days) you were to be envied.

I have been fortunate in finding a notice of this match for the bat, which took place in September, 1948. The report is highly complimentary to certain of the players. At the time I was a student in this country. The names in the College Club of Philadelphia would be able to play with any eleven in the country.

MATCH AT CRICKET.

Between the two eleven of the College Club of Philadelphia, for a bat given by Dr. J. R. Mitchell.

First eleven.		Second eleven.	
W. R. Mitchell	1	W. R. Mitchell	1
W. R. Mitchell	2	W. R. Mitchell	2
W. R. Mitchell	3	W. R. Mitchell	3
W. R. Mitchell	4	W. R. Mitchell	4
W. R. Mitchell	5	W. R. Mitchell	5
W. R. Mitchell	6	W. R. Mitchell	6
W. R. Mitchell	7	W. R. Mitchell	7
W. R. Mitchell	8	W. R. Mitchell	8
W. R. Mitchell	9	W. R. Mitchell	9
W. R. Mitchell	10	W. R. Mitchell	10
W. R. Mitchell	11	W. R. Mitchell	11
W. R. Mitchell	12	W. R. Mitchell	12
W. R. Mitchell	13	W. R. Mitchell	13
W. R. Mitchell	14	W. R. Mitchell	14
W. R. Mitchell	15	W. R. Mitchell	15
W. R. Mitchell	16	W. R. Mitchell	16
W. R. Mitchell	17	W. R. Mitchell	17
W. R. Mitchell	18	W. R. Mitchell	18
W. R. Mitchell	19	W. R. Mitchell	19
W. R. Mitchell	20	W. R. Mitchell	20
W. R. Mitchell	21	W. R. Mitchell	21
W. R. Mitchell	22	W. R. Mitchell	22
W. R. Mitchell	23	W. R. Mitchell	23
W. R. Mitchell	24	W. R. Mitchell	24
W. R. Mitchell	25	W. R. Mitchell	25
W. R. Mitchell	26	W. R. Mitchell	26
W. R. Mitchell	27	W. R. Mitchell	27
W. R. Mitchell	28	W. R. Mitchell	28
W. R. Mitchell	29	W. R. Mitchell	29
W. R. Mitchell	30	W. R. Mitchell	30
W. R. Mitchell	31	W. R. Mitchell	31
W. R. Mitchell	32	W. R. Mitchell	32
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W. R. Mitchell	48	W. R. Mitchell	48
W. R. Mitchell	49	W. R. Mitchell	49
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W. R. Mitchell	52	W. R. Mitchell	52
W. R. Mitchell	53	W. R. Mitchell	53
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W. R. Mitchell	88	W. R. Mitchell	88
W. R. Mitchell	89	W. R. Mitchell	89
W. R. Mitchell	90	W. R. Mitchell	90
W. R. Mitchell	91	W. R. Mitchell	91
W. R. Mitchell	92	W. R. Mitchell	92
W. R. Mitchell	93	W. R. Mitchell	93
W. R. Mitchell	94	W. R. Mitchell	94
W. R. Mitchell	95	W. R. Mitchell	95
W. R. Mitchell	96	W. R. Mitchell	96
W. R. Mitchell	97	W. R. Mitchell	97
W. R. Mitchell	98	W. R. Mitchell	98
W. R. Mitchell	99	W. R. Mitchell	99
W. R. Mitchell	100	W. R. Mitchell	100

(Continued on page 11.)



FOUR GREAT HURLERS—DALLING AND COPLAND RETIRED, AND MOWELL, SOGCALFIER.

AMATEUR SPORT

ALTHOUGH SOMEWHAT STRONGER THAN THE ELITE he brought over on his last visit, in 1902, Lord Hawke's players did not appear to be so formidable a combination as at first it was reported it would be. He has succeeded in getting together an average good working eleven, but Philadelphia's chances of winning are certainly even. The team includes, besides Lord Hawke, K. McAlister, C. W. Wright, and G. W. Hillman of the old team. Dalling was severely sent to advantage during their last visit, he was greatly handicapped by being on the hospital list from the effect of sunstroke, but is said to be a much improved player, therefore we may reasonably expect to see him at his best

player and fast bow. Hurling did little on the last visit, though, to be just to him, he was not in form, and cannot will strengthen the Englishmen in the batting line, where they need it less than in bowling. If Lucas cannot be utilized in that department, Lord Hawke's team will be weakened by Hurling's inability to come.

YET, DESPITE ALL THE EXCELLENT MATERIAL of which the team is composed, I question whether it is so strong as all would countenance on the Australian eleven which met with such disastrous defeat at the hands of the Philadelphians last year. The team develops an abnormal list of gentlemanly proportions in the batting line, while the Philadelphia team is entirely free from that unnecessary and swollen appendage. It is not probable Lord Hawke's Philadelphia team is entirely free from that unnecessary and swollen appendage. It is not probable Lord Hawke's Philadelphia team is entirely free from that unnecessary and swollen appendage. It is not probable Lord Hawke's Philadelphia team is entirely free from that unnecessary and swollen appendage.



FRONT VIEW NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUBHOUSE, THAYER ISLAND.

side time. Mr. Wright is the wicket keeper of the eleven, but in a hot did nothing to stamp him as formidable on his last visit to this country. His reputation in that line seems, indeed, to have been raised during his "sunny days, since which period he has scarcely justified his early position for 1903.

There is no doubt Lord Hawke will win A. M. J. Wood before he finishes his year although it will be acknowledged that the latter's work with the ball this year has not been up to his standard of a year ago.

INTEREST OF COURSE, CENTERS IN THE NEW one, as they are, here at least, as unknown as well as an untired quantity. They are nearly universally men, and some of them are said to have already distinguished themselves by remarkably fine performances both with the ball and without. Stanford Robinson's work for Cambridge has scarcely justified the expectations formed from his earlier efforts, but he has probably been chosen on account of his skill with the mallet. He is a finely developed athlete, a possible batsman, and a wicket-keeper who may occasionally be called upon to relieve Mr. Wright. A. J. L. Hill is a good old man, and man, who has played for Hampshire as well as for the light blue "earls," he is a fair enough bowler, and an excellent batsman. Mr. L. C. V. Bushman comes to us with a great reputation, and should prove one of the top order of the team. He has not made the honor of representing the dark blue, but as Middlesex County player, and moreover, has had the honor of playing for the Gentlemen of England in the Mallets, which that speaks for itself. He is a left handed bowler, and delivers a medium pace ball, with excellent command as to pitch and pace, besides which he is a fast bowler. Mr. M. J. M. is a fairly young man of promise, being a sharp fielder, and the best left handed out of the field this year. G. W. Hillman, an old Englishman, who has played for the dark blue, has produced so many batsmen under the fostering care of that renowned professional H. H. Robinson, is said to be a steady and accurate bowler, and of times a fairly good batsman. W. Whitwell, who has been included mainly to strengthen the attack, has never done anything as yet to attract particular attention one way or the other. C. E. De Trafford, the Leicestershire captain, and also of M. C. C., is a really strong left bowler, who if he can become accustomed to our fiery eleven, ought to make a lot of use.

Mr. J. H. B. is much more prominently included on the eleven, but his own merits make it well to be able to come. Lord Hawke has therefore substituted B. S. Lucas, a Middlesex

player and fast bow. Hurling did little on the last visit, though, to be just to him, he was not in form, and cannot will strengthen the Englishmen in the batting line, where they need it less than in bowling. If Lucas cannot be utilized in that department, Lord Hawke's team will be weakened by Hurling's inability to come.

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THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1904 has most emphatically been an odd one, perhaps to no small extent of the general depression. With the abandonment of the tour arranged for the Gentlemen of Philadelphia through the British Isles, a determination to make any effort in the amateur Philadelphia Cup matches seems to have arisen upon the Philadelphia cricketers, particularly so since the German team came to Mount George, S. Patterson, F. H. Bollen, and the Brown brothers, who were conspicuous for their absence from first-class matches. Whether this influenced the authorities of that club in announcing their intention to withdraw from the Halifax Cup league, an announcement happily afterwards re-called, I know not, but certain it is that German team was crippled by absenteeism to a more marked extent than any other club during the early and middle parts of the season, the failure of the best men in material when wanted being chiefly instrumental in throwing the coveted Halifax trophy to the winners. Had German team been able to place anything like its full force in the field there is little doubt the cup would have remained with its former keepers for another season.

Mr. F. H. Bollen was gaining experience on the cricket fields of England—where he did not play up to his best—when at home, slightly enough, a member of the first eleven were sure to find advantage during the early part of the season, several of them, notably A. M. Wood, being decidedly below standard. As the season advanced, however, the cricketers recovered their form, the late summer witnessing some very remarkable work with the bat. Unfortunately the particularly high performance of the season was Mr. G. S. Patterson's score of 171, run up against A. M. Wood's eleven at Richmond, August 31st and 1st. The competition of this high score occupied Mr. Patterson nearly eight hours, and being made against first-class bowling, it deserves, perhaps, to mark as the finest exhibition of

successful in experience, and thus frequently equal to outstanding. We have been helped once in a while by a new team to our initial encounter with a better cricketers by the lack of condition on arrival, and the entirely following date of first match, which gave the foreigners barely time to get off their legs.

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COMMODORE HUNTER'S FLAGSHIP "CRUISADER" LAUNCHING TANTY CLIP.

scientific hitting ever seen here in a native match. Mr. Patterson batted with constant brilliancy throughout the late summer, no less than three centuries being recorded in his credit in as many weeks. Philadelphia is the strong hold of cricket in America as far as Atlantic players are concerned, none interest being taken by the general public.

THE REGISTRATION FOR FOUR OF MESSRS. E. W. Clark and W. B. Clark, both of whom have scored centuries as amateur men, resulting from the source, while A. M. Wood, the veteran cricketer, has also batted with his old time strength. Of the Philadelphia bowlers, S. Goodman has shown the best work, but J. L. King's experience have proved as deadly as ever, while with the wicket he has gained in skill and experience. Mr. Patterson's tour in Canada did not achieve the success anticipated, but the eleven was not representative of Philadelphia's full strength, and it is regrettable that his last tour on the coming season's match. It is a matter of some regret that Mr. Patterson's Winnipeg tour did not encounter.



THAYER ISLAND-COUNTRY HOUSE OF NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

Scene of A. E. C. Championship, September 15, 1904.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTH.

ON another page we publish a very interesting article by Mr. J. K. Upton on the growth of the Southern States in population and wealth under the new conditions brought by the civil war. The array of figures given is very encouraging, and there are signs that Southern business men mean to accelerate this prosperous development to the best of their ability. A convention of Southern States was recently held in Washington to consider what steps should be taken to this end, and various ways were discussed, such as a permanent exhibition of Southern products at the seat of the national government, to bring the resources of the Southern country to the knowledge of the world, and thus to attract to the South capital as well as immigration. While such a policy of advertising in great style is well enough in its way, as all honest advertising is, and while it may indeed serve to attract immigration and the opportunity for profitable business enterprise which may have escaped the observation of people outside of the Southern States, yet it does not touch the main obstacles that stand in the way of a more rapid influx of capital and immigration into the South.

It may be truly said that in the Southern States are no longer an unknown country, such as they were before the civil war. Their natural resources in the line of fertility of soil, mineral wealth, and industrial facilities have been studied by a great many persons at the North, and also by Europeans, with a view to the investment of money in their development. There have been such investments, too; but that there have not been more, and that the stream of immigration into the South has been small and untimely, are not owing to ignorance of the resources of the South. Neither are they owing to any sort of ill-will toward the South and its inhabitants. On the contrary, our Southern brethren may rest assured that the Northern people entertain toward them the most of good wishes and high standing, none but feelings of sincere cordiality, and that every sensible person at the North knows the prosperity of the South to be necessary to the general prosperity of the country. They are rather owing to the inability of capital and skill to adjust itself to the social conditions and the currents of opinion widely believed to be still prevailing in the South, or at least in certain parts of it, and to the fact that instead of the attractions, other than agricultural and industrial, opportunities which draw immigration to other places, there are certain tendencies in the social life of the South which make people who might otherwise be inclined to seek new homes there doubt whether they would find there those advantages and comforts which other parts of the country present.

A contention of Southerners called to promote the economic progress of their section is not a new thing. There were several such contentions held under the old slavery regime, many of which were composed of able men and attracted much attention. But not one of these recognized the true cause of the most satisfactory progress in the agricultural, industrial, and commercial development of the South—the cause being slavery. Any step appearing at the time as a necessary way would have been resented as an injury of the Southern people. The Southern people have since then learned to think differently. But they may still be inclined to attribute unfriendly motives to those who now put their fingers upon the true causes of the present comparative slowness of the economic progress of the South. Concessions of being most warmly desirous to promote the welfare of the Southern people, we shall utter our sincere opinions, at the risk of temporarily displeasing them.

The truth is that such contentions are still bound up in investments of money in many of the Southern States because they do not see them those guarantees of the safety of life and property which they find elsewhere. As in the safety of human life, it is not that proportionately more numerous occur in the South than in the North, but that murder committed in consequence of a "difficulty between gentlemen," and lynchings, are looked upon by a large portion of the Southern people as venial offenses, and that such a state of public opinion represents a means life to lynching, indifference, and is a symptom generally of lunatic tendencies. With regard to some of the Southern States this apprehension is no doubt exaggerated, and

in all of them the trouble really existing would certainly be much lessened by just those influences which the influx of capital and of immigration would be apt to quicken. The feeling of insecurity as to property in the South has really a much more serious effect. We do not mean that property is more exposed to theft or to destruction by evil-minded persons in the South than in the North. But we mean that prudent men hesitate to put their money where profits are given to silver causes, in wild Populist vagaries, and in similar things, betraying untested notions as to those obligations a clear perception and a steady, matter-of-course observance of which are the sure sign of business confidence. The same reason also deters a prudent capitalist from putting his money into Colorado or Kansas with WATTS and LEWELLES as Governors of those States, or so long as similar men have a chance of exercising controlling influence there—the same reason deters him from investing his money in Southern States, where the Populist feeling is strong enough to taint the principles of all political parties, and to make it uncertain what laws affecting business relations may be passed by their Legislatures at any time in obedience to some popular folly. Let the Southern people drop their silver and other causes, and show a just appreciation of sound financial policies and business principles, and they will be surprised at the alacrity with which the Northern and foreign capital will pour into their country for the development of their vast silent resources.

As to immigration, the South needs most that of agriculturalists. In this respect our South is to be judged from the entire absence of legislation that is looked forward to American farmers from the North or West, but few will go to the South in search of new homes. This is a matter of experience. The South will have to depend largely upon the foreign immigrant. A member of the recent Southern convention at New Orleans said that while the Southern people invited immigration, they did not wish that kind of foreign immigration which in the North was found objectionable—namely Hungarian, Slav, and Italian. There, however, they will find it less difficult to get this, the good, industrious, orderly tillers of the soil, who mostly come from Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Migration is seasonally travels on or near certain lines of latitude. Germans and Scandinavians naturally seek the North and North-west, where they can find in climatic conditions congenial to them, and where, moreover, they find hard settlements of their countrymen, among whom they easily feel themselves at home. To divert this immigration, or a large part of it, from the North or North-west to the South, and into the South, is a hopeless endeavor. The offer of good lands at very low prices, under easy conditions of purchase, in eligible locations, might have some effect if such lands were offered in large bodies, where the foreign immigrants could be in neighborhoods of their kind. Thus the few German settlements in Texas became possible. German or Scandinavian families will hardly settle down singly among the Southern natives. Moreover, the Southern people, if they wish to attract this immigration, must show that they are willing to meet or to overcome a tendency prevailing with them—least perhaps with their educated classes—to treat new comers living among them as strangers, as intruders, who really do not "belong" there, but are precisely treated of if they conform to the customs and customs of the country. This is a sort of chauvinism, seen not at all unusual with a population that has long lived in a comparatively narrow horizon, and which otherwise has many considerable qualities. But it is the cause of the new settlements in the United States, and it is the cause of the ill-will between the Southern and the Northern people. The native Americans of the Northwest, with their large, hearty, helpful ways, welcome the immigrant in very different style, and with very different effect.

THE ISSUE IN THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

THE important elections this year, so far as the Federal government is concerned, are for members of the House of Representatives. In this State they will doubtless be made secondary, for they are subordinate, in the opinion of a vast majority of the voters, to State and municipal questions that are dominating legislative interest. It is, in fact, a question of the utmost moment that great care be taken in selecting candidates for Congress that men shall be selected whose influence will be on the sound side of the hours that have been raised by Populists, and that such support by demagogues who are eager to secure Populist votes.

There is no party issue, strictly speaking, on which a general campaign can be conducted. So long as Mr. CLEVELAND is President it will be worse than useless to raise the tariff issue, or to demand a restoration of McKinleyism, and the most that can be expected from a Democratic majority in the Fifty-fourth Congress are slight additions to the free list,

or a lowering of duties which would be welcomed by the manufacturers themselves. It seems likely that in the course of time the Democratic party will stand for still lower duties and for a dismantling of the tariff. The election of the Louisiana plenary from the party is a blessing to it, and if Senator BUCK can be driven to carry out his threat and resign his seat, the party to which he has actually bequeathed will have at least one man to be thankful to him. It is also a hopeful sign of the weakening effect of the scandals of the past summer that the Republicans are not eagerly welcoming those trust-stained allies. In becoming the slaves of the Sugar Trust and the association of GOSWELL, the Democrats are also responsible for the sugar schedule in the new law appear to have bargained away their political usefulness. It is not because the Republicans are free from the taint of the Sugar Trust that they are not welcoming the alliance of the Democratic party with BUCK; it is because they do not want to see disease eradicated from the Democratic party, and because the Democratic candidates of the trust have too openly and cynically confessed their shame. The Republicans do not want to acknowledge that their party is the only refuge for such people. At the same time it is well for the Democratic party that the Louisiana plenary admit that their recent success leaves them uncomfortable, and doubtful of their ability, while all the protectionists are rapidly going to the Republican party, the tariff will not be a subject of much importance in the next Congress. So far as can be foreseen at this time, it is the currency question that will be the chief feature of the last two years of Mr. CLEVELAND's term. The work of the special session of a year ago was only half accomplished. The currency of the country is still in an unsettled state. The evils out of which have grown most of our financial ills have not been threatened, the country is still without a sound, uniform, and safe kind of currency, and our bank note circulation is as rigid as it was when Mr. BREMER asked the Democrats to do something on the eve of the passage of the bill repealing the preexisting clause of the act that bore his name. The Greenback party has been killed, but the theory on which it lived is not dead. There is a strong sentiment as a large part of the country for full money. Many of those who hold it have heretofore been content to confine themselves to a demand for the free coinage of silver, but the silver question is broadening into the larger issue which will have to be met in Congress. The people who will force this issue to the front are full of political energy, and now that the tariff is out of the way, they will be able to devote themselves entirely to their battle.

The politicians of the Republican party are recognizing the immediate importance of the currency question. It was this which induced Senator LORAIN and ex-Senator BUCK to advise the repeal of the British coinage of Great Britain refused to enter into negotiations for international metalion. It is this which has induced Republican conventions in the Western States not only to "speak kindly" of silver, but to make it a demand for the free coinage of silver. It is this which has caused the Republican leaders here, far from their associates in the neighboring States, are not insisting that the Democratic party is the "goldbug" party. It is to be feared, however, that they will not succeed in their effort to make it this. The money will not so unfortunately this year, perhaps not two years from now, as to see either one of the two great parties come on the money question. The drift is the other way. The danger is that so many Congressmen in the next House will want to do nothing for the full money people that the country will be driven to a point at which will prove undeniably more disastrous than did the effort to maintain the silver and gold ratio at 16 to 1 by purchasing tons of silver.

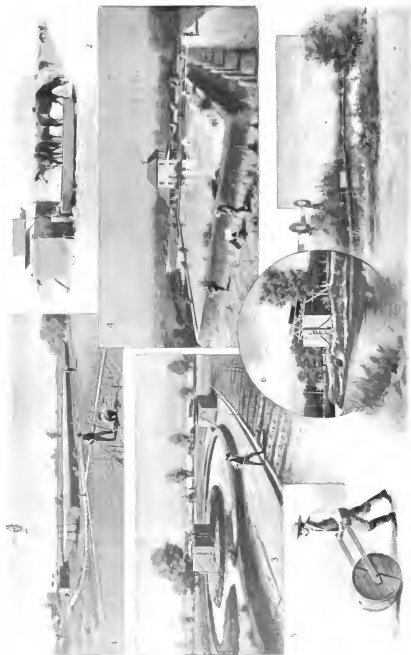
It is necessary, then, for those who desire to see our currency placed on a sound basis to look after their own interests, for on this issue a party will mean nothing. In the East, it may be taken for granted that the candidates of both parties will be for sound money, but something more than being "right" is required. A sound basis is not a mere stage of the struggle. A knowledge of detail, of principles of finance, of the laws that govern currency, of the experience of the bankers of the world, is of the utmost importance. As between two men equally qualified for Congress in any given district, he who is best equipped for the contest should receive the votes of sound money men, of the currency of full money, of those who believe that government is not the best provider of a circulating medium, no matter what may be said for Congress in any given district. In many districts pressed or threatened by Populists and its attendant demagoguery, it is to be hoped that sound money candidates will be nominated, and that a campaign of education will be begun.

The money question concerning to the extent it may distract the voters from the most important financial will be necessary and open, but it should be taken into consideration by the people of all the districts.



HOW DUCKS ARE HARBED ON LONG ISLAND—DRAWN BY CHARLES MERTS.—[SEE PAGE 916.]

1. Digging for Soft Clams at Low Tide. 2. Feeding-Time. 3. Dragging Net for Mussels. 4. The Daily Outing.



IRRIGATION IN NORTHWESTERN KANSAS.—DRAWN BY G. W. FRYER AFTER NATURE AS IT WARMS, AND PROPRIETORS. (See Page 31.)

1. Riverside east of Garden City, Irrigation Twenty Acres. 2. Six armed horse mule "Jumbo." 3. Two Right-hand "Jumbo" one Dodge City—Pumping Capacity Ten Thousand Gallons per Hour. 4. In the Arrows well Hires' Wells County Kansas—Shows the Arrows under Irrigation. 5. A detached Irrigation, who sells Water Three Hundred Yards to Bridge a small Station. 6. A large "Jumbo" near Dodge City, on an Island in Chetish River. 7. Irrigator near Garden City, Irrigation Fifty Acres—Stocked with German Cows.



HOME FROM EUROPE.—THE CUSTOMS OFFICE ON THE FIFTH.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—(SEE PAGE 54.)



THE HEART OF LIMA FROM SAN CECILIO

fanned rather for a penitentiary than for a household, with every nose snuffed up against every other. This aggressive pride gives greater local autonomy to the island cities, but it also gives rise to a kind of local racism. Further north, more urbane, is Callao—which really does have a reputation—there is no city like Lima but half the size of Lima; and of the second class, but half a dozen more, with populations ranging from 12,000 to 20,000. From these conditions it is not far to realize that the people of Lima have something to say in making Peruvian history.

[illegible]

The strong Moorish and Hebrew strain in the Spanish of Peru keeps its heritage of acuteness, but has lost its brusquery. Both sexes are bright, polished, charming; amiable but not deep, and not "staying." One clever native weekly puts it:

“In Peru all is good but the people;
Not that they're wicked, or of ill-intention—
Simply, they're good for nothing, worth the mention.”

If “a faint confusion is half redressed,” Peru is in a good way. Her papers are terrifically frank. Lima has for

stiff, sober and with small "nose for news", and a political begonia and fluctuating crowd of weeklies, outspoken, antagonistic, overcast with satire verse.

The lightness of money may suggest the ponderosity of money. Perhaps no other civilized nation is so eternally equipped. Gold has been forgotten, the bank-note repudiated, and there remains but the heroic silver. With a demand for a dozen dollars a piece, the silver dollar after long depreciation is now wiped off the slate by supreme decree between two days. No hint of convenience remains. One goes to the bank for a bank-note spending money literally with a poker and a run on two days. The bank-note is not even to be redeemed by a proud city—and whole nation—with necessities of metal at hand, and a fine adam to make it current, in post belief. There is not even a large between Lima and the chief cities of the interior.

Civilians are as much no climate-mad answer for the devastation of the once-Queen City of the Americas. Of course molition and such riches as no other land ever combined, the union had one fatal flaw. A colony so beyond effective reach of the mother nation, with 5000 miles between the making of law and the enforcement of it, dependent, yet half free—its wealth and its people, its strength and its weakness—it is not even pleasant to think what might have befallen had New England been a modern co-sanguinity as Peru—this became the most self-centred, haughty, and corrupt of the Americas, as far forgetting the strict laws of Spain as those of political and

It was poor living for self-government. We will hope, and may believe, that the Spanish American colonies should finally be the better off for the shocks of 1931. But that the shocks have been felt in Mexico, Ecuador, Chile, and the Argentine, they may only be the waste for the experience!—Pura particularly. After severely disorganizing the government, and, in itself, she was never as disrupted, never so corrupted, as now; and for the first time in her hitherto history is poor, despite the fact that she has been a rich country, and in debt. The creditor has simply moved in doors to manage the household for himself. Mexico is what may be called a republic in clover. It is self-governed, with the help of a Dictator, who has been a Dictator for a long time. It might already be learning to walk alone in the short shoes of republicanism, but it is not yet there. It is still a dictatorial despotism fit at the waistband the learning is long and full of stumbles. The most interesting least government in the world is still a dictatorship, and so many Pura, but now it is a government governing itself itself it understands and is slowly gaining the government as a distinct from self-indulgence. After the serious exercise of the use of ingenuity over, the fabulous amount of money and the substance to spend Pura, but now it is

[illegible][illegible]

LIMB—CONTENT OF BASTO DOMESTO, PUBLISHED 1940

[illegible]

Massive may where, for the land of the builder it is a monument. The walls and buttresses of ponderous masonry are



LIMA-PLAZA DE ARMAS AND CATHEDRAL



OTHER THE JAPANESE MINISTER, INTERVIEWING THE KOREAN OFFICIALS AT THE PALACE.



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT JULY 25th, AND SINKING OF THE CHINESE SHIP "KOWING" WITH 100 SOLDIERS ON BOARD.



THE BATTLE OF JULY 29th—A VICTORY FOR THE JAPANESE AFTER FIVE HOURS FIGHTING.



MINO AND THE FATHER OF THE KING OF KOREA ASSAULTED BY KOREANS AT THE GATE OF THE CASTLE AT 10 O'CLOCK, JULY 29th.

THE WAR IN THE EAST—FAC-SIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF JAPANESE WAR CARTOONS.—[See Page 919.]



THE NEW UNION STATION AT BOSTON.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERROT

JAPANESE WAR NOTES

The illustrations of the China-Japanese war on page 991 of this number are reprinted not for their artistic value, but for their contemporary interest as representing Japanese representations of war subjects. They were originally published in Japan, and are suitable more for a patriotic side to glorify Japan than for historical accuracy. For in-

school-boy fiction founded in ignorance the Merion Cricket Club was destined to grow to its present celebrity. The enthusiastic little band began its existence on a small field at Wymanwood, a Philadelphia suburb, with an entire stock in trade that was readily accommodated by a small box kept in the entry of the local school-house, and the school-house pump provided the sole means of admission for the youthful aspirants.

reading, Milford, and smoking rooms, affording every provision for merriment and entertainment during the summer days and winter nights.

The trading presence of women has contributed in no small measure to this evolution.

The Sticks and Balls C. C. was the first to attract ladies to auxiliary membership, but the experience was viewed a success, and from being regarded as a curiosity, she soon became a familiar and well-welcomed figure, until finally we felt in wondering how we had contrived to do without her so long.

At first many cricketers viewed women's admission as a trespass upon their special privileges, particularly since law-tenants had been slowly established, but the increasing membership, due to the added attractiveness of the club house, with its reception and lawn parties, shortly altered the grounds.

Philadelphia has five first class clubs, with memberships ranging from five to thirteen hundred. To the Philadelphia C. C. belong premier honors. Born in 1862, it has had a somewhat unsettled life, being compelled to vacate the ground it occupied for many years at Camden and playing its first season less than a month, until acquisition with the Chestnut Hill Club in 1892 brought a lease of the splendid property it now occupies at Washington. Under the presidency of Mr. Edward S. Buckley, Jun., it then again, and is fortunate in possessing two such promising players as Mr. Leonard Hildre and Mr. Gossman.

The Germantown C. C., though a little younger than the Wissahickon neighbor, has the distinction of being the first American club to be represented by a ladies eleven. Mainly through its efforts the game was naturalized as American soil, its old ground at Norristown is long for many years the cricket Mecca. There then the Irish gentlemen sustained their first defeat, the invincible invincible Australians met their match, Purvis Thornton, of blessed memory, was an even field and to try again with the Quaker players, and there the Kentalls played in their polar day, losing many a broken hope to ultimate victory.

It is the largest and most influential cricket club in the country, and, strange enough, the organization was hatched by a certain class as the downfall of Philadelphia cricket.

(Continued on page 993.)



GERMANTOWN CRICKET CLUB AT MARSHFIELD.

stance: In the picture of Onari, the Japanese minister, lying down the face in the three strange beings about the dinner table, the one at the end with closed hands is supposed to be the Chinese minister. As a matter of fact, no representative of the Chinese government attended this meeting at the palace of the Korean King. The contrast between the shadowy figures of the Japanese and the commoner of the Korean minister was evidently drawn to be noticed. Again, in the illustration of the attack on Onari and the father of the King of Korea, mark you the calm dignity of the former—it is doubtful if the vicar was present at all, or, if it had been, whether it could be drawn very far through the narrow streets that surround the castle at Seoul.

The sinking of the *Revenge* on the 25th of July is full of action, if not of verisimilitude. The vessel then the Chilean flag. The English flag, which nearly gave to the naval mission complication, is completely absent.

CRICKET CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia has been variously celebrated for the excellence of its ice-cream, its apples, and its butter. It is also widely known as the Quaker City, the City of Brotherly Love, and the City of Banners, but its name of choice has the least show old town achieved a more variable distinction than in the number and beauty of its cricket fields. Within a radius of ten miles from the city are to be found four cricket grounds the like of which for accessibility, beauty of turf, picturesqueness of surroundings and completeness of appointments is not to be found elsewhere in the world.

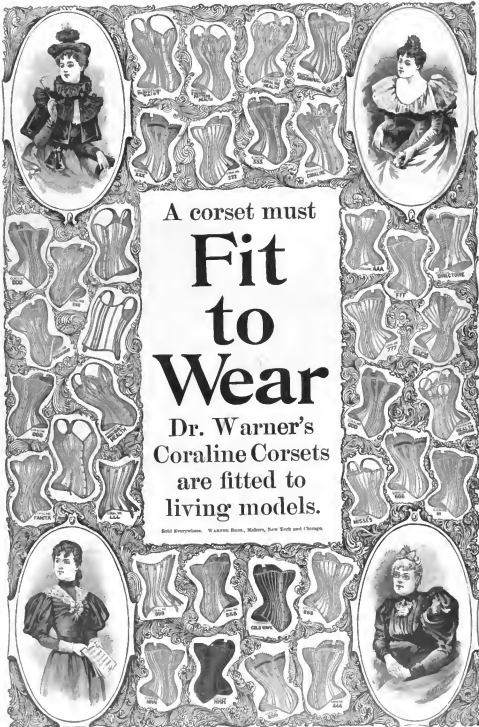
Ladies did the sixteen young gentlemen who in quasi-

In the Merion ground of today is ample realization of the most fanciful dreams of enthusiasts; it is the *se plus vive* of a perfect cricket field.

The old time organization was a cricket club pure and simple; the modern one is broad enough to take in not only the head of the family, but his wife, sons, and daughters. It is essentially a country club, with its well kept lawn of living green, its bowling alleys, dining hall, bar,



MERION CRICKET CLUB AT HAVERFORD





AMATEUR SPORT

THE SCANDAL RESULTING FROM THE PARKWAY MEETING of the Long Island Park-racing Association is without an exception the most deplorable incident of the year. Whether the stewards of that now notorious meeting are guilty of

more professional jockey; and as it went on from bad to worse, until in day "genitora sp" was the exception. Only at strictly hunt club meetings do we now have a semblance of the sport as we should like it.

THE POOLY-RACING ASSOCIATION made a fatal mistake in not forbidding the riding of single-hoys and under-



all with which they have been charged will be determined by the Dockery (Ohio) committee when the case has been fully presented to them. It seems highly incredible that such charges could be substantiated; we cannot believe, until indisputable evidence is submitted, that gentlemen who had organized in the interest of their party would knowingly conspire with the very evils which they had strenuously lashed together to fight, that the same men would conspire to the detriment of the party, and the honest cause, that men of such high aspirations—and the Long Island Poetry Society Association members—should have been so conducted as to permit of such a scintillation of respect.

To the general public the L.P.P. R.A. is known simply as a racing organization, on whose executive board are names that should give confidence in the contents on their tracks; but fall from the high standard it proclaimed at the outset conveys no other impression to the popular mind than that the integrity of horse-racing constitutes a speed.

But the sportsman, out of his grievous disappointment, views it in an entirely different light. He recalls the scorn and sneers of gentlemen who, responding to the call of the "Fifty-Four," had been rebuffed by the professional tracks who had declared, centralized the interests of the polo and hunt races, and brought the American Jockey Club into existence. "I remember that first night," says the sportsman, "I met J. Herbert, Jackson Van Rensselaer, Thomas Hurdock, Jun. A. J. Connet, J. K. Cowley, S. S. Howard, and others of the 'Fifty-Four' who were then in the city, and from them I learned the particulars of the Parkway scandal, which was then on the track of an outbreak of the Neoplatonists. Him and Fanny mating Association, asking himself whether it was a good thing or a bad thing, and whether it was a good thing or a bad thing. But he gathers the shattered remains of his illusion with maturing hope when he realizes that he is not of these sportsmen whose names had an official standing in the Jockey Club."

THIS DEPARTMENT HAS MADE MANY STRONG ATTEMPTS to the American Play-acting Association and its successor, the Stranor chese House and A. P. N. A., to keep the sport to the standard with which it originally started in 1890. The A. P. N. A. was not organized for the purpose of promoting the game, but for the purpose of making it a game with playing conditions. It was never intended to be a money making scheme, nor did I know the gentleman who gave it birth—and I believe I fear, it was founded by sportsmen and for sportsmen, to supply the desire of play and to make it a game, and not a business. I am not in favor of an organization that would systematize the rules applicable to all concerned, and for a neutral auspices under which they might meet on the several club tracks in

The first meetings of the A.P.R.A. were most successful—good sport, good parties, gentlemen up. Then some pot-hunting owner put up a stable-boy on his entry, other pot-hunting owners went a step farther and put up a second.

[illegible]

IT IS A SPORTSMAN axiom, set down by experience as irrefragable, that whenever men engage in a game with dollars and cents as the incentive, that game is as certain to end in moral and collapse, so far as decency is concerned as the earth is to involve on its axis. What sport have men entered to make money that has not become tainted with dishonesty?

The Long Island Pony racing Association, for which Messrs R. A. Stalder, J. H. Wood, F. D. Beal, C. T. Bower, and F. M. Wain have made themselves sponsors, has given the impression, rightly or wrongly, to sportsmen, by



about jockeys in races under his auspices. They thought it popularized pay-racing—and they have with a vengeance: had there been no Green so aggressive

its Parkway meeting, of too little regard for the sport, and too much for the profit of the racing. No one hopes more than I that the L. I. P. R. A. will be able completely to dispel that impression.

It remains a fact, nevertheless, that pony-racing has degenerated in tone, that sportsmen have lost interest in its meetings, that it attracts in greater numbers what is known as the betting element, and that gentlemen jockeys have been since here ousted out by the professional hack.



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COUNT SANO,
Minister of the Interior.



VISCOUNT KUROKI,
Vice-Admiral of the Navy, and Minister of Commerce and
Agriculture.



COUNT ITO,
The Prime Minister of Japan.



Illustration. Illustration. Illustration. Illustration. Illustration. Illustration. Illustration. Illustration. Illustration. Illustration.

SHIPS OF THE JAPANESE NAVY.—Drawn at Y. Matsuura.

THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF KOREA.—[See Page 942.]



THE JAPANESE REPORTING AFTER THE BATTLE OF YAMATO.

The Veterans Along the Bank of Watarase river, outside the Gates of Kyoto.—Taken by G. W. Peters after a Photograph.—[See Page 242.]



VIEW FROM ROOF OF NAVAL OBSERVATORY



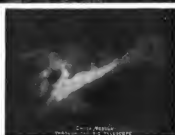
THE CUP IN WHICH BEARS THE YAK
FOR THE UNITED STATES



SATURN
THROUGH THE 24 INCH TELESCOPE



THE OBSERVATORY



CHINA WEDG
THROUGH THE 24 INCH TELESCOPE



THE OBSERVATORY
SHOWING THE ROOM
WHERE THE YAK BEARS THE YAK
FOR THE UNITED STATES



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[See Page 942.]



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[See Page 942.]

CLEANSING THE STREETS OF PARIS.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.—ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS J. RHEAD.



SWEEPING GOING TO WORK.

modern city as means its distinctive artistic features. The streets of the *Place de la Concorde*, for example, are "one of the most beautiful creations of modern art," and of famous boulevards as component details of a system. (Illustrating the clear and solid tendency of French art developed since after the Renaissance," and the line "Imagine the average New Yorker considering his parks and streets in such a light as that! Why, most New Yorkers seemed but little disturbed when it was suggested, not very long ago, that a riveted railroad should be built along the Western Boulevard, and the only extension avenue in the other portion of the city that has considerable artistic possibilities. In clear truth, this, under corresponding conditions the average Parisian would find at such a suggestion. But, after all, civilization must of necessity precede aestheticism. Art is late, and the Western boulevard is young. Doubtless when our municipality is as old as Paris now it shall be about the year 4000, we shall be an artist, in proof of our streets, and as clear—though the last seems from the present standpoint impossible—as Paris is to-day.

In the mean time the method by which Paris is kept clean may advantageously be considered by the residents of New York and other cities that by lack of method are kept filthy. A magnification of the magnitude of the problem just perhaps be gained from the statement that the pavement of Paris, over in the aggregate area equal to that of a field a mile wide and more than 400 acres long—a field, that is to say, of some 4000 acres. Much the larger portion of this street surface is paved with stone blocks, but, as elsewhere, macadamized and asphalt pavements are substituted in many streets, and of late pavements of wooden blocks have come into vogue, finding favor in particular in the vicinity of school buildings and wherever else excessive traffic is especially to be desired. The stone pavement is by far the most economical, as it costs on an average but 28 centimes per square metre annually to keep it in repair, while the asphalt surface costs 2 francs, the macadamized, 2 francs 75 centimes, and the wood, 2 francs 95 centimes. The aggregate annual cost of keeping all pavements in repair is two million dollars. This has no reference to cleaning the streets, but only to putting them in readiness for traffic. It is a most essential preliminary, however, as the streets could

not possibly be kept clean if they were not also kept in perfect repair.

The refuse demanding the attention of the street-cleaning department of Paris is of any other great city may be divided, speaking generally, into two classes—(1), permanent garbage, caused largely by the traffic of 100,000 horses and about three millions of people, and (2), salt barrel garbage, by which time may be described such waste products of indoor living as cannot be removed into the sewers, but must be carried off through the streets. Unlike New York and most other cities, Paris handles these two kinds of garbage according to different systems. For convenience of description the one may be spoken of as the street-cleaning system, the other as the sewerage system. The duties of the street-cleaning system are to sweep the streets, depositing all suitable matter in the sewers, and collecting that unsuitable for such disposal in piles convenient for removal, and in asphalt, wash, and in general superfluous the pavement surface. The duty of the sewerage service is to remove the sub-

stantly simple. For purposes of street-cleaning the city has been divided into 250 districts, called "sections." Each section is presided over by an official known as a "cantonnier," who is held responsible for the proper care of all streets in his territory. Such a force of systematic employees and such machinery and apparatus are provided as experience has proved necessary. The "cantonniers" and their Irish assistants are selected officials (at from 100 to 125 francs per month) and give their entire time to the service. The other employees are paid by the hour (strong men receiving 35 to 55 centimes, and "women, children, and weak men from 25 to 30 centimes), and, as a rule, are employed only during the morning hours.

The main body of the work is done by sweeping machines, each drawn by a single horse, the work of horse-machines being only supplementary. The order of procedure is precisely the same in all parts of the city and over all kinds of pavements. Horses and water the work begins at 4 a. m. An advance goes a watering machine in with the dust. This



AVENUE DE BRETELLE AND TOMB OF NAPOLEON, SHOWING THE MODE OF SWEEPING A WIDE AVENUE.

herald garbage, together with such bulkier portions of the pavement garbage as cannot properly be swept into the sewers. The sewers themselves, which, as every body knows, are unique in point of size and in many ways wonderful, have only on incidental interest in the present connection, though of course as accessories of the street-cleaning service they are absolutely essential, and their importance in the general sanitation of the city cannot be overstated.

When it is said that the entire pavement surface of Paris is swept clean every morning, and that to accomplish this only 500 men are employed at most, and a large proportion of these only for a few hours each day, it hardly needs saying that the work of the street-cleaning service is resolved in a most systematic way. The plan adopted is, however,

is followed in narrow streets by a single machine, and in wider ones by two or even three machines in succession. The foremost one sweeps the centre of the street. Such a cart or machine passing up one side of a street and back the other side will sweep the surface of that street into the gutter, and the second machine, which is now following the gutter, and directs all the bulkier portions of the garbage into the sewerage system, situated at short intervals between the hydrants. Such a cart or machine is equivalent to a small army of hand sweepers, it being estimated that each machine does the work of twelve men—that is to say, of twelve *hommes*, each of whom is supposed to sweep 500 square metres in an hour. Just what the equivalent of a machine would be in terms of the roughly measured time service employed in New York's famous street-cleaning service it would be hazardous to guess. Each cohort of watering carts and sweeping machines has, of course, its definite district to cover, and so accurately are these arranged that all the different cohorts finish at practically the same time. By about 8:30 the entire city has been swept, and the districts sweep from the pavements by thousands of beds and wheels the day and night before it being carried hurriedly on through the streets in the *faux*, instead of leaving the street surface clean just in the face of the day, as does the dust of last evening's dust.

The regular morning sweeping accomplished, the work of the permanent employees of the department varies somewhat in different regions and with varying seasons. In some regions the sweeping-machines make a second tour, in the afternoon, supplemented now by a larger corps of hand sweepers, since the traffic makes their work less uniform and complete than in the early morning hours. Asphalt pavements must be freely sprinkled with sand in previous hours from shipping, this being especially necessary because an ordinance that aims to protect the pavement from needless wear requires all horses to be mucked solid. But the most important work of all, from a hygienic stand-point at any rate, is the constant sprinkling of all the streets with water during dry weather. Here again there is a delightful contrast to the New York method, according to which the useful element of the sprinkler, far from falling fast and just all along, is not only not used but is not used at all. The sprinkling is not an individual enterprise but a public function, and water every few hours free in air. The sprinkling is accomplished in part by horse carts of hand-pumped water which is utilized in summer, but in part also by hand-carts, and very largely by horse-attached *Arrosiers* to hydrants. The last is by far the most economical method, and much of the entire street surface is sprinkled in this way. In addition to the constant sprinkling, the entire road is irrigated from the hydrants at regular intervals, varying from one to three days. All gutters are flushed in every day. Thus the entire surface of the street is kept constantly well washed clean at regular intervals, as on New York street was dressed of being too much, except at the final pleasure of *Anglais* "Etain from Paris" which the gutters dust is prevented at all times from



REMOVING GARBAGE—PART MORNING.



SWEEPING NEAR THE MADEIRA WOOD-PARKWAY.

city for the purpose of sweeping it, as it could be said at a profit. But of late the growing city has so encroached upon suburban farms that the market for brush has near the city is restricted, and hauling to distance is as expensive as to take away all north of the city. Hence, though the garbage is still hauled and dumped in all other respects as before, the city is now obliged to pay the extra cost of hauling to the city, however, of removing garbage, which aggregates about a million tons yearly, is only about \$400,000.

The official scavenger system in operation is so simple as to require but a few words of explanation. At 6 A. M. in the morning, and 7 in the evening, the garbage wagons start on their respective routes. Each wagon patrols an average district inhabited by 2500 persons. They are manured by horses, each drawn by two or three heavy hind-hand men, and they contrast strangely with the dissolute cars used for a similar purpose in New York. With each wagon are four men—a driver, an engineer, and two others—and a woman follows with a broom to complete the work. No expensively hired men are employed, but by 8 A. M. each morning the entire mass of garbage and debris of the streets is on its way to the suburbs. For the most part it is hauled to its destination in the region in which it was collected.

While the official scavenger service of the city is thus simplicity itself, there is a supplementary, unofficial service that is much more complicated, and which deserves especial notice, because it is in all respects the most picturesque element in the entire street-cleaning system. The half-tanned garbage-gleaner who searches an hour for scraps of possible value is a familiar figure in every city, but in Paris this individual has developed and specialized his calling till it is fairly entitled to rank as a trade. There are no fewer than 40,000 persons in the city who follow this calling. They are known as "gleaners," or "charbonniers," and they regard their trade as a perfectly legitimate and honorable one. Indeed, there are various marks of good status in this humble calling, and education as it were, the type must serve an apprenticeship before being regularly admitted to the title of professional gleaner. During the stage of apprenticeship the novice wanders about the streets at night, securing such

SWEEPING THE SETTERS



GLEANERS CROSSING THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

presenting the atmosphere, is a hygienic measure of such importance that it deserves to rank as the most valuable feature of a marvellously efficient street-cleaning system.

The entire street-cleaning system just described is conducted directly by the municipality as such, and all persons employed in this service are paid directly from the city treasury. Such is not the case with the scavenger service, by which all bulkier garbage is removed. For this service also the city is obligated, but there the paid cases, as the person in charge of each district is not in any proper sense an employee of the city, but only a contractor in its service. Contracts for this work are let in the lowest possible bidder for terms of three years. The garbage becomes the property of the contractor, and within certain restrictions specified in the contract, he is free to dispose of it in any way, employing whom he will to do the actual work as freely as if it were a purely individual enterprise. While these two systems are thus entirely different in details—one including the municipality and the other the individualistic principle—yet they are not, after all, so widely apart as might at first thought appear, inasmuch as each rests on the sound principle of divided and accurately taxable responsibility. The contractor has practically the same power over his district in all that pertains to street-cleaning, sweeping, and the like, that the contractor has over his in regard to the removal of bulkier garbage, and in practice it seems to make little difference that the subordinates of the one are employed by the city, those of the other quite independently of the city authorities. Needless to say, however, it would make a very great difference in a city where a partisan spoils system governed municipal appointments.

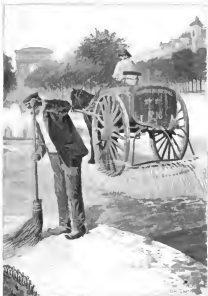
That there should be this separation of the scavenger service from the regular street-cleaning service seems so obviously, but it is one that is easily explained. It grows out of the fact that the bulkier garbage, which is hauled exclusively by the scavenger service, has a commercial value. It is hauled to the suburbs of the city, and sold for fertilizing purposes to farmers. Not long ago the contractors who hauled this garbage paid the



IN THE GARDEN OF THE TILLAGE.

gleaners as he may, but being chiefly rewarded by the experience gained as to different localities and their possibilities, and as to tricks and methods of the trade. In course of time he gains acquaintance with some professional gleaners, who ultimately introduce him to one of the "rings" where the gleaners live by themselves, usually presided over by a proprietor, who furnishes the lodgings and purchases the gleanings. The scavenger, now become a professional, is no longer known as a simple "gleaner" or "charbonnier," but has mounted to the rank of "conneur," or industrial scavenger. He is now equipped in the regular way, with "clothes," "shirts," and "coats" (boots), and is instructed in the regular methods of the trade, working only at daylight, when the old barrels and boxes are set out upon the sidewalks. In course of time the scavenger acquires by right of custom a regular territory, his exclusive right to glean in which is respected by his fellow-gleaners. He has now reached the highest grade in his profession, and is known as a "pharmacist" or "pharmacie." He will observed in the unwritten law that gives the pharmacist an exclusive right in his territory that he may even sell his privileges sometimes, in a favored locality, receiving from ten to forty dollars in return—and the rights of the purchaser will be similarly recognized. This might at first thought appear to be a case of abuse among thieves, but such is not the case. The scavenger is, for as a rule these gleaners are not thieves. On the contrary, they are credited with rather an unusual degree of honesty, and it is said that they frequently donate to their rightful owners such articles of considerable value as accidentally find their way into the garbage boxes.

The gleaners that are the chief of the scavenger corner a wide range of articles, the chief of which are old paper (including books and pamphlets), ropes and thorns, walking and riding gear, all of sorts, metals, remnants of earthen ware, horse-hair, horse-hair, horn, fragments of woodwork, such as iron, rubber, bones, glass, old leather and rabbit-skins, and broad beans. It gives one a curious sense of the degree to which diversification of industries is carried in an old civilization to learn that for each of these different classes of refuse articles there are purchasers who are specialists in this line alone, handling nothing else. For example, there are fifty merchants who handle nothing but old hats, and twenty firms, some of them of considerable importance, that purchase only scraps of paper.



WATERING THE ROAD—AVENUE CHAMPS ELYSEES (MAGNAN PAVEMENT).

It has been estimated that the gleanings of the plover bring him sometimes as much as fifty cents a day, and that the majority of coppers remain thirty cents a day, while even the penny or eight cent may make twenty cents a day. The total sum received annually by the entire army of chiffonniers for the gleanings reaped by them from the garbage-boxes has been estimated at \$2,241,000—almost three times the sum expended by the city on its entire street cleaning department. The gross weight of the material reaped by the chiffonniers daily, and through their efforts restored to channels of usefulness, is estimated at about 12,000 tons. When it is understood that this is all material of which the restorers who own the entire mass of the garbage would make no use whatever—most of it, indeed, being of such a nature as to detract from the value of the garbage for purposes of fertilization. It will be seen that the work of the chiffonniers has a more than respectable degree of economic usefulness, and the pride with which the chiffonniers regard his "profession," seems to be a reasonable justification.

While the street-cleaning department of Paris, with its various official sub-departments and its manifold accessories, attains a degree of efficiency under all ordinary conditions approaching perfection, there is at least one contingency that it has not learned to fully cope with. When at long intervals there comes a heavy fall of snow, the machinery of street-cleaning is for the moment clogged, and the authorities are sorely distressed. A partial solution of the difficulty has been reached in the suggestion that salt be sprinkled on the snow to facilitate clearing, and large quantities of salt are now kept on hand for this purpose. This

is a costly expedient, however, and its efficiency when applied on large scale has not yet been demonstrated. But, after all, snow falls in large quantities so infrequently in Paris that the question of its removal can hardly be considered a serious, even if it is an unsolved problem.

To the reader it might seem that a few days of discussion from this source, at intervals of several years, might rather be regarded as serving the useful purpose of teaching the public to appreciate by reason the beneficial circumstances of their streets under all other conditions.

To the New Yorker who contemplates the numerous systems by which Paris is made clean each morning before the breakfast-time of the average Parisian, there must come by and by a powerful vision of the methods followed and results achieved by the street-cleaning department of his own city. The results are patent. Paris is clean; New York is not clean. As to details of method, it would perhaps be unfair to press the comparison too far, the conditions of the two cities are so diverse. Paris has the advantage of mild winters, relatively free from frost and snow, also of an inexhaustible water supply, and a makeshift system of sewers. But, on the other hand, New York has unexampled natural facilities for drainage, and for sewage and garbage dis-

posal, that it has on a relatively narrow strip of land, with no sea at its rear as either of these; and it would seem that these inevitable advantages of location ought to far more than outweigh any disadvantages climatic conditions.

It may be freely conceded, however, that there is one condition imposed upon the street-cleaning department of New York that insuperably hampers the work of that department from successful competition with that of the Parisian authorities. This is the fact that the road beds of the average streets in New York, only partially of stone in the first instance, are allowed to go unimproved till their condition is wretched. To make such streets clean in the sense in which the streets of Paris are clean would be impossible; but they might be, and ought to be, made approximately clean—as they never are.

It would be quite useless, however, to seek an explanation of the difference in efficiency between the street-cleaning departments of Paris and New York in the diversity of conditions, natural or artificial, existing in the two cities. The real explanation is to be found only in the difference of principle underlying the operation of the two departments. Those principles are not at all difficult to follow.



EARLY MORNING—AVENUE DE LUXEMBOURG.

They may be correctly deduced from observation of the most humble sweepers in their apocryphal services. The Parisian sweeper sweeps as if he had some definite task to accomplish. He has energy, facility, efficiency. Probably he is hired to help close the streets. The average New York sweeper sweeps haphazardly along the street, usually moving against the wind, as if determined that such dirt as he stirs up shall be instantly wafted, and on no servant gathered in piles to tax the muscles of the garbage collector. It requires no unusual insight to discover that he is a flimsy server, who cannot have been selected because of his fitness for the work he does. A slight investigation would show why he was selected. The law requires that he shall be a citizen, custom demands that he shall be a faithful follower of the dominant political party. In a word he has been selected not because of efficiency as a street-cleaner, but be-



WASTE-PAPER-GATHERERS RETURNING HOME AT SIX A.M.



BOULEVARD RAINMARKS AT MIDNIGHT.



QUARRY OF THE PALISADES, NEAR FORT LEE



ROCKING THROWN DOWN IN THE EAST OF THE LINE OF DYNAMITE,
SEPTEMBER 18, 1890—9:30 A.M., 1890



DEBRIS FROM THE BIG BLAST, SEPTEMBER 18, 1890

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PALISADES ON THE HUDSON.—[See Page 506.]



BAFFINING NIAGARA.—[See Page 506.]

CROSS-SECTION AND BIRD-EYE VIEW OF THE NIAGARA WATER-POWER COMPANY'S TUNNEL FROM ENRIE TO CATTARAUGUS.



LOOKING EAST FROM QUEEN SQUARE.



QUEEN SQUARE, SOUTH SIDE.



PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE.



THE GARDEN OF THE GULF, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



PRINCE GARDEN.

"THE GARDEN OF THE GULF."

While Great Britain threatens the abolition of her House of Lords, and a great many people desire the United States Senate, a responsible government very near home has taken up the task in earnest, and has actually abolished its Upper House. It is true that Prince Edward Island, the province that has not successfully accomplished this difficult job, has fewer people by fifty thousand than are required for the ratio of one of our Congressional districts, but each a task as the getting of men to vote away power and imposed since does not depend upon numbers. It is as difficult to induce thirteen constitutional legislators to vote themselves out of office as it is to get sixty-four or even several hundred to do so.

Indeed, it might seem more difficult with the small than with the large number, for with fewer numbers of conflicting combinations, the lesser number could be more held together against attack and compromise, and so long as the whole body, small or large, stood firm, no power more of revolution could dislodge it.

In becoming a constituent part of the Dominion of Canada, Prince Edward Island did precisely the thing that Pennsylvania did in becoming a constituent part of the United States, namely, it relegated to a central power authority over all affairs of national scope and retained to itself a greater or less degree of local self government. The sensitive head in a Dominion Government. Formerly the Ottawa authority named was ridiculous of the island for this important position, but now the available practice is to select members, who are, of course, in sympathy with the party in power in the Dominion, while supposedly contract with the wants of the island province.

There are three counties on the island, each of which sends, without regard to population, ten members to the lower provincial body at Charlottetown, namely, the House of Assembly. For more than a hundred years each county has sent four members to an upper provincial house, called the Legislative Council. The membership of this Upper House was thirteen, the capital city of Charlottetown furnishing the additional member. From among these Councilors and Assemblymen there are chosen, without regard to constituency, also men, who, in addition to their legislative functions, all as an Executive Council. While chosen in a different way, their duties are similar to those of the Governor's Council of Massachusetts. As in the latter State, this Prince Edward Island Council is an advisory body only, the sole initiative power being, until the change of last year, the Legislative Council, of Upper House and the House of Assembly, or Lower House. The membership of the former is thirteen, and of the latter is twenty. The thirty members of the latter are elected by the House of Assembly for public discussion, and was, as might be supposed, almost entirely in the hands of the Liberal Party. The party taking the lead in the reform was the Liberal, and Councilors of that party in the Upper House, and only then their Conservative brethren, opposed the change.

Prince Edward Island legislative bodies met in March. During that month the Liberal party, after a few days, as heeded in by the fact that since the 18th, Lawrence River, from Mr. Great Lakes, that communication with the outside world was by the winter steamer service, which the Dominion government maintains in part of the price for the island's

supply to Ottawa, is cut off. Hence there is little else to do but to try to solve the problem that is to arise when the season does, say, the last of June.

There was a group of men of less important position the system of the abolition of the Upper House was apparent. The men most active in favor of this reform was the Hon. Frederick Peters, long prominent and influential on the island, and the present Liberal Premier of the province. The Councilors refused to vote themselves out of office voluntarily, although the reform was easily demanded. There was no end of discussion in the newspapers of the island, they have pretty good journals and there—much serious was between the two Houses.

Finally a proposition was made that was little short of an inspiration, and in acceptance solved the problem. The Legislative Council voted itself out of power and out of existence, and at the recent election it went on, never, probably, to come in again in the tight little Province of the Gulf.

In effect the Upper House said to the House of Assembly, "We will abolish ourselves if you will abolish yourselves." The Lower House, however, in part the probable effect, but it agreed to the proposition. While the Upper House voted away everything, the Lower House, in pursuance of the agreement, voted away everything except its name, and the secret proved that it was the House of Assembly, and not the Legislative Council at all that made the sacrifice.

The agreement between the two Houses was that the Upper one being abolished, the ten Assembly members from each of the three counties should be returned as open property—open to anybody who could get them. New candidates were frowned down, and the faithful members of the old Upper House, and the thirty members of the former Lower House, each for himself, went into a grand assembly for the thirty seats in the single body that was therefore to be the only legislative power of the province.

The outcome was what might have been, but was not, generally expected. The old Councilors, with their greater prestige, and a sort of fastidious degradation to help each other to live on though voluntarily dead, were successful in all but two positions. Hence it proved to be the Assembly, in as far as the new were concerned, that was abolished. The Legislative Council, eleven out of thirteen strong, nearly stepped into the other chamber, the Lower House suffering in order to make room for them. Some of the old Councilors, whether the House of Commons in England, or the House of Representatives in the United States, having this issue was to be before them, would accept propositions from Lords or Senators to vote themselves out at one door, only to vote themselves in at another.

In spite of Prince Edward Island's success, the question how to get other holders to vote themselves private citizens is still a problem. Nevertheless, the problem is solved in this province.

The means for doing away with the Upper House of Prince Edward Island were not very hard to find, but not so obvious. They were two in number, and were the unquestioned ones of many officials and so much as to

It was felt that thirty Assemblymen, thirteen Legislative Councilors, nine Executive Councilors, a Premier, and a Governor, were a surplusage of men, and that it was necessary, and too many men by at least a third to spend their

time in the task of governing a few above one hundred thousand souls, three-fourths of whom live on the coast, and at Charlottetown, but in Ottawa. But the chief impulse was the matter of expense. At Charlottetown the province without pay, the Legislative Council cost the province between \$4000 and \$5000 a year. "A large sum," observed the Hon. A. McMillan to me the other day. Captain McMillan is a member of the present government, and Local Commissioner of the province. "Great and small are relative terms," I replied, thinking, in spite of my effort to be interested only in what my *raison d'être* was saying, of the annual cost of the Legislature of my native Iowa, where (however, a few years ago, called an extra legislative session, absolutely without result, at an enormous cost the entire province of Prince Edward Island for two whole years.

Until the present year this island province has had a total public income of about one-quarter of a million dollars annually. This income was had to maintain the school system, to fight the long sea-coast, to improve the harbor, to keep up the judiciary, and to satisfy all the governmental demands of 120,000 people—people who are by no means of an easy-going and don't like to pay any more than their neighbors of either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

The entire sum came to the province from the Dominion, being the island's share of the customs revenues. The thirty islanders refused from taxing themselves as such as our power. While governmentally living off the Dominion, so to speak, the islanders also enjoyed a rational service, connecting their physical forms, at an annual rate in the Dominion of many thousands of dollars. The Prince Edward Island Police in a government owned road, and does not pay its own way. Not only this, but the Dominion maintains a steamer at great expense to connect the island with the mainland during the winter months, when navigation to Charlottetown and St. John's is closed and the coal ice breaking boat is compelled to go in the winter port of Georgetown.

Notwithstanding all this, the life of the Dominion is not great on the island. Dominion day is not more generally observed than the Fourth of July, and were a vote to be taken on the island it is almost certain that, could such vote come by the Dominion, the Dominion would vote in favor of the United States would carry let a large majority. The reason for this is not sentiment, but business. Islanders want a market for their oats, potatoes, fish, and hay. The United States furnishes such market. Canada does not. Besides almost every person in the province has relatives in the States. The young men either come here direct, or by the way of some part of Canada, in which their loyalty to the United States is not so strong as here. If Nova Scotia and New Brunswick did not lie between, Prince Edward Island would be a part of the American Union, and not an existing one could be passed and put into effect.

During the past two years a new spirit has come over the island, the kind of it is Lawrence, and is being carried out, that wants internal improvements and is willing to pay for them. The Liberal party came into power at the election of last year, and the Legislative Council, at the session of last March it passed a comprehensive revenue law that laid a small tax upon beer, upon liquor, and upon a few other things, which the Legislature was tempted to raise money by local taxation in order to effect

internal improvements, but the party responsible for the loss was almost entirely made up of contractors and speculators.

The liberals then began to educate the people and the result was their transcendence of all commercial life. Why they hoped to be upheld in the converted attempt on the part of the people to add a new "industry" in the principal cities in which their move was confined. The three are, salt, potatoes, and fish. It is the expectation of these, almost wholly in the United States, that brings forth this of the available money to the island.

While but a few miles separated from their Prince Edward Island was most profitable farmed after New South Wales and New Brunswick, the island is a production of soil and climate. Instead of rock, sand, and water, it has rolling uplands that might easily be suitable for the Launceston country. There is also a great deal of growing crops in all seasons and in all places it has a better atmosphere in which it is practically unknown.

For a curious feature in the island, it is the only one that is preserved unimpaired, while just after your visit, the sea, and even out from, are taken off the land and placed in the ocean. This fact is the island's most important feature, there is at least in the innumerable salt basins vast quantities of glass, silver, and iron, abundant shells, and dried fish, which, though it is not a thing to be had, but for the island.

The far-sighted Islanders have had a wise enough to put the liberal party in power to let the island's internal improvements, and to bring to its assistance to get the island's improvements, because they recognize that a country, like a city, must have the means to get on its feet.

One day some twenty years ago the official treasurer of the island was so sick as to be unable to do his duty. He had never repeated the fact that the island is the only one in the neighborhood of 80°. There is little rain during the winter months, but even during the summer months, and the island is a very fertile one.

Get out your map and note the jagged coast of this island. It is a country in rolling, and every foot of the island is green. The island is a very fertile one, and the sea here is so deep that the island is a very fertile one. The island is a very fertile one, and the sea here is so deep that the island is a very fertile one.

One day some twenty years ago the official treasurer of the island was so sick as to be unable to do his duty. He had never repeated the fact that the island is the only one in the neighborhood of 80°. There is little rain during the winter months, but even during the summer months, and the island is a very fertile one.

THIS ISY WORLD

Dr. LOUIS BRYAN is coming to New York this month to talk to the American people about the "Gospel of the Kingdom" and about "George Melville and his work." The Younger Influences in English Literature. Dr. Bryan is a very interesting man, and his work is very interesting. He is a very interesting man, and his work is very interesting. He is a very interesting man, and his work is very interesting.

It is the opinion of the Japanese to add to the names of their states of the world, a new name which is the name of the world, a new name which is the name of the world, a new name which is the name of the world.

The meaning and origin of names given to Japanese waters are of interest. The names of the world, a new name which is the name of the world, a new name which is the name of the world, a new name which is the name of the world.

Yakushima is a wild mountainous island of country, in which is situated a town of the same name. It is a very interesting place, and its name is very interesting. It is a very interesting place, and its name is very interesting.

In every city where the traveler has been introduced there is somewhere an accumulation of old street cars, which is usually in the market. The old street cars are usually in the market, and the old street cars are usually in the market.

Cherry grows in Massachusetts report a very short crop, and have agreed to sell what there are at right prices. The cherry is a very interesting fruit, and its name is very interesting.

section of factories in Connecticut for its artificial production. The use of steam in the manufacture of the iron is the main reason for the success of the iron industry in the United States.

The University, which is Boston has added a "new" restaurant to its house, thereby acknowledging the trend of the times, and bidding for the future consideration of the iron industry. It is a very interesting place, and its name is very interesting.

We have much of the news of California and the grape growers. The use of steam in the manufacture of the iron is the main reason for the success of the iron industry in the United States. The use of steam in the manufacture of the iron is the main reason for the success of the iron industry in the United States.

Only twenty thousand dollars is asked to buy the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where John Ruskin lived. The house is a very interesting place, and its name is very interesting. The house is a very interesting place, and its name is very interesting.

In telling in the Ave the story of his first successful book (The Story of the World), Mr. Stevenson says that he was very much interested in the story. The story is a very interesting one, and its name is very interesting.

"There must be something for hope at first meeting. The language must have a sense of what a very new word is coming." The language must have a sense of what a very new word is coming. The language must have a sense of what a very new word is coming.

A chance school-boy, Mr. Stevenson's son, is a very interesting person. He is a very interesting person, and his name is very interesting. He is a very interesting person, and his name is very interesting.

This story of a man's story is a very interesting one. The story is a very interesting one, and its name is very interesting. The story is a very interesting one, and its name is very interesting.

The American House, which is a very interesting place, is a very interesting place. The house is a very interesting place, and its name is very interesting. The house is a very interesting place, and its name is very interesting.

As the result of a seven years' fight with the British people, the privilege has been secured of writing a letter to the British people. The letter is a very interesting one, and its name is very interesting.

As the result of a seven years' fight with the British people, the privilege has been secured of writing a letter to the British people. The letter is a very interesting one, and its name is very interesting.

THE ASPHALTS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

As asphalt pavement properly made and laid will last indefinitely in any climate and under all conditions. It is the most costly of all pavements, offers the least resistance to erosion, and is the most durable. It is the most durable of all pavements, offers the least resistance to erosion, and is the most durable.

The use of asphaltum in the form of a road is a very interesting one. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting.

For three years a cement containing about fifteen per cent of refined asphaltum has been used for the purpose of road. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting.

While the asphaltum is a very interesting material, its use is very interesting. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting.

The two most asphalt deposits in California, the Alameda and the Standard, occur in adjacent localities in Santa Barbara and Kern counties. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting.

The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting.

Legions of these asphaltum extend far out beyond the limits of the asphaltum. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting.

From Los Angeles, the asphaltum extends far out beyond the limits of the asphaltum. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting.

Asphaltum is the most valuable of all the asphaltum. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting. The asphaltum is a very interesting material, and its use is very interesting.



Act I.—AGNES MILLER AS ELIZABETH
(The maid is up to date.)



Act II.—MAUDE ADAMS AS JESSIE KEMER.
(“What can be me to me?”)



JOHN DREW AS VINCENT CLEVELAND
(The Lover of the House of Commons.)



Act III.—MAUDE ADAMS AS JESSIE KEMER; J. E. DUGAN AS MATTHEW KEMER.
(“You are about our new home.”)



Act II.—JOHN DREW AS VINCENT CLEVELAND; MAUDE ADAMS AS JESSIE KEMER.
(“You are no for about me.”)



Act III.—ARTHUR BYRON AS DON CHARLES TENDY; EDNA DE WOLFE AS LADY WATTE FENNEL.
(“Glad and I am married.”)

—THE BACKLE SHOOP, PLAYING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.—(See Page 502.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A DESPERATE CHANCE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(THURSDAY EVENING)

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WHY HILL MUST BE DEFEATED.

THE nomination of DAVID B. HILL as a candidate for the Governorship of this State, effected as it was by an irresistible tide of sentiment in the Democratic Union Convention, is being glad to know, set a great many good citizens belonging to the Democratic party to serious thinking. They remember that last year one MAYNARD was defeated as a candidate for the Court of Appeals by a majority of more than 100,000 votes; that MAYNARD was thus banished beyond resurrection because of the popular belief that by a felonious transgression of the law he had aided in the fabrication of the result of an election, and that the people by this crushing verdict expressed their opinion not only of the crime in question, but also of the monstrous outrage committed by the politicians who had insulted the citizens of New York in asking them to drag the judiciary into the mire by putting a condemned criminal upon the highest tribunal of the State. It is remembered, also, that DAVID B. HILL, then Governor of New York, had not only approved of the foul deed done by MAYNARD, but had actually instigated it; that he had made the public apologize to it; that he had turned his eyes from the crime, and that he had appointed MAYNARD to fill a vacancy in the Court of Appeals; that it was his influence that prevailed upon the Democratic Convention to nominate MAYNARD for a place on that bench, and that he thus attempted to send MAYNARD to the highest tribunal of the State just because MAYNARD had committed a criminal act all his best.

All these things are fresh in our memories. No fair-minded man will doubt that in the commission of the injustice act for which MAYNARD was so overwhelmingly condemned, HILL was the principal and MAYNARD only the tool. And now, after having pushed the tool with political ambition, the people of New York are called again to elect the principal, by far the more dangerous of the two, as the highest officer in the State. This is the deep disgrace to which this nomination invites us—a disgrace deeper, in fact, than the election of MAYNARD would have been. No wonder that many thousands of Democrats find themselves again in the throes of a severe conflict between their consciences and their party spirit. And if there was one reason for deciding this conflict against MAYNARD, there are ten for deciding it now against HILL.

No partisan Devil will make up his mind as to its duty to his party and as his country without having considered what the inevitable consequences of HILL's success in this election would be. There is no moral in the Democratic party of New York that is not his friend. There is no opposition whose object is plunder, and whose method of public warfare is fraud, that does not look up to him as its natural champion. And justly so. As he in MAYNARD's case sought to elude crime committed at his behest with the judicial canon, so now, if elected to the Governorship again, exhaust all the resources of his cunning and all the powers of his office to fatten the yoke of Tammany Hall upon the neck of this municipality, and the yoke of the State machine upon the State, more than thirty years hence. Tammany and the machine, with all the sinister rings of public plunder, would, after such a victory of their idol, feel themselves thereafter safe than ever against any attempt to drive them from power, and their insolence and magnificence would be an ominous threat to the Democratic party, which would be reduced to the undignified minority of its worst elements, and the people of the State be delivered head and foot to the services of organized crime.

But there is another reason equally grave why HILL's election would be of the most pernicious to every Democrat who has the good of the country and his party at heart. Outside of the State HILL's character is not so well known as it is here. By many Democrats in other parts of the country he is simply looked upon as an unusually smart politician, whose peculiar abilities command success, and who could not have risen to his present station without making enemies. If he should now be elected in spite of the credit in his own party, the prestige of such a success would give his candidature for the Presidency, which so far appeared only as the dream of disordered ambition, the character of something possible, and of something earned by party service. The time serving element in the Democratic party, which is by no means small, especially among the professional poli-

ticians, would see in him the man of the future, and give him a personal following in the country and in Congress large enough to command consideration. A great many Democratic Congressmen would come to him for orders as to the policy to be followed, and from that moment on President CLEVELAND and his administration would be in the hands of a man who is reduced to a mere perfunctory executive; their influence in the party would be broken, and the principles and aims of which CLEVELAND and the best class of Democrats are the representatives would be entirely covered by the dark ambition and the sordid policy without conscience which find their embodiment in HILL and his satellites. It is therefore no exaggeration to say that the evil that would be wrought by HILL's success in this election is simply beyond reckoning.

It is hard to understand the moral sense as well as the logic of those who, although at heart opposed by HILL's character and doings, are yet willing to overturn their repugnance to him because in the Senate he has shown a certain ability as a debater and parliamentarian, and has been able to make a conspicuous figure before the country. With equal reason they might be willing to tolerate a professional safe-burglar with the custody of a bank vault because he has shown greater dexterity and achieved a greater success in his criminal career than the honest and law-abiding citizen who would be expected to guard the bank. Indeed, what are the achievements in the Senate to which HILL owes his new renown? He has simply done those what an ambitious and utterly selfish and unscrupulous political trickster would expect to do, and he has done them without blush or crumb. To defeat PRESIDENT CLEVELAND in all the patriotic purposes he was pursuing, and he has entered to every popular breeze to win support for himself. He would have defeated the report of the crime but he could not do so without basely refusing himself to his constituents, and nobody can tell to day whether he will not land on the free-swing side as soon as he concludes that thereby he can best serve his Presidential ambition. He opposed the tariff bill not because of the disadvantages that bill had suffered in the Senate, but because on account of the income-tax provision, which he knew he could not prevail upon either House of Congress to strike out—thus demonstrating that he would do anything, even the best imaginable, to get his bill passed. With a provision of this kind contrived to render his motives suspicious under all circumstances, there are many fair-minded people today who honestly believe that his real purpose was to give PRESIDENT CLEVELAND in force for the benefit of the Sugar Trust. He has succeeded in this, and the confirmation of some of the best nominations for office the President sent to the Senate, and nobody, not even his most reckless adherents, will attribute this to any wish on his part to serve the public interest. He should, he has actually devoted all his abilities to the task of preventing MR. CLEVELAND's administration from rendering good service to the country, and of thereby advancing his own fortunes. And his fame arises largely from his success in executing this policy, as to what country he has served. He may show himself capable of to "stick a knife into CLEVELAND," and on which side of every public question HILL may turn up. There is not the faintest trace of a patriotic impulse or aim, or of a disinterested conviction, in his whole career. The ablest and most the more dangerous is his power for evil, and the more necessary it is to extinguish his prestige and influence once and forever. And it is by Democratic votes that this extinguishing should be accomplished.

THE POWER OF THE MACHINE.

We have just witnessed one illustration of the power of the machine that could be but hardly over-estimated. So far as they are not, it is due to the intellectual and moral insensibilities which are the unhappy results of long-suffering. The people who voting in both parties have seen so many years the fractions assigned to the vote given over performed by the "boss"-raked machine that they have ceased to wonder at the usurpation, or to resent it with anything like the lively indignation which is commensurate with a due awareness and respect for the most sacred rights of the citizenry of a self-governing State.

The nominations for Governor of this State have been made for both parties by their bosses. In the Republican party, PLATT dominated the convention. In the Democratic party, a group of men controlled. The Democratic party had nothing to say. Even the delegates, who were designated by the machine and selected in advance of the primaries, held no will or choice of their own. They simply registered the decrees of their masters. It was PLATT who nominated the members of the State Committee. MR. TOWNSEND and the Tammany machine decided that HILL should be the Democratic candidate. It is now known that the "stampede" in the Democratic convention was prearranged, and that those who incited and led it learned the party they were to play

in at least twenty-four hours before the country was supposed by the news of the time to have chosen a candidate for Governor. As for HILL himself, it is unnecessary to consider whether he was sincere or insincere in the attitude which he assumed. His reputation will not be affected by the acceptance of either hypothesis. The important point is that the nomination of such a man as HILL is a reflection on the convention of neither party was a deliberative body. It merely registered the will of the machine, and the voters of the party, who are supposed to elect delegates to express their sentiment in choosing candidates had really no voice whatever in the matter. It is enough to regret the lukewarmness of good citizens, and to lecture them for non-attendance at the primaries. This standing report of the reformer has become the sentiment of the machine, its "losses" and "gains" are no longer counted. The Democratic voter in the State had gone to the primaries this year it is doubtful if the results would have been different. Many of them would have been denied a vote on pretext or another, and adverse majorities could have been counted out.

The fact is that the machine is the party in this State. It has been placed in full control by statutes which were enacted for the purpose of increasing the "honest" and for perpetuating morality. It is the creature of the law, and it is the law that conducts their own elections. An election ought to be the expression of the popular will. In its very nature is the principle that it should be free from interference, that the outcome should be entirely the result of the free choice of the voters. The primary lies at the basis of all elections. It selects the representatives of the people who are to name the candidates. A primary should be so free of outside interference, so wholly popular, that no one but the voters of the district should be permitted to count the vote should have any control over it. The same principle ought to apply to elections. It was this principle that was the backbone of Northern opposition to what was known as the "force bill." Until the past few years it applied to primaries in this State. They were conducted by inspectors who were chosen by the voters of the party.

When the present Democratic machine found it self in power in the State it took steps to perpetuate itself through the law. The State Constitution had been foolishly surrendered to HILL in 1888. He at once set about making it the central power of a machine that extended from one end of the State to the other. Very soon he controlled most of the towns, and the State was ripe for a statute was passed abolishing the office of inspectors of primaries. In their place a chairman was to be elected, the chairman of the town committee presiding over the primary, putting the questions and determining the result. He was to give the vote, and the voters were to be appointed to count the ballots cast at the primary. These tellers were to be named by the chairman of the primary. Those who are familiar with the structure of the town government will understand the extent and dangers of the power thus granted them. The statute meant that the machine should receive and count the votes at the primaries, and this in turn meant that all opposition to the projects of the machine, which, in State affairs, emanate from the State Committee "bosses," should be counted out. This statute, outrage as it was, was not strong enough for the machine. Another statute was passed in 1892, providing that the State Convention be held under the auspices of the local organizations of the parties holding them, and permitting the chairman of the town committee to appoint the chairman of the primary. Thus the people were deprived of all participation in the election of their representatives.

These laws do not apply, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, to the city of New York. Here no primaries worthy of the name are held. Tammany Hall selects delegates to conventions, and permits its enrolled members to influence them. The party, through its State Committee, has made this political bid the regular organization of the city. Every Democrat, therefore, who does not support this which is disfranchised as to his most important rights, is a traitor to his party. The State Convention of the city are better off to the extent that they are all permitted to seem to take part. But both the parties are really the machine, and under the law the machine cannot be defeated or reformed "from within." The hope of our people is to be saved by going to the primaries has been made absolutely vain and empty by statute. The only way to beat a machine and the polls—by a revolt against the party, and where both machines defend the mistake of defeat, the people are powerless. Party government



JOSEPH LABOUCHE



CHARLES STEWART SMITH



CHARLES C. DEAMAR



JAMES P. AINSWORTH



J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON.
Photograph by Richmond.



GUSTAV B. SCHWARZ



PETER S. OLNEY.



G. L. RYAN



W. B. HENSHAW.



JOHN CLAPIN



SIMON STERNE
Photograph by Park.



R. B. HALLAWAY

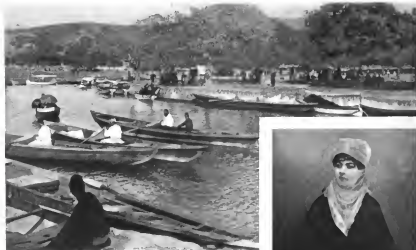
THE ANTI-TAMMANY MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK—REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY—[See Page 905.]



THE SULTAN'S HOME



THE TURKISH ADOPTAL



TURKISH RADES AND BOATMEN AT A BEACH IN THE RIVER



TURKISH WOMAN WEARING THE LAMMAH, OR VIL



A TURKISH WAGON FROM THE COUNTRY



GYPSY WOMEN SINGING

THE SWEET WATERS OF EGYPT—A TURKISH SUMMER RESORT —(See Page 967)



NORTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST, LE ROY.



RUINS OF UNION OPERA-HOUSE AND DWELLINGS NEAR ST. LE ROY.



RUINS OF THREE DWELLING-HOUSES ON MAIN STREET, LE ROY.



WRECKAGE OF GEORGE BOYER'S HOUSE, ALTONA.



REMAINS OF SCHOOL-HOUSE, SIX MILES FROM ALTONA.*



VIEW OF CYCLONE-SWEEP DISTRICT, LOOKING SOUTHWEST, LE ROY.

THE RECENT DESTRUCTIVE CYCLONE IN IOWA AND MINNESOTA

SOME RECENT CYCLONES

Any violent storm coming in called a cyclone, and if it is deadly and violent, it is called a cyclone. In the latter part of September and the early part of October have been rightly named. The Weather Bureau of the Agricultural Department gave notice of a severe storm that prevailed in the length and breadth of Cuba on September 23d, and which threatened to move northward. Preparations were made for it as far south as New York, but it did not come, as it blew out to sea before getting farther than Florida. The storm swept over the whole of the island of Cuba, lasting two days, and doing an immense amount of harm. In Havana it killed the water men to a depth of six feet, and the entire city was damaged. The neighboring sugar plantations were much damaged by flood and wind, and the loss of life was great. As the storm came toward the United States it passed over the key West and Dry Tortugas near the Gulf of Mexico, the wind blowing at the rate of 100 miles an hour. Not much damage was done, though the government officers there were apprehensive that the buildings might be blown away or set on fire.

The day before this cyclone storm began raging in the West Indies, one quite as serious had done its work of destruction in Minnesota and Iowa. The night of the 1st of September the people in the towns of Spring Valley and Le Roy, in Minnesota, and Altona, in Iowa, went to their beds in their usual security, and without any forebodings of the danger and the disaster that the night was to bring. At half past eleven o'clock, and without any warning, the storm blew down on Spring Valley. The houses and fences

were swept away like chaff before a March gale, and scores of houses were destroyed. Then the wind increased in violence, and the frail wooden frame buildings quickly succumbed. Nearly all the people were in bed when the storm began, and they were obliged to flee from their sleeping quarters in their night clothes, while others not so fortunate were caught in the rain and either killed or badly hurt. Those who were pressed down by falling chimneys were obliged to remain in such perilous positions until daylight enabled the rescuing parties to relieve them. The killed in Spring Valley were three, the wounded thirty. At Le Roy the storm acted in a very similar way, and that populous little town was almost completely wrecked, all the buildings in the central and eastern parts of the town were levelled to the ground. At this place the storm began at precisely eleven minutes before eleven o'clock, and lasted for several hours. Four citizens were killed, and more than forty were wounded. This storm appears to have swept through the northern part of Iowa and the eastern corner of Minnesota. In addition to the casualties at Le Roy and Spring Valley, there were deaths at Le Roy, Wisconsin, Dodge Center, Maudy Junction, Dubuque, Altona, Rensselaer, Mason City, Knoxville and Whitesboro. The killed number not less than seventy-five, while many hundreds were maimed or left injured. The loss to property was very serious indeed, and many of the sufferers lost everything they had. For a week after this severe storm in the Northwest there was only one weather forecast, at least the distances were not outside. Then there was a outbreak of the cyclone in Arkansas, and intelligence from Little Rock is to the effect that several lives were lost there and much property damaged. Of the five hundred thousand dollars of damage

effected, not more than twenty five hundred dollars' worth was covered by insurance. In the morning of September 1st the storm of Little Rock were almost impossible to account for the wreckage in the streets. Almost every building on Main Street between Markham and Third was leveled and in many instances entire fronts were leveled. The greatest damage was in East Markham Street, where not a single house escaped injury.

But the most complete wreck of this storm was at the Innate Arkan, three miles away from the central portion of Little Rock. The wooden buildings were on an eminence, and presented an admirable target for the wind. When the wind struck the arched, Dr. Robinson, the superintendent, and his family, as well as the patients, were falling together in the hall. They organized each walking towards its own ruin. The storm blew over the two towns, and Dr. Robinson was caught beneath the falling material and killed. Dr. Robinson reached against one of the walls and escaped injury. The rest of the side wall of the arched was blown down, and the roof fell away. Even after the fury of the storm had subsided there was a reign of panic-stricken, as material, unusually varied, had been released from confinement, and were forced immediately out. Some fifteen boats were blown down, and a few were still unaccounted for two days after the storm. At the Arkansas State Penitentiary the storm did serious damage. Several buildings were blown down, and the roof of the cell house was carried off. None of the convicts escaped, though there was very serious excitement. The boat was killed. On October 1st the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department issued a weather forecast in which frequent gales on the North Atlantic were predicted and also occasional cyclones and hurricanes. We will soon be able to tell how good the naval experts are at weather forecasting.

* The ground above partly where this was carried with a heavy rain probably later for 100 yards, and then dropped to storm.

HOW NEW YORK IS KEPT PARTIALLY CLEAN.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS—ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS J. RHEAD

THAT New York ought to be the cleanest city in the world is a time honored proposition. That New York is not the cleanest city in the world is a proposition equally old and familiar. The reason why New York should be what it is in this respect are several: (1) It is located on a narrow strip of land, with high except areas on either side; (2) it has a natural water shed running almost its entire length; (3) its highest position are northward, from whence the water supply must come; (4) the sanitary expense as enormous as annually in the attempt to cleanse.

The reason why New York is not what it should be in the matter of cleanliness are also several. They may be summarized thus:

1. The citizens as a rule do not realize their obligations to the public, and do not do the authorities to their might.
2. Building contractors, gas companies, and others have done irreparable damage to the street pavements do not as a rule seem to find they have any interest whatever in the question of the city's cleanliness.
3. The unscrupulous antiquities having charge of the construction of road-beds have usually been "penny wise and pound foolish" in their extravagant expenditure, and thus have made road-beds that in the main are uncleanable.

This department has no control whatever over the construction of road-beds in the city's water supply. Neither has it any concern with the watering of streets or the disposal of sewage. On the other hand, it has complete control of the entire system of street sweeping, cleaning, and watering (with the inconspicuous exception of certain streets leading out of the park), and of the removal and final disposition of all household refuse and garbage. In a word, the policeman of the Street-cleaning Department is here in fact the city from all objectionable refuse of whatever character, except sewage.

The arrangement of thoroughfares in all but the oldest portions of New York has the merit of extreme simplicity. For about two and a half miles northward from the Battery, it is true, the streets are chaotic, as city streets are

nowhere, the streets relatively few—while, as it is a rule, would have been the natural and natural order of things—it would be easy to increase certain streets, and to increase the number of streets in some of the other cities, without seriously interfering with business interests. But after existing conditions this is impossible. Hence, in existing streets, more than in paving street, the department is forced to make a greater number of streets that will make a pleasant road bed to drive over. The most desirable material available is a broken granite from the granite block, and with it about twenty-five per cent of all the thoroughfares of New York are paved. Twenty per cent are macadam, and five per cent have beds of asphalt—sliding to the surface. The granite block road-beds are almost all in the city. The blocks themselves are rough, and



SWEEPING BY THE POST-OFFICE AT NORTH-CITY HALL PARK.

A GARBAGE-DUMPING FROM THE EAST SIDE.

4. A like neglect has been shown in regard to water supply and hydrant facilities.
5. The Department of Street-cleaning, which has direct charge of the city's entire sewerage system, has long been conducted as a department of the dominant political machine, on policy has usually been, therefore, "We take the spoils, and the dirt, that is to say, the dirt, take the streets," which instruction the dirt has not been able to accept.

Superintendence under such conditions of the problem set assignment will appear as we proceed.

Let us consider the exact conditions of the problem set the Street-cleaning Department, and begin with what efforts are made to meet these conditions. As has been implied,

usually expected to be, from there on toward the northern extremity of the island, for about seven miles, they are arranged with the utmost regularity. But a very anomalous fact in this connection can hardly fail to impress any one who glances at a map of the city. The thoroughfares that run parallel with the long axis of the island (which extend southward only about six miles, whereas "broad" streets, as shown town (named streets) number about twenty in the mile. Taken in connection with the obvious fact that the bulk of traffic in the city must always be up and down rather than across the island, this peculiarity of avenues is very singular. For the entire traffic up and down the island there are but fourteen thoroughfares, and two of these are interrupted for two and a half miles of their course by Central Park. The inevitable result is the abnormal congestion of all the avenues, and the giving over of all of them to miscellaneous traffic, and of all but one of them to street cars alone. But our forefathers in the laying out of the city simply reversed their plan, making the avenues relatively

they are laid out, at intervals of one or two miles, the main being a road bed well calculated to let the pavement out of corners of all manner of vehicles, and in the direction of the city. The best that can be said of the road-beds of the city as a whole, therefore, is that they might possibly be worse. Road-making is a process of evolution, and the granite block test from a straight ahead of the cold state, which will affect the street of our neighbor city across the bridge. But the time will come—would that it might come quickly—when the granite block as at present used in New York will be regarded as a relic of a bygone era.

However, the Street-cleaning Department in the matter of road-beds is as helpless as the citizen at large. It must accept conditions as it finds them. Its task is to clean streets that, because of their magnitude and the amount of dirt and gravel accumulated in the wide intersections of the blocks, are intrinsically uncleanable. Such a task is not exciting, but any one who accepts it ought surely to approach it with every effort to meet with enthusiasm. How far from this have been the efforts of some of our Street-cleaning Commissioners of the past? It would be hazardous to relate. Passing the time, by no means remote, when the alleged workers in this department seemed but a bunch of money-grubbers, with no idea whatever of cleaning streets; it is pleasant to be able to record that of late a more appropriate effort is being made to bring out of chaos the one Department of Street-cleaning. The special staff still makes the work, but aside from this, the methods of the department are becoming more rational. The plan of operation now involved, as used every large extent of work if it would succeed, a divided and absolutely irreconcilable responsibility for the details of work, and a united responsibility for the work as a whole.

To make the application. The city as a whole is divided into 11 districts, each comprising 25 miles of streets and presided over by a superintendent, and 25 sections, of about six and a half miles each, each of a foreman. Each superintendent and foreman is directly responsible for the condition of his district to the commissioner, who is responsible to the Mayor for the condition of the whole. The extent of streets cared for is 262 miles, of which 223 miles are swept daily except Sunday, and the remainder (which are three miles a week). The average number of sweepers employed is 1200. Their salary, heretofore \$100 per month, is now recently raised by the Legislature to \$400.

The bulk of the street sweeping is done at night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, as in Paris. This is done necessary by the average necessities of sweeping machines, of which there are but 40. In watering-carts, to provide the water, there are but 10. The sweeping machines make the work singly, passing up one side of the street and back the other. In the case of avenues (which are 40 feet in case between curbs) and wider streets the machines must make several hours before it has shifted the dirt into the gutters.

The sweeping machines in use are of 100 tons. The machine runs on a considerably wider than those in use in Paris. Their draught is increased also by our rough pavements, and any one who has watched one of them in operation must feel that it is too heavy a load for a single machine. The larger machines are driven by 100-horse power, and make much more uniform and rapid progress. It is odd probably to be reminded in the end of the low-horse machines together, or else to have the single horse machines made of



FIELD SPRINKLER FROM HYDANT, UNION SQUARE.

smaller size. In the latter event the machines would probably be drawn enough faster to cover the same ground as the present machines without overhauling the horse. But whether or not this proved the case the choice should be made.

the city of Boston. The sweeping machines is supported by that of an army of men with brooms and scrapers, who sweep the lines of dirt into heaps, and continue throughout the day to patrol the streets. Consequently, the sweeping machine is not the only action of the average householder. But it should be added that the efforts of even such a meager force to accomplish tangible results are hampered by the prevailing dusty condition of the road bed. The 25 sweeping cars that provide the sweeping machines constitute the department's entire equipment for this service. Except for this equipment, the department has no other in the department to sprinkle the streets. The privilege of sprinkling is let to a firm of contractors, who sprinkle only where they are paid to go by private contracts, carrying

[illegible]

The broad avenue leading northward from Central Park, which are the main thoroughfares leading to suburban speedways, are never cleaned at all, but these are under jurisdiction of the Board of Public Education is not to be merged against the Department. For the rest, it may be said the city that a manifest attempt is being made to make them clean, and even an attempt is evidenced most pronounced and justifying whether the attempt will conclude should it full confidence is left off at the coming election, inasmuch in view of that condition.

The special difficulties encountered in street-cleaning are numerous. For example, the road beds, had as they were in the first place, are constantly made worse by being torn



DAY SHEEPERS ON MATAMOROS BUREAU

up in the laying or repairing of gas or sewer or water pipes, the putting up of cables and other street-car lines, and the like. The car tracks themselves are, of course, an evil in the eye of the street cleaner, and, indeed, it does seem as if they are a constant source of trouble fairly well everywhere. There was one time in Chicago, when the tracks of one of the elevated railroads ran a most formidable distance to the pavement of the street in several of the most important thoroughfares.

These are evils beyond immediate remedy, but no work cannot be said of the blocking of the narrow streets by carts left standing overnight, and in particular of the utterly unremedied method of bottling in the narrow sides of some

beds of mortar, from girders, beams of steel, and other material in the streets in front of their buildings for weeks or months together. The only ordinance against a building is to outline the street for five feet from the curb for its purpose. If a man is asked to find a builder who thinks of complying with this law, it is not at all difficult, on the other hand, to find mansions where the material covers the street for about a five-foot of the opposite curb, leaving barely room for a team to pass. In streets as obstructed—and one may see them in any direction in the city—it is useless to expect a more relative order.

[illegible]

The messenger service of the city is conducted according to exactly the same system, and under the same official supervision as the street cleaning service. The messengers, the second class of the city's employees, are men who collect the street sweepings collect into the house-to-house refuse of every description, the entire mass of refuse being taken under the same conditions, furnished with a ticket, and deposited at the same way. That this is inefficiently wrong hardly needs saying. There should be three separate and distinct collections of city refuse: the first comprising street and sidewalk refuse, the second comprising house-to-house refuse, and the third, refuseable matter, or garbage. At present, however, for reasons to be mentioned presently, this

The total amount of refuse produced in a city is, speaking broadly, about one and a half cubic yards yearly for each resident. The exact amount collected in New York last year was 1,706,682 cart loads. The carts employed are two-wheeled affairs, made of iron. The capacity of each is about two cubic yards. The number in service was 1,000.



DAY SWEEPING NEAR THE FOOT OF WALL STREET



ITALIAN BAG-PROCESSED BOOTHING REFUGES IN SCOTLAND

from about 550 in summer to about 600 in winter. Turin and houses are better to the number of 200—are owned by the department. Each cart is in charge of a single driver and collector, who pushes a given district daily. He begins work at six in the morning, and continues until all refuse of his district has been collected, which is usually late in the day. When loaded, the cart is covered with a heavy canvas, and driven to the general "dump." Each driver collects on an average from seven to ten loads a day.

The exact character of the refuse varies with the season. In winter you will remark by far the largest share of it. According to some estimates about 7,000,000 tons of coal are consumed in the city each year, and the residue left in the form of ashes and clinkers after burning is about 17 per cent, or 1,190,000 tons. In summer the percentage of paper-stick matter in the refuse is greatly increased. To mention but a single ridiculous fact, and prominently in producing this change, there are about 150,000 newspapers shipped into the city during each of the larger seasons, the residue of which is the aggregate produce of enormous tons of garbage. The total amount of refuse is not given in this city in summer, but we may change and, the amount of refuse produced from day to day and week to week is remarkably uniform.

At all seasons the bulk of the refuse is much greater than it should be, owing to the extravagance and wastefulness of servants, and to the general carelessness that prevails in regard to throwing into the sink-pail many things that might easily and intelligently be consumed, in kitchen ranges. In regard to wastefulness there is said to have been a marked improvement of late years, but whether this is due to the present of waste or only the stress of the times remains to be seen. Gas ranges are beginning to cut an important figure in the reduction of the refuse.

The "dumps" in which the refuse is landed by the collecting carts are located at convenient intervals along the East and North rivers. There are about a dozen in number, and the average distance of the land to reach them is only about one mile, this being one of the important advantages of the present system of refuse removal from that of Paris. There the scavenger must seek his progress in the ash barrels before the collector reaches it. In New York a certain amount of ash barrel scavenging is still a necessary way from door to door, mostly by Italian women in search of

is a great heap of bones. These will sell, you are told, for sixty cents a barrel to makers of soap, grease and harness and fertilizers. Over there are scraps of fat, which have a somewhat similar destination. Beyond are scraps of cloth, which will be sold and sold for sixty to seventy cents per hundred weight. And there, across the dock, are barrels—overlaid with bottles that bring \$1.00 a barrel (fifty or sixty dollars' worth of these are gathered weekly at a single dump), broken bottles that bring much less, and ginger-ale bottles with patent stoppers that bring a good deal more. There are also miscellaneous piles of old carpets that bring twenty-five cents a hundred weight, and more dear carpets at that, and piles of size, mad of old tin, and of brass, and so on till the lot of things that could possibly be in refuse is exhausted.

Two things only that you might expect to find are missing from the heaps of sorted garbage, namely, old tin ornaments and scraps of paper. Old tin cases are sometimes saved for the solder, but the tin itself is not worth melting, and new paper can be made from wood pulp so cheaply that the old is not worth gathering. Paper in one form, however, is valuable—that which has been made into booklets and periodicals rather than daily papers. Here in this corner is the library budget. You are almost sure to pause for a passing glance at it to learn what books and periodicals have been received this morning from their British cousins, making place for new arrivals after that of Paris. Think, as you glance at the titles of some of the prize-drawings that adorn the heap. You remember, or do you not, Mr. Cozzens has not yet as



REMOVING GARBAGE NEAR THE FERRY-BOAT DEPOT.



EMPTYING GARBAGE INTO SINKS—EACH DRIVEN ON THE DOCK.

bread-crisis and other morals of food. But the systematic scavenging is done at the docks, from boat to boat, as the refuse is discharged. An Italian contractor purchases the privilege of "hauling" the refuse, as it is termed, paying the city \$150,000 a year for the exclusive privilege. He sublets the privilege for the individual dumps to contractors, who have assistants, personally conduct the work of scavenging, and make each profit as they can from the mass of mixed refuse.

It is well worth the time of any New Yorker who is disposed to feel that his life is a hard one to go to one of the harbor dumps—the one at Seventy-third Street, East River, is convenient and typical—and learn to be content. Going at any hour of the day, except Sunday, you will find there a millions of streams of refuse-carts climbing the inclined plane to the upper deck that overhangs the garbage-scour, and discharging their contents amidst clouds of dust. Looking from this upper deck into the depths of the sea, you will see, when the dust has partly risen, a host of fairer faces working down in refuse, exposed in ever-recurring clouds of dust, so dirt, heaping that their always dark skins and their ever light black clothing are of a uniform color. Each worker has a long-handled fork, and in intervals of dodging the refuse, which momentarily threatens to engulf him as it descends from the carts by the side of the dip, vigorously into the never-ending piles of refuse, reaching eagerly each handful he deems it back of him, and removing from it any particle of matter that can possibly be supposed to have market value. All day long, in sun or rain as it be, wet, in 100, dry, and all day long, these men work on, and between them they find every particle of refuse that the carts bring to them. Their gleanings are orderly sorted as they discover them, placed in piles, and moved to the lower floor of the dock, where an other band of workers sorts them still further, and makes them ready for marketing.

This lower deck—used not higher of about six feet by the upper deck from which the carts discharge their loads—is the worst of a sight. Here you will see what it is that the filthy masses and the contractor sees. In this corner

embargo on scavenging in this particular line. But here two are other publications were meant for each company—a *Harvard Graduate Magazine*, a *Popular Science*, and a *Harvard Weekly*. And there, as we turn the heap appears a *fortuna* of the *Harvard Letter*, and a *Harvard* of *Harvard*—between *Harvard* and *Harvard* and *Harvard* and *Harvard*. Your curiosity in this direction is surely not kindled without further paying.

In the rear of this lower deck, beyond the piles of bones and fat you will discover a rather more dark refuse heap, which, as far as the half-light penetrates into the pits you will see, contains nothing but made refuse from the city with other bits and bits of refuse are thrown. You will probably turn to the use of these dumps until your guide tells you that they are the sleeping apartments of the workers about you. Here these keepers of the five nights of the week, each choosing, in default of long days of opulence in winter, when he shall himself be the head of a dump, or at least the proud possessor of a push cart or corner fruit stand. Sometimes night they go to their homes; Sunday morning they draw their work's wages; Monday morning bright and early they are at the dump again. A single life, you say? Perhaps, yet these men seem happy enough in their work. Probably they are as well, or as ill, content with their lot in life as most of us. All things considered, the philosophers tell us.

About twenty feet of these lovelies are required to make a single dump, and they receive each \$1 a day. The laborer therefore, pays and about \$150 a week for labor. His constant cost is about as much more. His living must therefore bring him more than \$150 a day if he is to make a profit. And what profit is made cannot be ascertained. During the summer season when the white people are out of town, the evaluations claim to run their business at a loss. But they make a steady profit in the

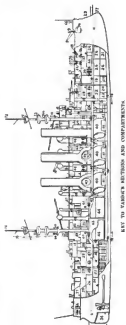


DUMPING AT EAST 10th STREET—TRUCKING A DRAIN HOLE.



Comparison view of lower main deck.

LENGTHWISE SECTION OF THE "YORK"



KEY TO VARIOUS DECKS AND COMPARTMENTS.

1. Gun turret. 2. Gun turret. 3. Gun turret. 4. Gun turret. 5. Gun turret. 6. Gun turret. 7. Gun turret. 8. Gun turret. 9. Gun turret. 10. Gun turret. 11. Gun turret. 12. Gun turret. 13. Gun turret. 14. Gun turret. 15. Gun turret. 16. Gun turret. 17. Gun turret. 18. Gun turret. 19. Gun turret. 20. Gun turret. 21. Gun turret. 22. Gun turret. 23. Gun turret. 24. Gun turret. 25. Gun turret. 26. Gun turret. 27. Gun turret. 28. Gun turret. 29. Gun turret. 30. Gun turret. 31. Gun turret. 32. Gun turret.



FIRST HAS-STATE ON ENGINEER FARM



WEST LATERAL OF IRRIGATION CANAL



CUSTOMER, TOPOLORAMPO



THE ENGINEER FARM SCHOOLHOUSE—THE COOLEST HOUSE MADE



FISH AND STOCKRAISE, TOPOLORAMPO



HOUSE OF THE HATELAND, LA JARSA, MIRAMIA, MEXICO

AN AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENT IN MEXICO.

PACIFIC CITY, ON TOPOLORAMPO BAY
AN AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENT
IN MEXICO.

On the east side of the Gulf of California, on the coast-line of the state of Sonora, in the republic of Mexico, is a little indentation in the shore called Topolobampo Bay. About twenty years ago A. K. Owen, a co-operative enthusiast, viewed this bay from the top of a neighboring mountain, and remarked that on its shores should be built a co-operative city, as a living example of the possibility of a co-operative municipality. It was many years before a start was made on the work, but in the year 1900 reclamation of land and other privileges were secured from the Mexican government, and work was actually commenced on the site of the village or settlement now known as "Pacific City."

Topolobampo Bay is between thirty and forty miles long, and the width varies from four to eight miles. Of the fifty-four square miles of this bay that are navigable, about thirty-two square miles have a depth of thirty feet. The depth of water on the bar at the mouth of the bay at low tide is twenty feet. In brief, Topolobampo Bay presents all the requirements of a first-class deep-sea harbor. The country about this harbor is a fertile strip of land except a very few acres yet, but on its shores a handful of enthusiasts are trying to carry out the most advanced ideas of co-operative life as outlined in Edward Bellamy's book, *Looking Backward*.

The chosen for this colony is an ideal one. It is located in latitude 29° N. The climate is almost perfect, the breeze from the Pacific Ocean moderates the heat in summer, and to the east lies the snow-capped Sierra Madre range of mountains. The conditions are the same that prevail in the orange belt of southern California, with the added factor of a more tropical climate. Everything from grapes to bananas can be grown successfully. The country is rich in natural resources, such as timber, minerals, and plenty of water, and the sea teems with edible fish. It will be no fault of natural conditions if this enterprise fails.

The purposes of the colony are strictly co-operative. It is intended to do away with dependence upon the outside world as far as possible, and to become a separate community in every sense of the word. The motto of the colony is that "all wealth created shall go to enrich the community instead of the individual." The colony in principle is co-operative as to its members and competitors as to the outside world. The members are to purchase supplies at cost, the profits obtained from outside going to build up the colony. They have a money of their own, known as "credits," which passes current in the community for labor and such materials as are produced in the settlement.

The colony was organized in Colorado, and Mexico was selected as being the most favorable site. The Mexican government is covering all salaries and transportation, and subsidizing reclamation of land and water rights were obtained. "Pacific City" was laid out in the most approved plan, a station house and hotel built by the Mexican government, and a big ditch was started out of the Puerto River (which supplies into Topolobampo Bay) for irrigation purposes. All this was done by a group of men, but the details of the colony become known, and a steady increase in the popula-

tion has been going on for the past two years, so that nearly five hundred people now gather in the well city. No one as yet can join without some means. There are no temptations for the criminal or shiftless class, so the presence of the colony is far above that of the average community. The hardships of those who have gone there have been severe, notwithstanding the climate. It has been all work under adverse circumstances, lack of communication with the outside world being one of the most serious.

The city as surveyed covers twenty-nine square miles. The irrigated ditch is twenty-seven miles long, and will irrigate 100,000 acres. At present the colony has under irrigation 300 acres. The crop last year was valued at \$11,000. They now have \$10,000 worth of farm animals and simple meats, and an orchard of about 1000 fruit trees. Three hundred banana plants will bear this year.

The present status of this colony is the nearest to the ideal co-operative community that has ever been reached in the numerous experiments tried. There have been and are discussions in the ranks, one faction is struggling against the other for control. Whether these jealousies will result in breaking up this colony is yet a matter for conjecture. Human nature is the same at Topolobampo as elsewhere, and personal ambition seems to be at the bottom of what trouble exists. The enthusiastic counts are inclined to make light of the dissensions, and claim they are but indications of a great and successful movement toward a higher form of civil life.

A railroad is projected to connect Topolobampo Bay with the American system of railways, and the plans and profits of the first path have been filed with and accepted by the Mexican government, and the only available pass through the Sierra Madre range has been located. Topolobampo Bay occupies an important geographical position on the coast, and it is claimed that it is in the direct line of the bulk of all foreign trade as soon as the railroad is built from the harbor to the American system.

It is proposed to build the road by co-operative labor if enough capitalists offer to do the work, otherwise it will be built in the usual way by local means. By connections from the Mexican government, on condition of building a railroad and surveying a zone of sixty kilometers (37.30 miles) on each side of the track, the colony will obtain a free gift of one-third of the zone, with the option of buying a second one-third. For each 1000 hectares (2470 acres) so taken the colony must settle one family, and there are to be settled on the colony lands two thousand families by February 28, 1902.

Stories of this colony have appeared in the press from time to time, and when the hard work of the past year renewed, hundreds of people went to the colony to obtain further information. As it takes money to get there and money to stay there, many were disappointed in the system involved, so from the character of the letters it was evidently hoped by the retrospective that they would find a refuge from poverty and business depression.

The experiment, or it was only so called, was, in being made, a failure, as the people grew thoughtful and weary of the system, and many were disappointed in the system involved, so from the character of the letters it was evidently hoped by the retrospective that they would find a refuge from poverty and business depression.

JAMES D. WELLS.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

The death in Chicago, on the 3d instant, of Professor David Swing recalls with much vividness the great bereavement which twenty years ago vexed the world of evangelists. Professor Swing was a native of Ohio, and was a graduate from the Miami



University, for which he prepared himself while coming to his own living. He became an accomplished Latin and Greek scholar, and for thirteen years filled the chair of languages at Miami University. He had long while studied theology, and had been ordained. While still working by his occasional occupancy of the pulpit he gained considerable fame as a preacher, and in 1868 he was called to the pastorate of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago. He was then thirty-six years old, and it was not long before he had acquired a reputation for himself as a man of vigorous and earnest faith.

During the great fire his church was destroyed, together with the houses of five hundred of his church members. But the church was quickly rebuilt. While preaching in the new edifice the charge of bereavement was brought, and after his acquittal the Central Church was established. The services have been held of recent years in the Central Music Hall, which is owned by his congregation.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

MATTHEW was with joy that Herbert had let the glorious face and figure be as he himself had painted them in that spirit of imagination, and had confined his own attention to the admittance of the dress, which was merely finished. Olive had a hump to R. waiting his prizes. He had a moment of embarrassment.

"It is very beautiful," he said, antipathetically but rapidly. Then turning to Herbert, he added, hesitantly, "If your remedy is only as good, old fellow—"

"It will be," said Mrs. Wyndwood, enthusiastically. "Who should write comedy if not a man like Mr. Strong, I mean Mr. Herbert—no more who had seen the measures of men and crime. I should think he could do it even better than he can paint."

"But he has one disadvantage," said Olive, gloomily.

"He is witty."

Herbert stood bowing with his hand on his breast in mock acknowledgment. His boyish face looked flushed and hard as in the happy light. Matthew had a spasm of despondency—a momentary sense of being an outsider.

"Don't practice your forebodings here, now," said Olive.

"No one has called 'Arthur'."

"Many men called, but few chosen," quoted Herbert.

"I wonder how I should come out under your brush," said Eleanor, turning to Matthew. His black fit vanished. He was taken back again into the channel circle. But the question remained neck and neck.

"Not more beautiful than this," he murmured. "Too hope you will give me the pleasure. I am here in patience, that is."

"Perhaps in town—not here. I want to be out and about. Olive, we must give them something before they go back through the cold light."

Olive rang the bell and ordered refreshments. They adjourned to the drawing room, a spacious apartment with strange lovely antique furniture and ceiling beams and

valet, the exalted made more quiet by the irrelevant presence of a grandfather's chair with its high stiff curvaceous back.

"I failed that up from the kitchen," said Olive. "It's jolly but it's not to imagine one's self an old cross-boddy to one's last sleep."

He seated himself upon it forthwith, and nodding, and against the white curtains her dark face shone, heavily and young, and more provoking by the suggestive contrast.

Herbert stood over her, fingering his fingers dressing nervously on the canvas bagging.

He sprang up and threw back the lid of a melodeon instrument, and began to play a joyous melody.

Matthew had seated himself at an arm-chair near the window. Eleanor, her superb dress and neck bare, was opposite him, a wonderful white vision in the soft light. His

curled her eyes, and they smiled at him, the friendly smile that means nothing and everything.

As Olive touched the keys his breast grew tender. When last he heard those tinkling harmonies before? His dead childhood came back to him, for a moment—it was a harp and the last person he had heard playing it was Miss Haley.

A vision of her girlish figure flitted before him, then passed into the picture of the young woman with the sweet earnest eyes that Billy had adored up, then faded into the sweeter vision of the mother, as through eyes still misty he saw Eleanor's bosom softly rising and falling with the melody, whose joyous soul sparkled in her eyes.

The time grew merrier, madder. Herbert was at her side now; he was talking to her as her long white fingers darted among the keys. Suddenly the music jelled and stopped. Olive leaped up and ran to the window and threw it open, and a cold wind swept in, and the solemn shudders of the waves.

"There it is," she cried, "the great lonely blackness—snarling outside like a wild beast in its lonely agony. We shut it out with our walls, and hang them with pictures and plaques, but there it is all the same, and all our loves, tries cannot quite despoil its wall. Don't you hear it in the darkness, don't you hear it crying out there—the pain of the world?"

Mrs. Wyndwood sprang up in alarm and closed the win-

dow. "Olive, Olive, calm yourself," she said, tenderly, pressing the girl's face to her bosom.

Olive broke from her with a peal of laughter. "You look as if you had seen a ghost, Mrs. Wyndwood. Are you afraid of the black night and you shut it out? Are you out of tune with it already?"

"You exaggerate the pain of the world, dearest," said Eleanor, soothingly.

Herbert looked startled. "The pain of the world?" he said. "The fantasy of the world, you mean. People eat and drink and go to theatres, and over their graves the parous notes of intellects and immortals. Religion is too big for me. We're like mice in a cathedral."

"You are right," Olive dropped wearily into the great father's chair. "God said, 'Let man be, and sufferer of his own race.'"

Eleanor's eyes kindled. "We are small most of the day," she said. "But there are moments when, as Wordsworth says,

"By Faith and Hope and Love's transcendent power
We feel that we are greater than we know."

I'm not afraid, Olive. There? I open the window again. Come and look—me at the black night far up at the stars."

Matthew's soul melted in wonder. He moved to her side and lifted his eyes to the far sparkling vault where the moon had now sufficed the dark clouds that seemed to have grown light and porous. The two reflections of sky and sea brooded together in the night, ineffably serene.

Eleanor would not budge. "The stars?" she shuddered.

"Big black worlds."

Mrs. Wyndwood did not hear her. "Ah, there's the 'Punch'!" she said. "And there's the 'Polo-Mag' in a striped line, and there's 'Cassidy's'. And that's all I know. But, oh, surely they are barren of rest, where the tears are wiped from all faces." Her voice faltered, her face was moist as she prayed.

"Won't you put something over your shoulders?" Matthew said, tenderly.

"No, it's quite warm. Unless perhaps we take a turn

(Continued on page 384)

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

1. *Illegitimate* means "not legitimate."

Abstract

New York City, October 20, 1894

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bedarft keiner besonderen Erwähnung.

THE TRIUMPH OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THEY accuse the city of New York of all the anti-Tammany elements without distinction of party upon a common candidate for the Mayorship, and upon a substantially common platform as to municipal affairs in its great extent. It appears especially significant and in the highest degree encouraging to the friends of good government when we consider that the party which is generally regarded as the worst of these difficulties was party spirit, that singular passion which so frequently betrays the finest intellects and warps the judgment of otherwise clear-headed, pure, and high-souled men. It is perhaps just that while the preparations for the coming fight are being made, the party spirit of the anti-Tammany Republicans should have had its play; that many anti-Tammany Democrats should have showed themselves honest in demanding that the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor must be a Republican, or that he should have brought the efforts of the Committee of Security to effect a union of all having the same object in view to the very verge of final failure; that this party spirit in the anti-Tammany ranks should have been directly confronted with the alternative of a compromise against the Tammany machine to the effect of that endorsement of the most abominable corruption and despotism, Tammany Hall, or to make a sacrifice of painful feeling, that in the face of this alternative the sacrifice was finally made; and that then the zealous party men on both sides woke up to the fact that the man upon whose candidacy the party spirit of the anti-Tammany Republicans had been so persistent as to prevail at all as to municipal affairs, and that, as he with unswerving frankness declared, the pure party would have nothing to hope and the other nothing to fear from him. That the whole partisan excitement, threatening disaster to the city government, turned out to have been really causeless.

"We repeat, it is in itself a great event. It proves that even in a city in which party spirit has been cultivated with extraordinary assiduity for all sorts of purposes, where suchlike politics, with all their attendant evils, have been fostered to a degree of perfection, and where all kinds of evil influence are more than ordinarily active and potent, a combination of all the better elements at the sacrifice of party feeling can be effected in spite of seemingly insuperable obstacles. It is a happy omen for the future when public spirit rises like the members of the Committee of Seventy undertake such a task they should never, no matter how gloomy the outlook may appear, give up the hope of accomplishing it. It is a happy omen for the future when the leaders of partisan organizations who put the public welfare above mere party interest, never to be disconnected by partisan classism among their followers, and never to despair of the possibility of bringing about a more united and constructive political impulse. If these lessons, which by the remarkable and well-deserved success of the Committee of Seventy have been so strikingly and impressively taught, are well understood and remembered, the well-constituted, thoughtful and constructive character of the good government, for its friends will remember that they always can make their power felt by earnestly trying, and that end-eavors will stand in greater force than before of a judgment that may swiftly overtake

We cross these upon the assumption that the united and testimony forces will be victorious in the elections. We take it for granted that it will be so. Never has the whole balance of human affairs been so full of hope and confidence. When the police investigation has been going on only a few weeks, it was said that, however atrocious the criminal practices exposed might be, the public had substantially known this all before, and the evils had been served out long since to the popular imagination. We are now confused, the police, the stories, oppression, and tyranny practiced by the police upon poor and helpless people, upon women and children, that have recently been brought to light, go in point of systematic violence, far beyond anything formerly known to the public. We are not sure that we can liken this to things done in Tangier, Fux, or Morocco, the comparison seems to be only a figure of speech. Indeed, we may well doubt whether such atrocities are equalled even in the darkest of the Berny or the Congo. We are not sure that we can liken to any that such infamous things have grown up

under a big nose ridge. That a Republican may sometimes have shared the pilot's view. But he was a Tammany Republican, and the true Tammany spirit permeated the whole police force. How can we forget the first retaliation made before the investigating committee had even begun its work? The man who was shown to have served at the podium. None but the Tammany interest. Whose heels and ruffians and bullies were shown by the police shown to have been the cause of the riotousness of the Tammanys and ruffians and bullies too, officers of Tammany. What wretched and challengers and voters was the police shown to have assaulted and terrorized? The wretched and challengers and voters opposed to Tammany. Who were the cause of the riotousness of the evil doers from harm and rewarded with promotion some of the worst of them? The Tammany pill. It is therefore in the broad sense a Tammany police force. The police force of the B-see of the whole Tammany racket of government.

All these and other things are now laid bare in the open light of day. The fatal forces of Yamanashi mutinism threaten the very existence of the nation. The only way to save the nation is to prevent the mutineers from accomplishing their purpose, to prevent the extermination of this seed of villainy. Now, at last, the good citizens of New York have united against it. At their head, an enthusiastic leader, a man of the highest character as a business man and as a citizen. He solemnly pledges himself to conduct the city government without partisan bias, solely for the good of the city. He has no other reason to doubt that this pledge will be conscientiously kept. Again New York has shown herself animated by its grand ideal to name a hero has cheerfully sacrificed his life for the good of his country. He attempts to cover his evil designs with the prestige of benevolence. We are grieved to see a man who has done so much good in the company and under the leadership of a man who has done so much evil with a band of soldiers behind him! He will only succeed in making Yamanishi and the more dangerous. The decisive struggle has come. If now the good citizens of New York will so strain every nerve to bring their own city to the same glorious position as that of New York when victory is within their grasp, they will let it slip, they will have, and they will deserve, the contempt of the whole country. But we trust they will be up to the task of this.

We cannot resist to mention another triumph of public spirit over party acuteness well apt to raise the hopes of the friends of good government. It is the open avowal of patriotic and self-respecting Democrats that they will not support any man for Governorship.

Led by Mr. ERNEST M. SHEPARD, of Brooklyn, whose patriotic spirit and integrity cannot be too highly commended, they have put forth a declaration of principles which may well be called the Declaration of Independence of the Democracy. ERNEST P. WHEELER, of New York, and nominated in Mr. Shepard's place, has been elected to the platform and in private conversations and whose readiness to serve the public weal at any sacrifice are recognized by all. The Democrats who have taken this step are hardly sanguine enough to expect the election of a Democratic Governor, and they are not without the votes of dissatisfied Republicans, who under different circumstances would flock to them in great numbers. Their object can only be to assist in the struggle against Hitt, and to make tell the votes of the Democrats, and to show the people the Republican ticket; to show the country, through their platform as well as their candidate, what true Democracy is; and to form a nucleus for the subsequent organization of a Democratic party such as the Democratic party ought to be, for future action.

It is not to be expected that the Democracy, in its originators, and of the sympathy of all Democrats whose object it is to make their party a true instrument for the furtherance of good government. It may well be hailed as one of the most hopeful signs

POPULISM AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE astonishingly large vote cast by the Populists in Georgia has claimed a good many people who forget the history of the rise and fall of political and economic heresies in this country. In every period which engenders a fatal crisis to the naturally lively American imagination the best preventive of panic is a little serious reflection on our political history. There have been few Presidential terms in which the country has been so generally misled as in the last. It has sheltered the annihilation of democratic institutions. The government has been on the verge of destruction from monarchists, from Jacobins, from Irish immigration, from greenbackers, and now from Populists. And yet there has never a heresy arisen whose advocates have not been scattered like chaff before the wind. And whenever a serious and earnest crusade was undertaken by the influences of reason and common sense.

It is as true to-day as it was at the time when the Jeffersonian Republican was patronizing a French toiler, and the Hamiltonian Federalist was wearing

English cloth, the honest common sense of the best "free citizen" in this country. In our own day we have seen the republican process in life against the slave power in arms, and many of us have helped to give the spirits to sectionalism, to grangerism, and to greenbackism. It is probable that the struggle of the silver nations for a forced public market is about over. Some other phase of the money question will be the next to be fought. The silver nations can make sixteen equal to thirty-two is nearly dead. The best sign of this is the fact that minority parties in the silver States are beginning to show signs of recovery from their mental disorder. All these false doctors who have overcome, there is every reason why men who have had experience in the politics, should choose to fly to the point at the expense of the movement, since such an increase may be justified as mistaken for a fatal ill.

It is true that the danger of Populism is not to be underestimated, and it is, on the whole, better to be too much than too little afraid of it. But Populism is only a new symptom of an old trouble. Perhaps it is at the most serious symptom that has yet appeared. At the same time it does not threaten the country with any such danger as will excite a panic. A little resolute common sense will dissipate it; but the sense it is dissipated the better for the country and for those who have been misled into joining in the movement. In the effort to defeat the Populists it will be found that the restoration of prosperity is a most potent, probably the most potent, ally of reason. Every such agitation as this is intensified by hard times.

Populism is the expression of the discontent of the majority. It does not matter what it demands, whether free coinage, or paper money, or government loans to the farmers on their crops, or government ownership of the railroads, or the like, so long as it is the feeling of those who have little money that the government ought to help them to more. This feeling has been intensified and kindled by certain acts of the Federal government which have seemed to the discontented as if they were done to help the rich and to harm the poor when the acts of the government were dictated by wisdom and patriotism, as in the exemption of lands from taxation, they have nevertheless aroused the feeling of the people that the government was helping those who have had very little to pay little tax, and that the chief cause of Populism in its present phase has been that fruitful breeder of trusts and monopolies, that protective tariff. More than anything else, it is the feeling of the people that it is unfair to those who are forced to contend with adverse circumstances for a slender living. It has bred the basket of mud which looks to the government as the cause of their misery. It has made paternalism popular. It has made the people feel that the government of those who do not realize that protection itself is the fruit and flower of socialism. Finally it has culminated in a widespread agreement, which is not only a feeling but a conviction, that the government has consciously or unconsciously have suffered most from high tariff taxes. The condition which is illustrated by the recent election in Georgia is essentially a widespread conviction of the government of the perpetration of a crime against the people.

[illegible]

In the near future it is the duty of all who have the interests of the country at heart in these States whose sound views prevail to see that they are represented in Congress by men who not only share these views but who are able to express them clearly and defend them. Something more than mere votes is needed. There is no cure for an economic or political ills which debate. Therefore the more debates we have in Congress for sound principles, the sooner will the prevailing mania of Populism be dispelled. Such frequency with which the House of Representatives meets as Speaker Egan, Newsum, Leistik, and the group of statesmen who pretend to expect a speedy adoption of international humanitarianism, is not only insincere, but is unpractical. By the very nature of its constitution a republic is prone to deviate from scientific economic methods and to allow the selfishness of its constituent States to govern its policies. In the right direction are simply advanced.



A DWELLING-HOUSE.



THE MAYOR OF ANDORRA.



THE PALACE OF ANDORRA.

A STREET SCENE, ANDORRA.

THE PRISON.

THE KEY OF THE PALACE.

THE VALE OF ANDORRA—A PRIMITIVE REPUBLIC.

THE VALE OF ANDORRA.

Among the heights of the Pyrenean Mountains, equidistant from France and Spain, there lies an isolated valley called the Vale of Andorra. It remains less than eighteen miles in either direction, yet it is the home of one of the oldest republics of the world.

While travelling in northern France during April last I reached the large and wealthy city of Toulouse. Finding that this interesting little valley was not far distant, I determined to become one of the few Americans who have ever visited it. From a city as big as Paris, as far as I know for its size, I took a diligence train over a gradually ascending road to the little hamlet called L'Hospitalet. Here guides and horses are procured for a tedious ascent by bridle-path to the republic of Andorra.

I left my guide at L'Hospitalet, and found a heavy snow-storm at L'Hospitalet. A night there, and then, just at dawn, commenced the real Andorran hour. We ascended by rocky yet easy paths less than five miles, where alone mules would show horns and ride upon jagged rock ledges of foot below. The track was covered with snow and ice, and the horse slipped so frequently that I ventured to ask my guide if people ever fall over this precipice.

"Sometimes," he smiled.

"Are they killed?"

"Always," he smiled.

This encouraged, I proceeded. We passed over snow-beds, where the horses often sank to their bellies, and had to be pulled out by the head and tail. For hours no sign of life was visible. From a height of 8000 feet, however, we saw spread out far below in the Val d'Audoubert, dotted with houses and farms. Right before from the precipitous we entered the capital, and stopped at its only hotel. There are several smaller towns, but the republic is the seat of government, and the spot where interests centre. Great was our surprise and pleasure to find instead here a fellow-countryman, an American artist, who has found success at the Paris Salon, was making Andorra his home, while by sketches, by study of the customs, and by the gathering of historical matter he was preparing material for a book, now soon to appear. Through this gentleman's courtesy I was enabled to see such of the otherwise would have been denied me. He had received from the President the "Freedom of the Valley," and all were eager to serve him.

The last or great sight of Andorra is the Palace. This is a large stone building several hundred years old, where the weighty affairs of government are transacted. It probably at one time was the stronghold of some noble family. Every year high above the door may be seen the stone directly which building began were poured upon the heads of assailants. Twenty-five years ago in this building several thousand men fought. The ground floor is a stable, where their horses are stabled, and tended by their masters' own hands. The second floor contains a large dining room, where the Deputies sit together, also kitchen, Senate Chamber, and the public school. The third floor is the Deputies' sleeping apartments. The oak floors of the building are worn into ridges by the feet of men.

Around the Senate Chamber long tables and halls were strewed with snow. A strong light, however, was well furnished with seven lamps, because the state documents, seven Deputies hold the keys and the door cannot be unlocked unless all are present. These documents are jealously guarded, and few foreigners have a view to them. They

record the transactions of a government whose constitution is four centuries older than the Magna Carta. They are devoted to the tallness of the country's independence, and are written in the untranslatable native tongue.

My friend the artist, through the kindness of the mayor, found himself locked in this building one evening. Through the same kindness, also, he found that the seven Deputies never carried keys the seven keys. This particular night they are now carefully left within reach. What observations and sketches were made that night he will make known later. The instrument for execution is kept in a large chest in the dining room. It consists of a steel collar, the front of which is forced by a screw against the throat. It is very simple, and does not weigh over twenty pounds.

The schoolmaster, who is also the Secretary of the Senate, was our guide through the Palace. He concludes with the above office that of village better. This he is able to do as a peasant is citizen only on Sundays.

Upon leaving the building a narrow door key, nearly eighteen inches long, and which weighed four pounds. In the street we met the Mayor, who had just returned from ploughing. We visited the church, which was very plain, the graveyard, where graves are never marked in any way, so that it resembled any windy field, the prison, where no one is confined, and the lunatic shed, which is closed except on medical sickle days. Every six-months owner a goat, and each morning a little milk collects all the flock and drives them away to the mountain side, remaining with them all day. He receives a few pennies per year for each goat.

A party of emigrants returned from a business trip finding my stay at Andorra. They were greeted with joy by the entire people. Smuggling is considered perfectly legitimate, and is carried on even by officers of the government. The roads are steep and bad, but no roads can be used, and so it is done on a large scale.

Neither France nor Spain has considered it important to suppress this petty smuggling. Besides smuggling, the chief occupations are agriculture and cattle-raising. The products, however, are sold to the sufficient to maintain the people, and there is no real smuggling.

The government looks high among the mountains, and was such land in cattle owners, that a direct tax of a few cents per head, suffices for a treasury fund. No office of the government receives pay, even the President serving for honor. Every man is a soldier at his own charge.

The dining room of the inn is the place of congregation for the Andorran on Sundays. There, seated at the long tables, drinking their country wines and playing with excessively figured cards, may be seen the President, Mayor, and powerful citizens. The landlord is the jolly host of order time. The vice-bottles upon the table are of glass, with one single spoon. While drinking, each man holds his glass, and drinks with his mouth open, as when the man from the spirit. This economical drinking of glasses, and is done more closely.

The population of Andorra is less than 10,000, and remains about the same from century to century. The law of primogeniture prevails, so that only the eldest son reads himself rich and in marry.

The language is a Spanish dialect, Spanish may be used, and many of the customs are of Spanish derivation. Andorra is a republic in name, the people boast of their freedom and long held independence, yet they are obliged

to pay annual tribute to both France and Spain—about \$200 to each. The French and Spanish governments have since a representative there, who, subject to the customs and usage of the country, divide authority with the native President.

A scheme has been proposed for building a railroad through this valley connecting France and Spain. If this is done, which is not impossible, the republic, quite little republic will be open to the world, and no all will be revolutionized.

Quarterly sessions have been proposed for holding here a second and third. The Andorran are very favorable to this, but the French government has not thought best. There are several explanations of the origin of the name Andorra. It is perhaps from the Arabic word Andorra—a place that with trees.

It is said also that the people living in this valley sided Charles against the Moors, and in gratitude he made them forever free. As he was leaving the valley he looked back, and the view resembling him of the Vale of Edoth, mentioned in the Bible in connection with the wreck of Edoth, he named the valley Edoth. This in centuries became Andorra. Rules relating to Charles's conquests are still pointed out.

Most of the Andorran never leave their little valley; many, however, from their own sake, but there, issued among their fields and flocks, breeding the pure mountain air, they live to a great old age, and pass away so quietly that for one thousand years they have lived in the heart of Europe and have left no trace in its history. G. G. BROWNELL.

MAKING THE FIRST PICTURE PLAT.

WHEN Mr. Oscar Wilde, in his laconic way the day of lying, endeavored to emphasize the degree in which the "lions" are, it is possible that he did not have in mind the many and various means by which within recent years the lion has been used to illustrate art. It is probable that the tendency toward an increasingly elaborate realism in all forms of art has had something to do with the development of these methods and the popular enjoyment of them, and it is entirely possible that there is something more than a mere coincidence in the fact that photography and the modern realistic movement are of about the same age.

Quite naturally the hypersensitiveness of brilliant arrangement of strictly real pictures of life suggested the possibility of a process of picture of illustration. But for a long time the idea seemed rather formidable. It was maintained, it is supposed that the artistic objective world to be economic, for lenses are arbitrary devices, and the differentiation of photographic images by very noticeable means with the increase in the number of figures in a group.

Last spring Mr. Alexander Black determined actually to try the idea in an experiment. In writing *Mr. Black*, the picture play produced last week, he tried to keep the photographic difficulties in mind. On the margin of the MR. Black made notes for pictures representing every fifty or sixty words of the story. It was necessary that one picture must reside on the screen before the audience could disengage the next, and that consequently the elements of a picture should not, if possible, fall in with the key with the first body the passage of the twenty or twenty-five seconds elapsing between the changes. For this reason Mr. Black found that he could not choose for illustration those too



LOBSTER-FISHING ON THE GRAND MANAN BAKES.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURDA.—[See Page 100.]



"I'VE BEEN JOLLIN' THE GEL A LITTLE," HE SAID."



"DON'T YOU SEE IT'S ONLY LITTLE JERRY? HINTED FINE."



"HE SCHEVETED JERRY FROM HEAD TO FOOT"



"STOP YOUR NOSE, PINK, SAID MARY."



"YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A PAUL, EITHER."



"BUT I WAS A LITTLE MARRIED JERRY COFFEE-HIT"

A SCENE FROM THE PICTURE PLAY "MISS JERRY."—[See Page 100.]



MORTAR PRACTICE IN THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.—(See Page 88.)



THE LONG SERVICE MEDAL, NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD.—(See Page 89.)



AMBULANCE CORPS—DRILL ON BOSTON COMMON



GRANDINOTERS ON STATE STREET, BOSTON

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA.—(See Page 90.)



MOUNT THOMPSON, COLORADO
Elevation, 14,000 Feet.

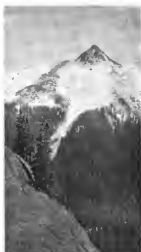


Capt. W. A. Crawford. Sergeant J. B. McLaughlin. Sergeant J. McLaughlin.

THE HELIOGRAPH PARTY
Members of the Signal Corps, United States Army, who met the message from Mount Thompson to Mount Elton, a distance of 100 miles, September 12, 1904.



EXAGGERATED PROFILE OF THE COUNTRY,
Showing the two Peaks actually hidden from each other by
the Curvature of the Earth's Surface



MOUNT ELTON, UTAH
Elevation, 13,000 Feet.

FLASHING A MESSAGE 100 MILES FROM COLORADO TO UTAH.—(See Page 91.)

up and down the beach before you go, shall we? It looks so divine out there."

"Wasn't you some son, Obba? It's nearly ten o'clock. We must be sending them home to their farm, or Prinkhorn's father will be the docot. Already we have a reputation for wildcrafting because our house shines after eleven o'clock, a beacon of evil to all the neighborhood. In London we should just be popping to 'n go out."

Herbert hesitated. "No; it wouldn't be fair to leave you

"I've got to have a turn in a moment, anyhow," said

She smiled sadly. "Scarcely my fortune. Poor Daria!"

He was cold and sick with shame. Granite hit again!



VIEW OF

Railway

Railway

Railways

Wharves lying on



VLADIVOSTOK

RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

BY ARTHUR H. LEE, CAPTAIN R.A.

AT the present moment the attention of the whole world is riveted on the Far East, and the eyes are fixed with anxious interest on the fighting and the fighting, which is a situation in the public mind for centuries have hitherto been dormant, even if occasionally they have, until recently, roused with our best efforts to do this.

Until the present war broke out, the Far East, as represented by China and Japan—for Korea was very little concerned of either—was regarded by a large portion of the community as a kind of wholesale supplier for the supply of raw materials to the textile mills of Europe and America, which in commercial circles these countries were further held to justify their existence by producing tea, silk, leather, and paper goods.

The general interest displayed in the war is most natural, and from a military point of view the actual fighting is of especial interest as affording a practical test for the first time of many of the latest systems of training and the most improved modern weapons.

The real ultimate issue of this great struggle, however, apparently somewhat imperfectly understood by the general public, and perhaps only partially so, is the situation has only recently been directed to this distant corner of the globe. The generally accepted view of the war is that China and Japan are engaged in the struggle for the control of the old standing territory, with Korea divided in the midst of the contest of control. This is certainly a part of the truth, but very far from being the whole of it.

The position occupied by Korea in Asia is very similar to that occupied by Belgium in Europe, and it is now coming to be called in the title of the "Cockpit of the Far East." If the fate of Belgium in the one case and of Korea in the other have the extent of the issue involved, the world would probably view the result with comparative indifference, but in both cases there may be far larger interests involved behind England and Russia are more operating on the scene, and the fate of Korea is regarded with almost more anxiety by them than by China itself.

Where this interest of two great European powers in a border, barbarous and remote country?

In the first place it is necessary to realize that although the Russian Empire extends across the whole width of Asia, it possesses no port of calling station to break the immense stretch of 12,000 or more miles which intervenes between

Crossed and Vladivostok. This means that Russia cannot send an dispatch to Pacific stations without being dependent for coal on the good will of a foreign power.

This was realized with emphasis before the war, when the Japanese Navy, proceeding to re-assert the Pacific situation, was delayed for several weeks at the Cape of Good Hope waiting for coal, which the contractor refused to supply at a less price than \$10 a ton. The Russians protested, but were nevertheless compelled to accept three times of vessels, sending and helping goods in a British port. In time of war, needless to say, such supplies would not be forthcoming at any price, and a fleet of vessels would have to accompany any reinforcements the Russians might dispatch to the Far East.

At one time it was rumored that Russia had obtained from France the concession of the ports of Obock, in Africa, and of Suvaia, in French China, but I believe the rumors originated from Russian sources only, and were probably a case of the weak belief of the Russian.

Russia is still longing for an intermediate coaling station, but Suvaia and Vladivostok is still her nearest port to Crossed. (I never present times the Black sea ports are of course excluded.)

Naturally she is dissatisfied, and especially so in view of the fact that the use of this her one port in the East is decided to her for at least four months of every year by ice blockade. Should she be involved in a wider campaign, her ships could neither leave nor enter their only base of operations and they would be cut off from their stores, docks, and supply depots. In the face of a superior naval force this would mean almost certain destruction, and little wonder therefore that this weakness never has been submerged for years to obtain a port further west, and one open to the four round.

At first she turned her eyes upon Tientsin, a small Japanese island midway between Nagasaki and Pusan (Korea). This is most advantageously situated, and possesses an admirable harbor, which could be immediately fortified. The friendly ally of the British, and the Japanese port, however, refused, because Russia's ambition in this direction is the rich and Japan herself aside to the value of Tientsin.

At the time of war, but still this time, in 1904, the Japanese were strongly fortified and garrisoning it, and it now forms an excellent naval depot.

Now, as all the world knows, Russia has long been coveting eyes directed on a port in Korea. When she was once known as Port Lushan, for choice. There is a major

disadvantage with this advantage for defense, close to Korea, and yet far from her all the year round. Two hundred miles further south in Pusan, also a good harbor but a little less close to the Japanese naval depots of Nagasaki and Tientsin for comfort.

For years Russia has made every diplomatic device to secure a footing in one or other of these ports, and she has flooded Korea with agents under various commercial pretenses. She has tried bribery and bribery, so far as success, fairly, but so long as she had only the quality of Korea and the objectives of China to deal with, she was satisfied of minor success.

Now, however, the situation is suddenly changed. A new, vigorous, and powerful nation has asserted itself, but with its overthrow the Chinese rule in Korea, and has assumed a position in that country only analogous to the position of England in Egypt. The sovereignty independence of Korea is of course to be upheld, but experience shows that the military occupations are very apt to develop into permanent ones.

No wonder then that Russia, which had persuaded itself that if not the world, she had established some rights of access to Korea, now feels that she is in danger of being checked, and that she is correspondingly indignant and desperate.

British diplomats would be inclined to chuckle in their sleeves if this apparent situation were to be developed, as England has but small commercial interests in Korea, and could well afford to view with complacency the inevitable extension of such a civilized and progressive nation as Japan, to the exclusion of Russia, but at present the situation is by no means a simple one.

Russia's ambition is not so easily checked, and which is becoming rapidly. For even the gardens of Vladivostok has been quietly but steadily re-forested. Immense sums have been spent on the defense of this port, which is a practically impregnable in a hostile fleet. Truly we must of the despatch of Russian men of war to the Far East, especially in view of the extremely increasing naval operations in progress, but finally to maintain their fleet in time of peace when coal is available on roads.

In past years the British custom has been to answer the dispatch of each Russian vessel to the Pacific by promptly sending two vessels of approximately similar power to the same waters. No doubt this practice, if to the Russians a custom but an unnecessary procedure, will be followed in the present case and shortly the already large fleet of English ships in the Far East will be greatly augmented. With the



Vladivostok

Arsenal.

Debarment River Depot.



D. HARBOR

commerce commercial interests in these waters to protect other means would be required. Simultaneously come reports of French naval activity of significant proportions with Russia. The health of Alexander III, the "peace-keeper of Europe," is exceedingly uncertain, and at any moment his retreating influence may be lost. All this is extremely ominous, and the conclusion is forced on one's mind that serious trouble are threatening ahead. At present Korea has felt to rival the plight of the Chinese coast, and to supply the spark which will start the great European conflagration. England has hitherto remained quietly watching the action between in this great game, but she is not indifferent. It is no disguising the fact that the only reason for this is Russia desires a secure naval base in these waters in which here is a position to prey upon and bully Russia, as in case of war. And this being the case, England can not permit the Russian occupation of a Korean port. England has shown her earnest desire for peace by creating Fort Hamilton in February, 1907, when her position seemed to invite Russia to further extensions to gain a secure port, and all she will desire is that her ever-belonging preponderant commercial interests shall not be prejudiced by the undesirable and unnecessary proximity of either great and possibly hostile power.

To sum up the situation, I cannot but feel surprised at the fact of England's sympathizing with China in the present conflict, seeing what was the ultimate issue involved.

First of all, the broad question of the world's best interests. The present war is a conflict between civilization and anarchy, and if the latter, in the guise of China, should triumph, it would be a disaster to the progress of the world. To turn to more selfish views. Although English commercial interests may be at present almost unimpaired by Japan's recovery, surely they would ultimately be more fully injured by her success. China, if victorious, would not only further injure her self, whereas if defeated, she could be compelled to open up her vast empire to trade, at the "hands of shopkeepers," would be the first to benefit thereby. Further, if Chinese recovery was to establish itself in Korea, there would be a break opening for Russian influence to spread on a scale far into the neighborhood of a well-covered port. The Japanese, on the other hand, would be subjected to the same experience of Russia's ill-humors over the question of Bagdad, and are no white cake in trust to it again.

There is something of Korea, they are likely to maintain a position neutral, and this would be the best position

for European power. They would also civilize the country and open it up to trade.

Japan has great and insatiable aspirations for the civilization of eastern Asia, and, for both political and ethical reasons, England should surely be the first to support her in her great enterprise, instead of treating her late hostility by ill-advised means.

As the interest of the world is likely to be directed in the new future on Vladivostok, it will perhaps be interesting to give a brief description of this island-topped but little-known stronghold.

The Russians make a great mystery of this their second naval port, and sternly discourage any visiting curiosity to its interior arrangements. Its nature is that of a "fortress," and it is presumably under martial law. The buildings are built on high cliffs, and their lives and liberties are necessarily in the hands of the military government. It has no trade whatever, and the only over-land trucks entering the port are those bringing supplies to the garrison. It is a city of soldiers and sailors, and women and foreigners of all kinds are rigidly excluded, unless in Russian employ.

Vladivostok is situated at the northwestern extremity of Siberia, at the end of a peninsula 25 miles long and three to ten miles wide. This peninsula is bounded on

which island, as indicated, and only two narrow exposures are left, the western of which is almost impregnable.

Both exposures are defended by mines, and commanded by powerful search batteries armed with heavy breech-loading rifles, which occupy numerous commanding points both on the mainland and on Kinkakich Island. The western arm of the peninsula is also strongly fortified to make a base landward from this side.

It is not within the province of this article to give further details of the fortifications, their strength and tactical weaknesses, but it is sufficient to say that against a sea attack Vladivostok is practically impregnable, and very extensive reinforced operations by sea and land would be necessary for its reduction. The town itself, as will be seen from the accompanying panoramic view, is long and straggling, much resembling an American Western town, and built almost entirely of wood. The numerous broad, well kept roads are fairly military, and lead chiefly to the various batteries.

The Chinese and Korean quarters is isolated and dirty. The Russians treat these natives with great brutality, and the latter are consequently in a state of continual but unexpressed revolt, which only results itself by periodic murders in times of peace, but which would be a serious danger to the Russians in case of war.

In the second exposure, which is that situated to the south on covering the port, is seen clearly the position of the town along the northern shore of the anchorage, and the formation of the long arm covering its western side. In the foreground are numerous torpedoes and other military stores.

The whole of the peninsula is hilly and well wooded, and very beautiful in summer, with a wonderful profusion of wild flowers. All along the west side on the Amur Bay the numerous easily accessible beaches, whilst on the east, one is aware how the land ends abruptly in high cliffs. There are numerous small streams, and the coast generally runs into one very much of the same old-fashioned pattern of western Canada.

The soldiers of the garrison are a fine stalwart lot of men, in full uniform, well clothed, and apparently well-fed. They are employed on all kinds of manual tasks, which even at first had been devoted to maritime and military duties, but as known by experience that the Russian soldier is a sturdy fighter, and especially so behind fortifications.

Vladivostok has some several additional fortifications on the northern of the great Tatarsk Island, but its principal condition is that it will ever be a serious obstacle to its recovery and development.



the west side by Amur Bay, and on the east side by Ussuri Bay. The harbor is an exceedingly secure and good one, almost landlocked and only approached by two narrow entrances. Its shape is best understood by reference to the accompanying rough sketch.

The direct approach to the harbor is covered by Kanak



THE TOWN AND COUNTRY HOUSES OF OLIVER WESDELL HOLMES.—DRAWN BY EDWARD H. GARRETT



THE PRESIDENTIAL-CHAMBER AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.



VIEW LOOKING WEST ON SECOND STREET FROM BROADWAY.



SOUTHEAST WING OF INSANE ASYLUM.



A BOARDING-HOUSE ON BROADWAY AND SECOND STREET.

THE GREAT CYCLOPE AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—[See Page 1001.]

THE VALUE OF MORE KICKING IN FOOTBALL.

For several years, the football-loving public have been vainly clamoring for more kicking and less rushing by our college experts. Last season, when their appeals for reform in this particular were most strenuous, the style of game in which they were treated was the least satisfying possible, the kicks being fewer than in any previous year. But their prayers did seem to be answered, for the special Rules Committee has this season overhauled the old

PRINCETON GOAL LINE



FIG. 1.

"B" GOAL LINE



FIG. 2.

playing code, with the purpose of opening up the game, and making the pass and the drop-kick more frequent.

A glance at the new rules will show that there will be more kicking this year as a result of such action. Take as an instance Rule 1, Section E, which governs kick-outs. When formerly the ball was touched to the ground and lost simultaneously, and then passed back for a kick, now an

actual kick must be made. So, too, at kick-off, the ball must be put in play by an actual kick. In brief, all the old rules which called for kicks, but were circumvented in order that a run might come, have been so amended that an actual kick of not less than ten yards must be made.

When it is said, however, that there will be more kicking it must be understood that it runs with the player whom the kicking of the public is not so thoroughly vitiated, for they do not only want more kicking, but kicking at frequent intervals throughout the game. In order to make the game more lively with kicking, kicks must occur not only when the rules positively dictate, but at every opportune moment when in the judgment of the captain a well-directed punt or drop-kick is the best possible play, and these opportunities are many.

It is an exaggeration to say that kicking has ever been a method of assault, rather than one of attack, and each state of affairs will continue to exist so long as the players fail to use the expedient of snapping out plays for drops and punts just as they do for runs. With due deference to the intelligence of the players who are to appear upon the field this year, but basing as usual how little has been done in the past in developing accurate kicking, and here in the first important game—Yale's (record A. C. while season, at Eastern Park, both sides had as of old, as the record, two points for Connecticut, now for Yale for a period of fifty minutes, shows a word or two on the kicking game will be timely.

Devotion many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY witnessed the Yale Princeton game at Manhattan Field last Thanksgiving day. Yale played a purely rushing game, and no one was

surprised the fact being too well known that players of the present who have been trained by those of the school of several years ago are taught to keep possession of the ball as long as possible, even to losing twenty yards in order to gain a first down. They are taught during that memorable contest the forces of Yale batted themselves against the unyielding wall of the Tiger rush without a gain. Each try meant a loss of strength and a sapping of endurance of these eleven players, and yet recovered from their best fought moment with Harvard at Springfield on the previous Saturday. Yet they outlasted those feeble rushers. After the first half, when Princeton's desperate defense was clearly shown, the Yale team was helpless themselves were out, and able to get but little life. Into aggressive play, still

they continued during the second half in pursuit the same suicidal policy.

The story of Yale's defeat is a brief one. Now Armstrong tries, but loses rather than gains a yard. Hart, who has been substituted for Thorpe, starts with the ball, only to be thwarted without a gain, then Reisterweck follows, and with a rush inspired by desperation alone, succeeds in forcing the Princeton left center for a paltry yard. "That down, and five yards to gain," tells the referee, and then upon Yale kicks, not because the video, but for the reason that such a play has been forced upon her. Against a weaker foe the chances of gaining those five yards would have been great enough to risk a third try. Rarely, however, against a Princeton team, and so, Allen, showing caution, gains for a kick. During the entire game, in fact, Yale calls upon Reisterweck to kick only when driven to such an extremity, thus showing an unbecomingly desire to rush the ball. It would seem that common sense would at such a time pass out the only course, namely, to kick immediately upon gaining possession of the ball. In fact, in striving to win the game now that it is long past, it is impossible to give a truer reason why, even upon the field of play, the Yale players did not ask themselves: "Why wait until a third down before kicking? Why use ourselves up in repeated rushes where it is apparent there is little hope of gain?"

How different the result might have been had Yale played a kicking game! Let us play the Yale team as they should have played just once during any period of the game, and estimate the value of such a style of play. We will assume that Princeton, having brought the ball out to the center of the field by the rushing down it is Yale on an off side play. The ball goes to Yale, say on the right line. A snap down is just fifty yards away. Can it be made by rushing? It does not look possible, judging from the almost impenetrable defense of Princeton rush line. Common sense, therefore, points out the only utilization of rushing—indeed, the danger of such a play, for such a rush means a waste of strength—a direct waste which must end in defeat.



A ST. ANDREW'S SCENER.

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WELDING STEEL RAILS BY ELECTRICITY.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALCOTT.—[See Page 1002.]

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE BROOKLYN TROLLEY LINES.

coming time when American ships will once more carry American products to all quarters of the globe, and when the prosperity that waits on industry, thrift, intelligence, and on our wonderful natural advantages, will accrue to the revamping of our industrial efforts, the wastefulness of a short-sighted policy, the discrimination in favor of one class and against all others, the limitation and destruction of individual effort, which are the characteristics and consequences of the unjust system against which Mr. Watson has fought with a large ability and a great purpose. He has been a leader of the English audiences here, listened to with such thorough American admiration as that which inspired Mr. Watson's speech in his London hosts.

THE END OF AN EPOCH

Two years ago, so far as concerns all political frontiers, the labour in rural England was in a position little better than that of the Chinese coolie in the East. National politics had no interest for him, he had no vote and no influence in Parliamentary elections. He was only an unskilled, there was no place for him in the real career of an elected campaigner. The Parliamentary franchise was exclusively in the hands of a few rich landlords. It was exercised only by the landlords, by their larger tenants, and by the rural tradesmen whose purchases brought them within the scope of the Reform Act of 1832. It was the labour in regard to country politics, then, however, the rural labourer in the hands of his well-to-do landlords, who was almost excluded from any share in the management of country affairs. These middle-class recluses, unlike the rural labourers, paid direct county taxes, but they had no voice in the administration of the funds so levied.

The spending of this money, and every detail of county administration, were in the hands of the landed gentry. Only men who were of the county magistracy were permitted to take part in this work, and as tradition had it, the county gentry were the only men in the county of great landed wealth and of high social standing among the county aristocracy. In the course of years of local administration, in the care of the highways, the carrying out of modern sanitary legislation, and in the administration of the county courts, the gentry had become so completely assimilated to take some part. They could share with the landed gentry in three departments of public work. But the labour was completely shut out from any other, so completely as he was from the Parliamentary franchise. He had long been excluded from the right to vote in the election of his representatives, that they were entitled to take any share in the hands of his social superiors.

Tidings stood thus as recently as 1884. Yet an equal law have the organic political changes in rural England during the last ten years that with the elections for the Parish and District Councils in November set a vestige of this political inequality and an imbalance still remain. So far as electoral freedom is concerned, the rural laborer, with a wage of ten or twelve shillings a week is now on an equality with any craftsman in the land. "One man one vote" has now become something more than a rhetorical cry. It has been embodied in Parliamentary enactments.

Three great Parliamentary measures have brought about these sweeping changes in rural England. The Modern Act of 1944, passed by the GLASTONHIRE government, gave the rural labourer the Parliamentary vote, the Local Government Act of 1968, carried through Parliament by the late Salisbury administration, displaced the rural oligarchy in the county government, while the measure which occupied the House of Commons in the session of 1969-70, the *Rural Land, Planning, General and Local* Act, has

that the Church of England is not a state church. The equality which these three guarantees of 1800 and 1860 bring about in local government is complete. Until they became law the possession of property was necessary to any share in citizenship or township administration. Now, for the exercise of the franchise, the only qualification is the payment of any of the four local governing bodies not to exceed the value of £10. The possession of property is not necessary. Residence for a period of twelve months is the only qualification, and women as well as housewives are eligible so efforts for all these newly created bodies, and for membership of three of them, are being made with vigour.

Universalism and political emancipation may well exercise some influence in rural politics. The women and the poor are not likely to murmur at all of the dignified places they have at long held in rural political life. The squire, landowner, gentry possess rights in these positions. The Church of England is not a state church. The members of the Church of England form all connections with local government, and with the act of 1898 it completely disestablishes the squire. In short, these three acts of the last few years, in conjunction with the reforms acts of 1832 and 1867, have opened up new political franchises not concerned with rank, aristocracy.

Old-time Radicals of the schools of Henry and Mazzini, and even of Liberty and Commerce are now disposed to think that with the passing of the last of these measures an epoch of constitutional reform going back to the time of the French Revolution is at an end. But the new school of Radicals—those who no longer accept the doctrine of equal rights, but who believe in a social and economic hierarchy—think the era told of Radicals, and who look back with regret to the hostility of **LIBERTY** and **COMMERCE** to state interference with a rich class—indeed that the end of the epoch is not yet. These Radicals, who during the last two or three sessions of Parliament have voted for an eight-hour day and for a most drastic employers' liability bill, have still a long way

All Railroads are included on eight-hour day and the abolition of freedom of contract between employers and employed with respect to liability for injury to workmen in their progress. Nor do all Railroads give their assets to the advanced program. Further official reform, included in the program, is the abolition of the 10-hour day in the country. Up to this time the old school of Railroads has not accepted all the reforms which have now been adopted, but the passing of the Parliaments Act seems to mark a turning of the page. Nearly all the Railroads of the country have accepted the reforms of the 10-hour day, 8-hour work, contained for in the Reformed Parliament of 1903, and that Bureau and Congress advocated from the forthrightward has now been conceived by Parliament. That school of Railroaders seems to be turning the end of its mission, and the appearance of the new school of Railroads now seems to be the beginning of a new era.

operators, for protection against its own law-abiding citizens. There cannot be a despotic government, that is, self-government, without effort, and the trials, troubles, and labors of government must be borne by the citizens if they are to reap the advantages and the independence of mobocracy. The Chicago police have been called upon to bring down all the riots that have occurred in the city, except when the militia were at the front in 1968. So conscious are the police of their power to enforce the laws against violence that they looked for a riot last summer, when the mob was raging in Chicago in order that they might regain some of the respectability that they had lost. The Chicago police put down the demonstrators without cost aside help. The States and cities should expect to protect themselves. If they are unable to do so, Federal troops may be used in strict conformity with the Constitution, but fear is not the basis of this and the army is large enough. To increase the size of the army would be to increase the size of the country's morale. So much so that the arguments made by General SCHLESINGER and HOWARD in support of their recommendations should lead to the defeat of their hopes. The professional arguments cannot possibly weigh against the fact that any riot would result from a seeming adoption of their position.

ADULTERATED COFFEE

[illegible]

they are used to produce grades of first and pure grades of coffee. The coffee is then sold to the consumer as coffee with the usual and general for himself. For many years this was unfortunately a protection against fraud. All of the imitation coffees at first were sold in ground condition for sale with the ground coffee with which every dealer was familiar. The consumer was not deceived. The imitative ground coffee is still made, and it furnishes the largest contribution to fraud. But there is also a fraudulent coffee being imitating not only the roasted but the green coffee. This concern makes a green coffee berry of coffee (or type) and then roasts it. Another imitation of the green coffee is made of ground coffee and wheat flour mixed and moulded. Other imitation coffee berries are made of wheat flour, coffee and chocolate. Of imitation ground coffees, some are made of beans and wheat flour, some of wheat flour and coffee.

The simulations of coffee are so clearly made that it requires an expert examination to detect the fraud. One fairly good test of roasted coffees, which can be applied by anyone, is the water test. Roasted coffee as a rule will fly. Coffees which have been over-roasted will sometimes sink, to the other end, almost all unroasted coffee will sink in water. Clearly a great deal of coffee is sold in the water test, which is thrown, while coffee in the solution will sink quickly to the bottom. Another test for the imitation coffee berry is cedar examination. In the theft of the genuine berry there is almost invariably a small part of the substance which originally surrounded it; in the artificial berry, of course, this is lacking. The artificial berry,

The chemist of the Agricultural Department at Washington made an investigation into the adulteration of coffee beans some time ago, and reported that very little pure ground coffee was put on the market. Ninety per cent of the samples of "ground coffee" bought at retail stores in Washington were found to be adulterated. Only three out of fifty samples of whole roasted coffee were found to be in any degree pure. But the department chemist believes that much of the package coffee sold in small tins, especially in Kansas, is spurious in whole or in part. No green coffees are even market now found to be adulterated.

It has been suggested that some low cost automated requiring devices to label instant coffee. Institutions of coffee are often what are known as "coffee substitutes". These are not necessarily unwholesome. In Brazil, where it would be supposed every one could drink coffee freely and be sure of obtaining a pure article, the poor use a substitute made from the fruit of the wax palm, which is declared by authorities to be nutritious. Flavour and size are decided by some authorities to be very desirable substitutes for coffee. In the United States, where the coffee is sold in each of the country, but the great demand for coffee, and the consequent temptation to substitute, has led to widespread fraud on the coffee consumers of the United States.

THE DEMAND FOR MORE TROOPS

[illegible]

The two senior Major Generals have made the mistake, however, of basing their recommendations on political grounds. They have craved into a field of discussion which is not a field of discussion. They have based their case by appeals to the stability of capital. The reports are themselves tainted by a rather high order of demagoguery. They are looking for votes by attempting to convince Congressmen that the country needs the army as a bulwark against the possibility of a revolution. It is undoubtedly better to be the slave than to be the slaveholder, but it is not the duty of the army to protect the slave argument, as it appears from the reports themselves, is quite outside of the soldierly habit of mind. It is clear that the two Major Generals have been misled, and have relied upon the stills at Chicago and upon the great numbers of the country for the services of the army. In that tradition time, for the purpose of accomplishing an object for which they have been struggling for years, and in behalf of which they have sacrificed their lives, they have been misled. They would have been much better for their cause if they had clung to their professional arguments, and left demagoguery to its proper practitioners, who, as members of Congress, will consider their recommendations. If, indeed, they are con-

The truth is that if we need the army to act not generally as a domestic police force, republican institutions have as far failed. This proposition brings structure. It follows that if the army is to be used to suppress violence, it must be used to suppress all, and if it is to be enlarged simply because of the policy that that may be required of it, it is quite large enough already. That is, the country cannot afford to have a large army of conscripts. No military force in the United States, and it is life to say that, once will occur, that cannot be put down by a few hundred regular soldiers if the local police are not organized. The army is not the solution to the plan that more troops are needed for the suppression of domestic violence. There were troops enough in Chicago almost as soon as they began to arrive. The difficulty was not that there were not enough troops, but that there was no regard for the feelings of Populist Governors and Mayors, and more firmness in the execution of the law by means of all the power that the law has placed in the hands of the police. The army is not the solution to the problem, and not more soldiers are needed for the present suppression of any domestic violence with which this kind of lawlessness and lawlessness is likely to be connected. The very thing that the country needs in the United States is, run, put down a vast number of law breakers, and that without loss of life or undue violence. The effect of the army is to suppress violence, and to suppress violence without loss of life or undue violence. It was notably manifested in the strike at Chicago, which thus furnishes a most adequate basis as an argument in behalf of the

It is for the well-being of any republic that it should not trust to a standing army, but to its citizen soldiers and its civil police for the suppression of lawless criminals. Dependence on the army of the United States for the putting down of riots would destroy the essential republican virtue of self-dependence. Each State is guaranteed a republican form of government, but such a government would be a mere name if the State looked to the United States, the



"THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M AFRAID OF," HE SAID. "I AM AFRAID I COULD DO IT."

THE JUDGMENT BOOKS.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER I.

PRESIDENT HICKE made high among the woods which line the estuary of the Pal just before the river flows out into the great heather basin. Southwards from the house, and towards the river, the trees have been cleared away, and a level lawn with flower beds along the edge of the steep grass slope, which ends abruptly in a fence and a drop of some four feet on to the heath, was well covered with grass. At high tide the still water creeps up over them, and hides the bottom steps of a little boat staircase fastened to the rock, and communicating with the field by a rickety wooden gate. But on the other shore some slender silver birch-woods up as far as the back of a house I could see, all purple and gold in this season, September, and resonant with bees.

Jack Armitage was rising on the lawn facing the river, and unwilling. Being an artist, he considered it his right to meditate as often as he pleased, but just now his meditations were entirely confined to vague thoughts that it was too late, and that, on the whole, he would not have another pipe, and he thrust his hands into his coat pockets and began to walk about. Perhaps the familiar and still in his hand of his favorite pipe, would have been his change of his position, in any case, it is certain that he began to fill it, with the careful precision of those who know that the gift of tobacco is measured, almost or exactly in its cost.

He had been playing with Frank Trevor, the owner of this pleasant place, nearly a month, and he had decided and talked out, in which he disagreed with his host on every question relating to his opinions all day and a considerable part of the night, and he was very sorry to be going. Frank, who was even more orthodox on the subject of meditation than himself, had finished some two months ago the portrait of which he had now been thinking, and, as his host had, had worked more too hard while he was at it, had knocked himself out, and for the last eight weeks had been sitting in the sun all day with his will and Jack. Jack was leaning on the terrace, and he had spent the day in the work of finishing a sketch, and feeling very tired in his work.

He had filled his pipe to his satisfaction, and had just lit comfortably under way, when Mrs. Trevor joined him. "Frank has just come in," she said. "We're going to have tea at once, and then afterwards we can go for a walk." Jack often caught himself regretting that he was not a portrait painter when he saw Mrs. Trevor, she was so tall himself, one of the beauties of all time, and her black hair, black eyes, and straight, delicately outlined nose had caused many young men, on the slightest acquaintance, to wish that they had not decided to change her mother into that of Trevor. She passed on the edge of the river path and picked up a tennis ball which had rolled into the gutter.

"To think that it should have been there all the time!" she said. "How I wish you were Mr. Armitage!" "Fate is against me," he said. "You call me in to tea just when I've lit my pipe, and then you blame me for not before the tennis ball! You told me it was not worth while looking for."

"I didn't know it was in the gutter," said she.

"No, no, did I, or else I should have looked for it there?"

"There'll be no more tennis for me unless we persuade you to stop," said she. "Frank says he's going to begin a picture to-morrow, and you know what that means. I am looking for him all the time, and he goes to his work, and even to the bank."

"Oh, that's good news," said Armitage.

"Yes, but he's so busy lately, that he really needed a rest."

Frank was in the dining room when they went in, giving orders to a man that his mother was to be thoroughly swept out and dusted. In his life intervals he always kept the door locked, and never went in himself, nor allowed any one else to do so.

"And take that large looking glass out of the big spare bedroom, and put it near the window," he was saying.

"What do you want a looking glass for?" asked his wife, as she went left the room.

Frank got up and walked about the room.

"I begin to improve," he said. "I've got the picture nearly finished. I saw it. When one sees one's picture it is time to begin to paint. I tell them it's no use."

"But why's the looking glass for?" asked Jack.

"Ah, yes, I haven't told you. I'm going to paint a portrait of myself."

The night was warm and cloudless, and after dinner the three sat out on the terrace looking to the foothills of night in the woods round them. There a hare ran out from the cover across the lawn, where it sat for a few moments, until it heard the rustle of Margery's dress, as she looked in the direction of Frank's finger, who was pointing at it, and scuttled away.

"They had all been silent for some time, but at last Frank spoke."

"I feel just as I did on my last night at home before I went to school for the first time," he said. "I have had a long holiday, but it is over now. To-morrow I begin again. I wonder why I should feel like that?"

"Oh, one is always nervous about beginning a new thing," said Jack.

"You don't know what will come of it," said she. "But I don't usually feel that, in fact, I never have before. I know pretty well what will come of anything I do. One is like a plant when one has flowered once. It is fairly certain that the next flower will be like the last, if one puts anything of one's self into the thing. And it is no use fearing the future, they say 'knows much about it.'"

"That's such a nice theory for you dear," said Margery.

"Especially if you feel inclined to be lazy."

Frank said a nervous little gasp of his tongue.

"Oh, you don't understand a bit," he cried. "I can't make myself paint when I've got nothing to paint. When the time comes that I should paint I am as available, if the case has not come it is impossible. I know you think art is like chemistry, but what, that is part of their nature as artists. The sun flows, and we feel, the sky, the earth, and, artistically, we are done. We are not done really, we only don't produce it, say more than time does not permit us to, though it is not done."

Margery frowned.

"Then do you mean in any that effort is unobtainable?"

"No, no," cried Frank. "The whole process of production is, in fact, possible effort, to realize what one sees. But no amount of effort will make one anything. Of course I could paint 'The Gleaners' Daughters' any day of my life; at least, I could make a picture which you would probably say was very pretty, but it would not be part of me. That is just what I was saying the other day: you cannot judge of a picture unless you know the man who painted it, though, of course, if it is a real picture, it teaches you something of him. And I cannot, and what is more, I don't choose, to paint anything into which I don't put something of myself."

"Mind you look about the woods after I've gone," remarked Jack. "and if you see a log or an arm belonging to me, please send it after me, the hotel, Kewick."

Frank threw himself back in the chair with a long sighing breath.

"My dear Jack," he said, "for a clever man, you're a confounded fool. No one ever accused you of putting a self portrait into any of your pictures. That's the difference between a portrait painter and a landscape painter. A landscape painter paints what he sees, and only some of that—a portrait painter paints what he knows, and what he paints, the virtue goes out of him."

"Then what will happen when you paint yourself?" asked Jack.

Frank gave suddenly grave.

"That's exactly what I don't know, and that was what I meant when I said that. I felt like a little boy going to school for the first time. I have only painted four portraits in my life, and each of these definitely took something out of me. And when I paint myself—"

"I suppose you will go out like a candle," interrupted Jack. "It might be a very remarkable portrait. We shall certainly be for you, I suppose. It'll fit with what and talk."

Frank got quickly out of his chair and stood before them. His face, till then looking almost ghostly in the moonlight, and he looked rapidly and excitedly.

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of," he said. "I am afraid, I confess. I tried to paint myself once before, but I had to stop. I was in bad health at the time, and even now when I went into the studio and saw it I had a sudden glow feeling that I did not know which was me, the portrait or myself. And I knew at that moment that I was on the verge of something as new and unknown, that if I went on with it I should go on, or go to heaven; and when I moved towards it I said to myself, 'I don't see it take a step towards me.'"

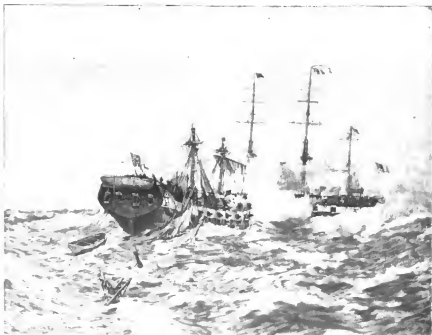
"And then?" asked Jack.

"I ran away. I came back in the evening and took the picture to show to my mother, and she said, 'It's very good training, painting pictures,' said Jack."

"Oh, you say enough at that to say I like, but it's true. You say more than what I said, but was exactly what you always told me when one is afraid of doing something, one knows self control; one is less liable to do the things one knows when one is afraid. I don't of that. I don't of that, and a great deal more."



"NEIGHLY THE ENGINEERMAN CHANGED HIS COURSE, SQUARED HIS TACK, AND CROWD REARERS BOW"



"CARDEN HAYLED DOWN HIS COLORS, WHICH HAD BEEN BURNED ON A SPAR AT THE STERN OF THE BURNER"

THE ACTION BETWEEN THE "UNITED STATES" AND THE "MACEDONIAN," OCTOBER 25, 1917.—[See Page 705.]



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LEADING MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

ONE of the more recent, potent and universal factors in current politics in the American Protective Association. What its members may be is, simply matter of conjecture. Being a secret society, its members prefer to speak on that point in possibly exaggerated terms. If, as some assert, it contains from two to three million native American citizens, its influence on local and general government will be unquestionably great. While diffused throughout the country, it is said to be strongest in the South and West. Its constituents exhibit great interest in political strife, and say that they never fail to cast their ballot at the polls when they can do so legally, and that those candidates only who are favorable to their aims and principles receive their vote. *Area* Protestants, and thinkers of all classes, except the Roman Catholic are freely admitted to membership on satisfactory proof that primary allegiance to the national Constitution as expressing the mind and will of the American people in the faith and practice of the candidates. It is assumed that the excluded classes are primarily and consistently subjects of the Roman pontiff, and therefore cannot be loyal American citizens. The protestations of Dr. McGillem that no danger to our form of government from the Catholic Church or its priests need be apprehended, that they would not destroy American institutions if they could, and could not if they would, are held to be discordant with authorized facts. In 1894, he denied the statement of Mr. Patrick Fgan in his letter (September 11, 1894) to Mr. Joseph H. Mussey, chairman of the Executive National Re-

publican Committee, that "the Roman Catholics," even-ling as large a portion of the population, "never have sought, and never will seek, any advantage over their fellow citizens," that "they never have conspired, and never will conspire, either persecution or proscription against any other section of the people on account of their religious belief," that "they never have been, and never will be, found abroad in any section of the people in their allegiance to this republic, in the maintenance and establishment of whose freedom, in the preservation of whose unity and in the protection of whose institutions they have no more than two thousand battle fields would their devotion with their blood," and that "they have never sought in the past, nor will they seek in the future, any more than that equality to which, under the Constitution of the country, they are entitled."

In justification of this denial the A. P. A. adduces alleged aggression of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and its demand for division of the public school funds, the almost universal appropriation of public offices by Roman Catholics, their virtual proscription of non-Catholic candidates, their assaults through pulp and press upon the free school system, and their reverence of Monarchicalism as the representative of the Pope, and as lawless with absolute authority over the consciences of all republicans. Among the splendid positions of many distinguished Roman Catholics in the past of the nation in view of the grievances specified, the A. P. A. sees in all Roman Catholicism a resistant nucleus to the rights, liberties, and perpetuity of the American republic.

The association profoundly disavows all opposition to Ro-

man Catholic faith and practice in so far as they do not govern, political action, and address that antagonism begins when they oblige preference to vote as Roman Catholics, and not as independent citizens. That such voting is common is held to be obvious from the frequent election of Roman Catholics on one ticket, while all non-Catholic candidates on the same ticket fail of election.

Unlike the entire "Know Nothing" the A. P. A. is not a distinct political party, neither does it discriminate against foreign born citizens as such. It is not only called "American for Americans" of native birth, but for "all who will be true Americans, irrespective of race, color, creed, original nationality, or previous condition of life." Compositum in welcome of would be citizens, it is none the less intensely national in the requirement that all shall relinquish the dress, customs, habits, and obligations of former environment, and shall accept in good faith the language, actions, institutions, and flag of the United States. The highest welfare of the nation's body politic is what the organization is designed to promote. Any member of it who fails to follow in his own interests, and not for the greatest good of the greatest number, is said to be promptly excluded.

Discrimination between professions and practice, both of persons and of parties, is sometimes for the better, and not infrequently for the worse. History shows that some church men and publicists have been better than their creed, and that others have fallen miserably below it. The true inwardness of any and all is manifest not only by what they do but the true is known by its fruits. This is the estimate of Roman Catholic writers like George P. Bowen Lathrop and Frederic R. Condit, is as bitter and unsophisticated in the case

THE PROGRESS OF MUNICIPAL REFORM IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODBURY.

[illegible]

In February of this year a large town meeting in the interest of these two hills was held in the Academy of Music, and one of the results was the appointment of a committee charged with the duty of selecting a Citizens' Committee of

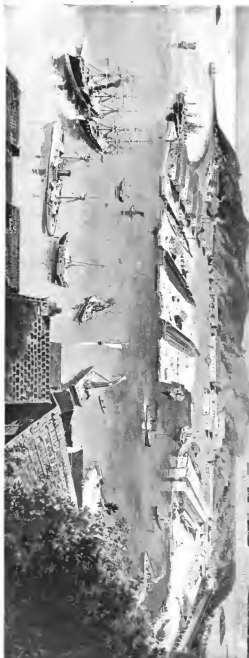
The League of England has been a source of inspiration and positive strength to the Conservative party, as the Chief of the Civic Choir are outlining and strengthening. The League's activities are continuing to grow, and the League's work is being seen in a much wider context. The League has been a source of inspiration and positive strength to the Conservative party, as the Chief of the Civic Choir are outlining and strengthening. The League's activities are continuing to grow, and the League's work is being seen in a much wider context.

No amount of municipal reforms in Philadelphia would be complete without a word about the Civic Club, to which reference has several times here made. It is an active organization of the ladies of Philadelphia "to promote by education and active co-operation the highest public spirit and the better social order." The club is started during the past year, and the results are the signing of two joint resolutions, The Council Proclamation and Miss Mary Channing Foster, who by their inspiring activity have created and developed a most useful and energetic body. Its president, Mrs. Cornelia Newman, has by her successful and tactful management brought together the most helpful and noble group of women in the city. The club has stirred a new sense of interest and enthusiasm in all its members and friends, and it has been and is of large service to the Municipal League.



A CLOSE CALL





THE JAPANESE NAVAL STATION AND SHIP YARDS AT YOKOSUKA.—(Drawn at W. LEWIS MONTAGUE, JR.—[See Page 200].)



WILLIE DUNN, NEWARK, NEWJERSEY.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE PRINCIPLES OF TEMPERANCE IN FOOTBALL ARE NOT being fulfilled by the present season. Either athletes are not aware of their responsibilities, or they have overestimated their endurance with the student body. In any event, the undergraduate has just about reached the end of his tether in athletic management. Not that he is incapable, so far as actual handling of events go, but he is too impatient, and the gate receipts appear to be too alluring for him to resist the temptation of going when the most is to be made, regard less of other more weighty considerations.

If ever there was a time when the amateur sport of our undergraduates needed the strong backing up of the alumni, the day and hour is at hand. If college sport and football in particular, is to maintain a healthy, thoroughly wholesome existence, the capacity of managers, the executive training of players, the influence of faculty and graduates, must be corrected. It is well enough for prominent alumni to write articles on the benefits of the game, or to be represented in important interviews on non-dramatic certain design of the undergraduates, but what the situation needs are more active work at the course of all trouble and less writing and talking about what ought to be done.

LAST WINTER THE MOST PROMINENT, and interestingly the most influential, alumni of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania had an opportunity of meeting in a determined effort this year to eliminate from football the money making and brutal features which have been popularly (and rightly, to a certain degree) attached to the game. It was a splendid opportunity for the colleges to appoint the University Athletic Club a permanent referee and monitor in all such matters, but it was not taken advantage of—more the pity! It was a timely moment for the older leaders to lead the way into the future a bit, and see to what the present course was bringing college sport. But no one did—at least no one spoke, whatever he may have seen.

The committee appointed to revise the rules did its work well, so far as it went, but it fell short of expectations in probably one of the most important modifications—viz., in ruling upon slugging. It increased the penalties for drawing the back on a fair catch, on off-side play—both much needed improvements—eliminated the flying momentum plays, ruled against piling up on a down, and altered the rules to make kicking a football, and more open play an essential event.

ALL OF WHICH WAS GOOD; but for slugging, one of the most unpleasant and absolutely useless features of football, it did in reality nothing. Students were appointed, but are actually of no use whatever, since they have no power except on an appeal, and, as the present season has shown, the players shirk under their very noses with impunity. If slugging brought any possible advantage to football to the offender, one might find some excuse; but there is not the shadow of an excuse.

It is not only perfectly useless and detrimental to the player's game, but it more often than not wounds it, besides which, it represents the vicious disposition of the player, and should be crushed out, along with all harmful tendencies. Under present conditions the firestorm is a fact. Too conservative on rules should meet again, and change this dummy to an active worker in the cause of removing slugging from football.

HALF MEMBERS WILL NOT SUFFICE. There should be a ban on the side line fully authorized to disqualify instantly any man who slugs, and only men should

be appointed who have character enough to act in accordance with what they see. If all our referees, managers, and line-men were W. A. Rines or Alexander Medford there would be an end to slugging very shortly. But they are not, and there must be some that give these officials an excuse of action in case of offense. At all events, slugging must be stopped. Let us follow the example of the English Rugby Union, which for slugging not only rules a man out of the game without warning, but off the field for the season if the offense is especially flagrant or repeated. When I was in England last season I never saw even an attempt at slugging, and I witnessed many very hot matches. It would not be too hard to see there, and it is a healthy sign to our college players, and one that reflects directly and strongly on both faculty and student, that it is inherent here.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF FAILURE on the part of the college men last winter to appreciate the severity of the hour was that of totally ignoring the question of gate receipts. Are we to understand that the Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, faculties, and Alumni League, Walter Camp, Eugene Richards, Judge Howland, H. B. Rines, W. R. Harper, W. A. Brooks, Jan. Henry Van Dusen, J. H. Sears, George Watson Green, C. C. Carter, J. W. Alexander, Tracy Harris John C. Bell, W. H. Wile, Dr. Wood, Henry L. Gayley, as some of the most influential alumni, that they are in favor of the importance to present attached to the gate receipts that they not appear when this year's football manager started out to make a bigger sum than his predecessor? That they may not authoritative and official voice when managers allow gate receipts to outweigh the sport's best interest in the choice of date and place for events, what at slugging, and make no effort to influence the season's slugging that are worked into season-long form by the faculty? If the college faculties and alumni do not favor this slugging tendency towards professionalism,



A GHOST OF HENNECKE—CADDIS.

why do they permit it? It is absurd to offer "no jurisdiction" as an excuse for their indifference. There is not a single situation—exclusive training, exclusive expenditure, exclusive gate receipts—that the faculty and student could not change if they choose, and the faculty furthermore fails in its duty to the student body by not insisting on moderation.

HARVARD AND UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA faculties have taken cognizance of the eligibility question, and insisted that a student who falls behind in his studies cannot represent his alma mater athletically, and the result is highly creditable to them. But as no college has the question of training and gate receipts revised attention. Yale's faculty was reported to have ordered that an athlete must confine himself to one branch of sport, but asking desire has thus far been done, and the student can that the order will not be opened on record until after the baseball season. Nevertheless, the Yale faculty lies in the corner, and it must be seriously accepted ending. Considering the amount of time

given in practice and the severity of training, our sport is enough for an undergraduate to follow and give his mind the attention they require.

NEVER THE UNDERGRADUATE AND ALUMNI ignore the more serious side of these concerns: students, the time has come for the faculties to take such action as the case demands, and it demands an active movement. Faculty must break in the only seat that will stop the building chain after the slugging ditch.

Let the faculties dig into this business and of college sport, and stop on the speculative tendency by the roots. The gate has grown to be too important a factor in football; we make too much money and spend too much, consequently high prices are charged for tickets, and managers of grounds and managers of college events squabble over receipts like the attacks of a hyacinth. Whether season like last year, and in this case has started us to, and we shall see the spirit of football slugging later than summer of scandals. Parents, faculty members, and spectators generally are growing to a solid conviction just what this business is spent on taken out of the game or the game struck out of amateur sport. Under graduates and alumni have been warned and again by this department of the approaching crisis in the future and cents found lost conspicuously. Are college football events amounted to police money? Certainly not; and yet obviously they are.

THERE ARE FOUR IMPORTANT QUESTIONS of vital consequence which must be settled soon in harmony with college amateur sport that at present obtain: Preparation for entrance, college athletes as amateur warriors of athletic and baseball clubs, gate charges, and of games. These are subjects upon each one of which a chapter might be written, there is no need to write at length to make more college men that I am striking at the very root of the evil. Every thinking man knows it as well as I; so does every member of the faculty, and every advocate I have here named. We are making more work of a business of our college sport—it has grown to be a feature rather than an incident. The growth is unwholesome, artificial, and the sport will collapse, no have all other results of such developments time out of mind, never modernized.

PREPARATIONS FOR FOOTBALL CONTESTS are too long, even rivalry has led to an acute season before college has opened, that beginning with the coaching of one or two players has now grown to such proportions that this year the University of Pennsylvania had about twenty men on its list of the Southern Atlantic coast six weeks before college opened; Princeton had upwards of thirty men at Queens, Long Island, about four weeks; Harvard had something like thirty men on the New Hampshire coast two weeks, and Yale had twenty men two weeks at Travers Island. There is no doubt the conditions of such college required a certain amount of preliminary drilling that gave the captain just that much more time for the game proper when the regular season had begun. But when purpose? The science of the game is not beyond one loss; the skill of the men in their final play does not show proportionate improvement; the coaches work no better together. In fact, the resultant benefit is no way equals the injury—except this time, in the case of Pennsylvania, where they had a great deal of gross material, the most sensible success in its spreading manner, and to an extent that would justify the investment. If we must modify under for the conditions of our college to be finished preliminary practice unless all were equally prescribed. And here again we are at an opportunity for the men to move forward and act in concert for the welfare of amateur sport.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



VIEW OF EAST SIDE TOWARD AMSTERDAM AVENUE.



VIEW OF THE FRONT FACING 116TH STREET.—DESIGN BY G. W. FETTER FROM ARCHITECT'S MODEL.

THE PROPOSED DESIGN FOR THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—CHARLES F. McKIM, ARCHITECT.—[SEE PAGE 3444.]

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the historian and essayist, died in England the 10th of October in his seventy-seventh year. He was one of the most original and original writers of the century. His method of historical presentation, and general readers are much divided as to the mode displayed by him in giving addition to some of the things left by his friend and mentor Carlyle, but all are agreed that he was one of the most picturesque and most original writers of the century. As a historian he has been called an impressionist, a romanticist, a novel-writer, and even a fabricator of well-authenticated facts, but not in the least of this, as a writer he never failed to construct the ideal characters of history and to set them forth in the imagination, each of his lines, that they seemed to live again in his pages, and his readers became acquainted with actual personalities, and not merely with the rattling skeletons of the museum of history.

He was expected to follow Newman into the Roman Catholic Church was a few years later, generally regarded as a rising of all extended religion. But in later life his attitude toward religion was one of indifference rather than hostility. After quitting the Oxford, Frode wrote for the literary periodicals, and in 1870 published the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of the Second James*. The following two volumes were issued soon and again in 1876, when the last came forth. Each succeeding volume provoked the kind of criticism just alluded to. In the mass they had published his *Short Northern Great Subjects*, which proved a most popular and best-selling book. In 1869 he was appointed Rector of St. Andrew's, and received the degree of D.D. He was editor of *Frode's Magazine* for a while, and in 1872 took advantage of the opportunity of his resignation to resign his deaconate in the English Church. Shortly after this he came to America, and delivered a course of lectures on the relations between England and Ireland. The controversy that arose provided criticism, which was something in the nature of an attack. During the past twenty years he has been an ardent student, and has published many historical studies and essays. In these short works, well suited for magazine publication, he was unopposed by any of his contemporaries. His whole period, too, though he had not a great gift in this art, his literary skill enabled him to do more than respectable work. *The Life of Frode*, the last published work, *The Life of Frode*, was made up of lectures delivered in Oxford in 1892-3. His deaconate, printed ten years ago, made up of a diary kept by him on a journey in Australia and New Zealand and through the United States. It is a most charming narrative.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL McCLELLAN AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1891.—(See Page 1001.)

THE LATE JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

His fascinating picturesque offered those who, like Frode, wasted none but well outlined and facts presented in a historical narrative, and he was assisted by him, and by the reader of his school of dry-as-bone realism, with an angry insistence which gave surprise with the years, for Frode never answered them. But he had an ample revenge in the succession to Frode's post, when the latter died, as the first President of History in Oxford University.

He was also the most abused man in England when he gave to the world Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. In his polemic, telling he had definite enough instructions from Carlyle as to what was to be published, but it is more than likely that Frode did not take enough into account, as an editor, the habitation of an old man who had lived a message but a nice sense in selection. Frode's performance of the task of literary executor of Carlyle is another illustration of the well-proved truth that intimate friends and relations are, as a rule, the least wise persons to act as editors of the literary remains and letters of a great man passed away. The suitable exceptions to this rule are not sufficient to affect his general law. However painful these "Reminiscences" may have been to many and still living when they were published, there were those much very interesting reading for the general public.

Frode's historical antecedents may be said to have been Herodotus, Heron, Frode, and Montaigne. Montaigne said that some history was written in this way: "A little exaggeration, a little suppression, a selection of the right, a selection of the wrong, an amusing anecdote with respect to the evidence on one side, a convenient credibility with respect to every report or tradition on the other, may truly make a saint of Lancelot or a tyrant of Henry IV." This is valid against both Macaulay and Frode, and, even though the indictment sounds, it does not prove that those who in a small measure employ the method are not fitted to write history. We want history to be as accurate as possible, to be sure, but above all things, we want the character of history to live. Dead men tell no tales, it is said. Nor do they give us lessons worth the listening.

Frode's father was Antislavery of Tolson, and his brother, Harold Harrell Frode, was prominent in the Thirteenth movement at Oxford started by Cardinal Newman before he left the English for the Roman Church. Frode's early years were much influenced by the opinions of Newman, but in his matured he came under the influence of Carlyle. He prepared for the Church, and was ordained a deacon. He then published his first work, *The Life of the Second James*. In a very few years there was a radical change in his plans, and his book *The Life of Frode*, which appeared in 1861, created a great commotion. The author was forced to resign his Fellowship of Exeter College, and declined to give up an appointment to Tolson, and the man who might almost have

THE NEW COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

The rolling thought in the new establishment of Columbia University on the highest west of Morningside Park. In the city, it is to be the permanent quarters of the faculty.

The site is a rocky plateau 130 feet above the Hudson, extending from West 116th to 120th Street, 1000 feet

and west from Amsterdam Avenue, which occupies it from Morningside Park, to the Hudson—775 feet. The plot rounds up in the center to a gentle eminence, upon which will stand the Library, surrounded by a quadrangle of imposing halls, dormitories, and faculty buildings, with an open campus in the rear. Work has already been begun, and the trustees hope to be able to open the session in the new quarters in the fall of 1892.

The first structure will be the basement of the rear portion of the university building at the northern end of the quadrangle, where the system that will supply the power needed for heating, lighting, water supply, etc., will be installed. This building will contain in front the dining hall, kitchen, and other service buildings. It is in the center of the block will be a theatre, a gymnasium, a library, a reading room, and a hall for all the public functions of the university, such as Commencement exercises, etc. Behind this, occupying the northern end of the block building, will be the administration. These three may be given together by spending wide dormitories. A student road will lead from the Bedford to Amsterdam Avenue, under the building, past a carriage entrance to the theatre, and will admit all food and delivery wagons. Freight will be delivered at an office here, and sent thence to the new elevator in each building, through a shaft which will penetrate all the basements.

After the completion of the power house the examples of the buildings will be devoted to the library, which will stand upon a slightly superior central height, and will overlook all other work, so that from what ever direction it is viewed the whole group of buildings will swing up toward it. It will face the south, and be approached by flights of steps and terraces hundreds of feet wide at the bottom and narrowing to the width of the great portion at the top.

This building will have the form of a Greek cross, 352 feet square. Its facade is a portion of right very lofty Corinthian columns, carrying a classic entablature and pediment, and surmounted by a dome similar to that of the Pantheon. The details correspond with classic style and simplicity in the general design, which will be the most noteworthy and beautiful things in America. It is to be hoped that when the time may be most largely used.

The interior of the Library has been most recently planned, and 1,500,000 books can ultimately be accommodated. The space under the dome, lighted by four vast elliptical windows, will be devoted to a general reading room, the books being arranged in alcoves in the right and left wings, where the low library will have the north wing. Between the alcoves and the side windows will be capable of being shut off by sliding partitions for private studies.

The next buildings to be constructed will be those on the northern corner of the quadrangle, devoted to the School of Mines and to the School of Pharmacy, including laboratories. Next to these, flanking and supporting architecturally the central Library, will be the Assembly Hall on one side and the Chapel on the other. Immediately behind a building for the headquarters of the social life of the students, for the library, the music hall, the college papers, and the residence of the quadrangle will be devoted to dormitories, the Museum, and other buildings.



GENERAL PLAN OF BUILDING AND BUSINESS OF THE NEW COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.



"HE GRABBED THE SIDE OF THE EMBEL WITH ONE HAND, AND WITH THE OTHER NUDGE AND CUT THE FINGER IN FIFTY PLACES."

THE JUDGMENT BOOKS.

BY K. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGERY left early next morning on a visit to her sister, who had taken a house for the summer near the Lizard, with the idea of being near the Treveth, though, as a matter of fact, the legends and traditions connected with the Cornish lines made it a shorter day's journey by carriage than by railway. Frank had not begun his work before she left, but promised to do as he was told, and work not more than seven hours a day, and not less than four. He had quite recovered his equanimity, and spoke of the portrait without fear or despair.

"But I tell you, Margy," he said, "that I can only do what I mean to, and if you find a conflict starting at you on your return, it is my misfortune, not my fault."

It was already nearly dark when Margy reached home on the next evening, and not seeing Frank about the house, she went to the garden, went to the studio, though it was far too late for painting.

"Frank," she said, opening the door, "are you there?" A long figure sprang off the sofa, and almost ran across the room to her, half something but not in earnest.

"Oh, Margy, I'm so glad you're come," he said—"so glad! You don't know what it has been without you. Margy, promise you will not go away again till I'm finished. You won't go away again, will you?"

"Why, Frank, what is the matter? Have you seen a ghost, or what?"

"The place is full of ghosts," said Frank. "But there won't be any more now you've come. Let's go out away from here."

"That I want to see the portrait first," said Margy, looking round. "Where is it, Frank?"

"It's there behind the easel, with his face to the wall. Don't look at it to night, Margy. You can't see it by this light."

"No, I know I can't," said Margy. "but I only just want to peep at it to see that it is getting on."

"No, please don't do that," said Frank. "Go away, very well," said Margy. "I don't mind waiting till to-morrow to do that."

"Come out of this place, then," said he, "and I'll tell you about it."

Outside, the west was still luminous with the sunset, and, as they stepped on to the terrace Margy turned to look at Frank. He seemed horribly tired and anxious, his face was pale than usual, and there were deep shadows beneath his eyes.

"Frank, you've been working all day, and not doing any," she exclaimed.

"Yes, I know I have. I couldn't help it. But never mind that now. Ah, how beautiful it is! I wish I was a landscape painter; it is so much easier."

"Now, Frank, tell me the truth. Have you been out since I left yesterday morning?"

"Yes, I've been working all day!"

"Yes."

"Oh, you really are so amazing!" said Margy, with an impatient little stamp of her foot. "You get yourself into bad health by over-eating and taking no exercise. You've got the family fever, you know, and then you tell me the

house is full of ghosts, and eviglate up all sorts of absurd fancies about losing your personality. It is too bad!"

"I'll leave the picture alone altogether, if you like," said Frank, quickly. "I'll rest it up, if you wish, and go for a holiday."

"No, no," cried Margy. "That's just what you won't do. You've had two months' holiday already. But first is no reason why you should work like a fanatic. Of course any one can go mad if they like, it is only a question of whether you think you are going too."

"It is wonderful!" said Frank, suddenly stopping short. "It is, I can't think why I bother it so."

"You wonder it because you've been working at it in a ridiculous manner," said Margy. "To-morrow I regulate your day for you. I shall leave you your morning to your will, and after lunch we go up near of those little creeks where we went two years ago. Come in now. It's nearly dinner-time."

When they were alone they often sat in the studio after dinner, but to night, when Margy proposed it, Frank said at once that he would much rather not. He had behaved quite naturally all the evening, except that he had shown an attention to being left alone. But the painting of a portrait was always after a trying time for him, and often before Margy had noticed the same thing, though Frank's explanation of it did not seem the least satisfactory.

"When one paints," he had said to her once, "one is much more exposed to other influences. Your soul is, as it were, on the surface, and I want some one near me who will keep an eye on it, and I like to have your eye on me, Margy. When religious people have been to church or to a revivalist meeting you know, they are much more susceptible to what they see in the way of suffering, or sin, or hell-fire, than if they had been there on the surface. It is very unwise to go and see a lot of strange people when you are in that state, no one knows what influence they may have on you. But I know what influence you have on me."

"I wish I could make you a little less silly," Margery had replied.

Margery was to be quite happy in her mind. She was not mainly of an anxious disposition, and there was nothing in Frank's behavior different to that from what she had often seen before. He always got excited and nervous over a picture which he really gave himself up to, and though his childish desire to be with her when he was not working was a little more accentuated than usual, she drew the very natural conclusion that he was more interested than usual in his work.

Frank got up, as his custom was, very early next morning, and went straight to the studio and Margery, keeping to the promise she had made the night before, did not go in to him till a little after nine. She had not seen him at breakfast, and she supposed he had even his lunch, but she heard the clock strike with a certain sense of relief that she heard the clock strike, and shutting up the book she was reading, she went to the studio.

Frank was standing with his back to the door, and did not look up when she entered, and she came to stand behind him, and now that he had wished her to see the light before, and understood why.

He always worked with great equanimity, and though, of course, the portrait was not nearly finished, yet he a crack

out of way the general effect, she felt, was the effect that the finished picture would have. "The idea," was repeated.

She gave a sudden start and a little cry of pain, as sharp as the cry of physical pain, for the meaning of that first rough sketch, which had puzzled her, was now worked out, and she saw before her the face of a grimy man. It was the face of a man who has wildly and violently sobbed himself into something less healthy; there was nothing mean or low about it, but it was false, and when she turned to look at Frank she saw that he had in the portrait created something that stirred from every line of his features.

"Ah, Frank," she cried, "how what has happened? It is horrible, and you, you are horrible too!"

Frank did not seem to hear, for he went on painting, but she saw his manner before he spoke.

"Yes, horrible, horrible."

"Frank," she said again, with her voice in control, "leave off painting at once, and look at me!"

This time he heard. His hand, holding the brush just filled with paint, dropped nervously to his side, and the brush and from his fingers on to the floor.

In that moment his face changed; the hard gully lines softened, and his whole expression meant that of a bright, cool child.

"Ah, Margy," he cried. "What is the matter? What have I been doing?"

Margery took hold of the side of the easel-frame, which was on casters, and wheeled it round.

"You've been working long enough," she said, "and you are coming out for a bit."

"Yes, that will be nice," said Frank, picking up the brush he had dropped, and examining it. "Why, it is quite full of paint," he said.

"Yes, dear, you usually paint with dry brushes, don't you?" said Margy.

"Oh, I've been painting all morning as I have," said Frank, and his eyes wandered to the easel which Margy had turned away.

"No, you're just got to be it again," said Margy, guessing his intention. "You're not going to work any more till afternoon."

Frank passed his hand over his eyes.

"I'm rather tired," he said. "I think I won't go for a while. I'll sit down here if you will stop with me."

"Very good, we'll have a bit of a talk."

"I've been to sleep, I think," said Frank, presently, and I've had bad dreams—terrible dreams."

"Did he have any dreams, then?" she asked, sympathetically. "He said that he had seen them."

"I was wondering all the time whether I ought to go on with that portrait or not. I thought I was in danger all the time. I ran the risk of losing myself, or of becoming something quite different to what I am. I run the risk of losing the life I have, and I don't know if I'm not."

"Art with a big A, dear," said Margy. "With the very blessed A!"

"The art, and be such more rapable!"



IRRIGATING A POTATO-FIELD NEAR GREELEY



ONE MALE POTATO—WEIGHT: 1 POUND



A POTATO-FIELD—YIELD, 80 BUSHELS PER ACRE



USE OF THE FEATURES OF "POTATO DAY"—A LOAD OF 1200 POUNDS



INTERIOR OF A COLORADO POTATO-SCUDERY

"POTATO DAY" AT GREELEY, COLORADO.—[See Page 101.]



THE SALVATION ARMY MEETING AT CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, NEW YORK—GENERAL BOOTH ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE
DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFOLD.—[See Page 101.]



COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK—BURNS OF KING AND WASHINGTON—(From 1914)
This is a View from Ferry Park Street, looking North.

PORTRAITS OF WOMEN. LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

IF an afternoon tea should be given where the ladies were asked to inaugurate, variously their grandmothers, mothers, and also themselves in the costumes of their own time, thus affording one a delightful contemporary vision of several generations, reaching from the powdered hair and voluminous collars of Revolutionary fashion to the clipped silhouette of

the latter made modern or modern of its day, such an assemblage would perhaps present much of the spirit and charm that belong to the interesting exhibition now going on at the Academy of Design.

It was a happy idea, this of ranging before us feminine America portrayed by painters who know their art. The costume of America, too, has done its work well, and it is for this reason, possibly, that the exhibition has more interest for the ordinary spectator than he might perhaps find in the actual society gathered at the afternoon tea alluded to above. For when Copsey, Gilbert Stuart, Adrien, Bully, William Hunt, John Bingham, Abbott Thayer, T. W. Dewing, and, to be brief, other of our noted artists look at women with painterlike intent, they are sure to seek, as her certain aesthetic possibilities, and quite as sure to find them. Those possibilities are found as what latent this portrait collection of American women with the distinction in pose, manner, and this quality of distinction which is the most social function might perhaps escape the layman, he is captivated upon these canvases by men whose predisposition, education, and habit of thought have fitted to reveal it. To meet with an array of such importance, viewed through the medium of various cultivated and even distinguished temperaments, is to take part, as it were, in an entertainment of singular attractiveness and value. The American women, we must remember, who figure in these frames are not to be viewed merely as so many halos brought together for a social purpose, when the degree of pleasure they afford the sight depends on the aesthetic sensibility of those "audience," for we at this display enjoy the additional privilege of having our attention definitely directed by artists to the best points in their charming presentation.

The fact that thought, reading, and a taste cultivation by means of study of highest precedents in art all lie back of the first blank upon the canvas of any portrait painter worthy of the name, is perhaps not sufficiently appreciated by those

who regard portraiture as something less than creative work. It is this trained knowledge, when associated with power of observation and grasp of character, which causes certain canvases here to stand out as masterpieces. Sometimes it happens that women who have been regarded as plain by their own circle for years are discovered by a painter to

be the incarnation of some type of beauty long sought by him, and heralded with joy when found. The personal cultivation of his taste has led up to this—he is the seer, the magician, whose insight and skill add new treasures to the aesthetic adornment of the world.

It has been the province of the artist to give the stamp of new courage to many a current beauty. The English Mollie and others have conferred a blank face on more than one whose charms might otherwise have remained unsuspected and unknown. No city admires with confidence when the artist's brush creates the way.

There is so much that is eternally lovely in the present which may by means of portraits, be reserved for the future, that it seems both proper and pertinent to try to make round the slight curve of such an assemblage of retrospective and contemporary "human documents", for the best examples of this noble art increase rather than decline in value with the flight of time. There are families in Holland to day whose high-toned claim to consideration, perhaps, lies in the fact that they own the portrait of an ancestor painted by Rembrandt.

To few women is it given to discern in themselves their ultimate note of loveliness until the eye of an artist has defined in Sicle lines, curve, radiance, fascinating passion, and ardor that are their own, and so inherently beautiful as the most perfect classic forms, are sometimes never brought to light unless the practiced hand directed by the cultured mind of a master-painter interprets them. The serenity of a fair woman's forehead from which the hair falls back into a simple coil possesses the charm of the Minerva Venus for his aesthetic mind, and in the fluid and haughty carriage of certain types of grained Alsatians lives again for him.

There is something of this classic temper in all good portraiture—the more where the subject more readily lends itself to the lapidary view. Artists, indeed, love to recall, in the simple straightforwardness of a throat, or almost sterile point of dress, or profile of oil modeling, when the type is to be portrayed with such treatment without sacrifice of likeness, the early and sincere days of art; and in people of culture and sympathetic taste it is a mode of personal most captivating.

But this is, more aridly, the purely plastic side, to which with its complexity of expression, which



NELL O'NEIL—Dr. Ida Fries Lenz.
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DUKES OF PORTSMOUTH—Dr. Ida Fries Lenz.
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LADY HAMILTON—Dr. Ida Fries Lenz.
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LADY CHATTERBOX AND CHILD.—By Sir Thomas Lawrence.
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MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.
By Augustus St. Gaudens.
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MRS. G. F. BAKER.—By Duncan Boucsein.
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MRS. WELLS.—By Bonebrake.
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in the modern note, is to solve the greater problem: *How attain this end—an achievement worthy to call forth the best efforts of our painters.* Indeed, we may discover several instances among those pictures where the painter has gone behind the exterior and given us something of the mind and belief of life of the people he depicts. Mr. Sargent at times gets thus beneath the surface—of his sitters, and a notable instance of this faculty was found in his remarkable portrait of a young lady in white, seen last year at Chicago. There is enough of this element in the best things of the Academy to interest the student of our social life; for it is this side of life, as already indicated, which is the foremost note of the collection—the modern and sisters of our past and present social world. Regarded in this light, it seems that we have most excellent traditions, which, although not far removed, perhaps, are still of old enough label to produce good results to-day, and to give fine promise for the future.

There, too, aside from the question of temperament, the portrayal of women opens such a picturesque field to the artist in point of costume, color, and opportunities for suggestive composition! Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, and Bonington have inspired on canvas the very essence of feminine charm, and with all these accessories that make woman alluring. The bewitching surfaces of silk and satin, with sharp lights and brilliant, and molten reflections, merging almost imperceptibly into the mistlike texture of the lovely flesh; soft lines that melt against throat or wrist, or the rich dull mill of velvet with its broad lights and mysterious shadows—these, with the glimmer of pearls, the glint of gold, the flash of diamonds and other gems, have made the painting of women peculiarly attractive to artists in all ages, with-out reference to the more subtle and psychic problem of deciphering the riddle of self. Even to artists of more transient ad-dress the subject is so always welcome one. With what a joy he sweeps in with his brush opposing textures of those shimmering stuffs that cling to the figure, developing



MISS E. V. SIDANE.—By CARLISLE BRYANT.
Copyright, 1904, by James L. Brown.

the form beneath by cutting the background chiefly where the light strikes, or becoming obdurate as the contour constrains the shadow! With a dexterity that comes of know-ledge his facile hand fashions these planes of light and shade, and the living breathing woman stands revealed upon the canvas. There have been and are many Pygmalions in the world, and in none more than that of sculpture.

It is particularly interesting to stroll through these galleries and compare the methods of American painters of one hundred years ago with those of the present time. For instance, Gilbert Stuart's solid technical qualities and liberal sense of form; the classical taste of Allston, and the influence of the English school of the period upon his color; Dolly's grace and the refinement and delicacy of his touch, portraying the portrait not somewhat as he would a flower; the individuality and much more modern treatment of William Flax—these are valuable points to remark in our earlier painters. Causes by these men are worth together now and practically only for sale; their various methods and attitudes of mind in viewing and painting women may have been studied to advantage; and from this standpoint the exhibition of these pictures cannot but possess a deep intellectual interest for the intelligent layman.

Among the best American portraitists space will permit us to mention but few. Eastman Johnson, with his vigorous coloring; the painter-like assured touch of William M. Chase; Thayer's penetrating vision and faithfulness to the plastic interest in the features before him; the æsthetic sensibility to distribution of line and tone for positively close harmonies in color which mark the refined and individual portraits of Deringer, well-known and charming women by Porter; Daniel Huntington's ex-quisite representing prominent people; and last, but not in any sense least, the classic simplicity and breadth of Whistler.

There is also a considerable sprinkling of work by foreign artists of high reputation in this collection. Cabanel, who is represented here, was at one time the central head of French



SPANISH PORTRAIT.—Anton Eastman.
Copyright, 1904, by James L. Brown.



MRS. W. HOWARD WEBB AND SON.—By HENRY MORTON.
Copyright, 1904, by James L. Brown.



MRS. FERDINAND LUCHENITHAL.—By MREZIANE

MRS. GUTHRIE.—By BARNUM
Copyright, 1895, by James L. Smith.

art. He portrayed with much success the air of high breeding which belonged to the daughters of the old lords of the Vendôme St. Germain, in fact, with such subjects his task must have been a pleasure, for Cabanel had naturally a penchant for the great air. Aristocratic France suit to him, but at other times, when those of "other masters" possessed themselves to be painted, his keen eye would be sore to find here also some line of elegance that would melt his taste and please his sister. This is a valuable faculty for the portrait-painter to possess, and in looking through these rooms one sees that Americans as well as foreigners can lay claim to it. Caroline Dumas, whose name is perhaps most familiar to Americans, and thus whom France boasts of as more brilliant painter, is also seen in a certain characteristic of his rival and actual portrait-painter; Daguerre Bonnet, too, with his faithful drawing and delicate, loving touch work, Benjamin Constant, while in execution strong in a sense of the picturesque. Examples of each of these, and others of interest, are offered in the contemplation of the visitor, who may thus gain some light on the methods of representative painters of the modern French school.

MRS. G. M. GILLEY.—By LORRAINE
Copyright, 1895, by James L. Smith.

In England, where portrait-painting receives more encouragement than with us, a similar exhibition was given some time ago at the Grafton Gallery, and the "Fountain of Fair Women" was deservedly popular.

Of course a country which invited Holbein, Van Dyck, and Rubens to come and paint its portraiture before a native artist of importance had arisen, possessed interesting traditions of this art to draw upon. But the display was perhaps more largely retrospective than this at the Academy, which is so rich in the work of modern men.

It is to be hoped that the ability here shown by our own painters in this noble art will be brought more forcibly before the public as one result of the generous and enterprising efforts of the Ladies' Committee. Their exertions are for sweet Charity's sake, the beneficiaries being St. John's Guild and the Orthopedic Hospital. These ladies doubtless also feel how interesting portraiture becomes when people of the past live on through its agency into the present, and the better of early New York than enter into a sort of silent rivalry with their lovely descendants of to-day.

FRANK FOWLER.

MRS. OLIVER WIGGLESWORTH.—By YOUNG
Copyright, 1895, by James L. Smith.MRS. JOHN B. BISHOP.—By BRIDGES
Copyright, 1895, by James L. Smith.



ANACONDA, MONTANA, SHOWING CHIMNEYS OF THE GREAT WORKS.—DRAWN BY A. HENRY.

early church methods were utterly useless. Out of this prison recently came the music and parades and peculiarities of the corps.

His first band of workmen (from outside) was a man driven off by hardship and malice, and he was forced to fight up for better helpers from the distant wilderness. The second difficulty was how to provide for food and living conveniences in this new life. Booth's original idea was to send them to the chop-logs, but this plan failed from three causes: 1. They wouldn't go. 2. The chop-logs wouldn't burn them. 3. He wanted to keep them himself. Thus without plan or foreknowledge, one step or necessity suggesting or compelling another, the Salvation Army grew and spread. The army was told with interest and dramatic interest, and there was nothing of fanaticism to repel the least sympathetic listener. John was called for a space the name "horns blowing around the snails of Jericho," and reported upon the progress of the army.

On Wednesday evening Music Hall was again packed with auditors and people, and the enthusiasm was intense though quiet. Many distinguished men were on the platform, and Governor M. Dwyer made a characteristic speech, the central idea of which was that General Booth was doing a work that was lasting and needed, like that of Peter the Hermit or Martin Luther. The expedition by General Booth of his "Darkened England" scheme of practical piety, humanity occupied the remainder of the evening.

THE MONTANA CAPITAL FIGHT.

A curious contest will terminate on election day in the great mining State Montana in the selection of a young capital. Throughout the territorial existence of the young State, with the exception of a few years, Helena has been the capital city, but none of the ambitious towns of the State have been busy of late trying to wrest the honor from her.

The Constitution adopted in 1889 provided that any city or town might enter the race at the election of 1902, and that if no choice was then made the two cities having the largest vote should become the final candidates for capital honors at the election of November, 1904. The choice fell between the substantial early-day capital, Helena, and the handful of madmen's gambles which sprang up as an adjunct to Mr. Marcus Daly's emeralds in Anaconda.

Great excitement now prevails in all parts of the State over this contest, and as the day of the election approaches, the warfare becomes more heated. The Helena party has the Northern Pacific Railway and its branches laid at work in its cause, while Mr. Daly has the Great Northern and a large following in the town as well as the much more, with which he made an important deal in the Legislature of 1892.

The capital fight is in no sense a political issue. There are Democrats, Republicans and Republicans with Mr. Daly, and members of all these parties are likewise opposed to him. Mr. Daly is a wonderful man in many ways, and one. He is the head of the great Anaconda copper mining and smelting properties, for which \$55,000,000 was refused in 1891. This is without doubt the greatest and most valuable copper property in the world to day. Its earnings for last

year, estimated for purposes of taxation, were nearly \$2,500,000. He pay-roll for the miners and smelters together, carries the names all the year round of from 5000 to 8000 men, and Mr. Daly has hidden away a small army estimated on his railroad from Butte to Anaconda, in his own mills, his wood camps, his ranches, and the rest. Among all these his will is absolute. He does not need to dictate or command. So greatly is he respected by his men, and such a magnetic ascendancy has he over them, that they only require an intimation of his wishes to serve him with order in his own division.

He is nominally a Democrat, but when in 1890 W. A. Clark, of Butte, was the Democratic candidate for Congress, Mr. Daly and his influence for Thomas H. Carter, the Republican nominee, with the result that Carter was elected by a majority such as had never before known in the State before.

This is an indication of Marcus Daly's power in Montana affairs. Hence, when he had his pet town, which he located a few years ago in an obscure corner of the Deer Lodge Valley, over the race for the capital, the people of Helena, and all who favored its choice, were aware that a battle-royal must be fought and won, or the State capital would surely be side-tracked for Mr. Daly's personal glorification.

There were many struggling newspapers in the State which were ready to serve almost any interest that would give them the wherewithal to keep alive. By their cracklings a mild sort of feud was engendered between the west side towns and Helena, which reached a climax in the Legislature of 1892, when the passage of necessary legislation for the formation of the State University came up for discussion.

Mr. Daly was on hand with his handmen to stir up the strife. Helena men led in the attempt to have the university consolidated at one place, so that it might in time be made a compact and thorough-going institution. All the education, scientific, and other advanced elements all over the State took this view of the subject, but their opinions were divided to excite little influence on the result. Mr. Daly was great advantage in the division of the university, and by siding with his forces in this case cemented the opposition in favor of his capital home.

This victory on the university question was complete. The institution was perched off among the towns that gave pledges to aid him in the capital fight, the Agricultural College going to Bozeman, the School of Mines to Butte, and other sections to other places, on the west side of the range, all of which were for Daly, and against Helena.

There has been no cessation on either side in the preparations for the final struggle now so near at hand. Since the result of the election of 92 was known Helena has not lost a moment, and Mr. Daly has been strengthening his position at every point. Nobody knows what his motive is. He is certainly seeking nothing for himself, for he would not take any office the people could give him, and he commands wealth which is largely absolute. It is well known that he entertains a supreme hatred of Helena and none of its people, and many believe he has precipitated this fight with a view to settling some old scores. He is called the "White Crane," and many believe that he would like to wield the power which this name implies.

Helena is a city of 15,000 inhabitants, most of whom are in their homes. Its streets and cross-roads are on a larger and better scale than are usually found in a town of its size, because there has always been plenty of money there, and Helena has been the metropolis of Montana from the days of the early gold excitement. Last Chance Gulch, in which the original town was situated, and where is the heart of the present city, was a great bonanza of placer gold, over \$25,000,000 in dust and nuggets having been found there. Next by one some of the finest hot springs in the country, and a building construction and hotel that would do credit to a much more populous region. The city has a good free library, flourishing clubs, several good and well managed banking houses, retail stores which equal any in the West, and all these modern conveniences in the way of water works, electric lights and street cars, good streets, etc., which help to make the modern city a desirable place of residence. The schools also are the best in the State, and there are two colleges on a ten-person basis. The city's situation is one of the finest in Montana, against the south mountains of the great Pryor City Valley, and in the country named for the famous explorer Lewis and Clark. Its climate is one of the finest in the world, and its centrality of location, very accessible to rail, and general manner, together with the superior of its citizens, will make it always the metropolis of the State.

Anaconda, on the other hand, contains only Mr. Daly's copper smelter, and the Hotel Montana, which is also his property, the homes of his employes, and small business houses, saloons, etc., as they support. It is not isolated, such a way place, which could never have been thought of for the State capital except under the circumstances and for the reasons above noticed. The ill-considered ruler not appearing, therefore, the anxiety which prevails the minds of the patriotic people of the State over the prospect of having their State government sequestered in such a place through such agencies.

The people are not sitting idly by, and it is even believed that some of the men who are pledged to support Mr. Daly to lose by their votes at the coming election are very sorry for their hapless. Helena has been using the Northern Pacific and its branches to bring in the people from all sections of the State that they may see what Helena is like. At least 20,000 persons have been thus enabled to see the city for themselves in the last few weeks, most of whom had previously known it only from hearsay. All these people were given the freedom of the city, and were shown great courtesy by its citizens. Most of them went back to their homes with an enthusiastic determination to support Helena with all their might.

Helena believes she will win, and it is devoutly to be hoped that she may. But Mr. Daly is hard at work, and newspapers have been established in his interest throughout Montana. He many more their plans have been thought out, so that no one could be found for making their mockery of Anaconda half-hearted. It will be one of the most interesting features of the fall election, which will be watched with interest throughout the country. I predict that the capital will remain at Helena, and that the same sense and patriotism of Montana's people will be stimulated.

J. A. NEWKIRK,
Formerly Editor Helena Journal.



HELENA, MONTANA—EAST SIDE, LOOKING NORTH.—DRAWN BY A. HENRY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ALEXANDER III., THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 1060.]

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Few weeks ago it has been believed that the Emperor of Russia was mortally ill. The public has been heard this, but the news that has been given out has been conflicting, as one was usually always in when subject to official censorship. But those who have seen the Emperor at any time during the past year have noticed that he had lost much of that splendid health which was his glory, and that he was suffering from illness. They therefore were prepared to believe that he was really dying from one of those insidious diseases of the kidneys which appear to huile medical skill. And so it was, for on the first day of this month, at three in the afternoon the Emperor Alexander III, commonly known as "Uncle of the Russians," died in Jivakofsky Palace, St. Petersburg, after a more kindly fate than that which met St. Petersburg, a more kindly

[illegible]

Taking this new view of his career, and remembering what a great war means in the way of hardship and suffering, it is difficult to think of him except as a good and a humane man. It is said that what he saw of warfare in the contest between Turkey and Russia, which nominally he commanded two army corps, gave him a most vivid horror of it.

This was said in 1932, as pronounced a way that has some times been accused of by his friends and enemies. But probably there was nothing in this, though unquestionably the Nihilists and other revolutionists were fond of thinking of him and representing him as cowering with fear, and always in subject terror of his life. During his illness, indeed, written for the press, both in England and America, have attributed his disease to the warring effects of constant fear and worry. But Alexander was not that kind of man. He was a simple, kindly, unaffected man, who believed

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militation to stamp-out the plotters. He conceived the or adopted it, that the education at the universities of men thus could be actively employed in the harnessed position was dangerous, as such men were ill-equipped to do more ordinary kinds of work, and in addition natural cause political plotters. He therefore discouraged as certain classes the higher forms of education, and so he has been accused of being an enemy to the civilization of his people.

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We have in America also sometimes felt that the King of Russia was a most cruel monarch on account of his treatment of the Jews within his dominions. There is as there is a merely superficial way to look at this matter.

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Alexander Hill, who was born in 1848, was a second son of the first Alexander Hill, an older brother, who was more devoted to a more quiet career, older brother was clever, but delicate, the younger was strong as an ox, and generally considered to be a dull but steady and amiable. He was intended for the law, but he was not a lawyer, and his father's death, and the seizure of Alexander's life was changed. Pilsen's Duke of Denmark, later of the Prince Wladimir in St. Nicholas. Alexander not only lost his father's life and prospects, but also lost his inheritance. In addition, he was a member of the Irish and the Danish Prince, who had joined the Greek Church and assumed the Russian name of Prince Frederick, married, and the world has not often had an opportunity to see a man who has been so much of a world in preparing himself for the duties that were like any time to develop upon him, his special instruction De Glimm and Pilsen-acted while the great Glimm

During the war with Turkey, Alexander saw active service and participated in the hard fighting at Schorin and Ivrak and the bloody struggles in front of Pirm. His father's murder in 1901, he issued a manifesto and

his absolute authority, and then retired. Gateskins was there he remained in seclusion till his public career ended. Those who have been pleased to regard him as a humanitarian tyrant had sometimes attributed the rise of his reputation to the fact that he was a Jew. He was charged at that time, when he abandoned all of his plans of liberal reform. If this view be connected with his manner and early life, Polakowsky's name would seem to be a very appropriate one. He continued to rely upon confidence upon his advice through a group that of any one else. Indeed, he visited him from the University of the University of Moscow to help him secure the position of Minister of Education. The powerful positions in the empire. One of his first acts was to substitute Soviet Ignatiev for General Lomov. This was done by the Emperor, and so soon as the veteran Gorky had retired, he was appointed to his place as Minister of Foreign Affairs. This was an exhibition of Pan-Slavist tendencies which was justified by the fact that he did not resorting to the Austro-

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home the Emperor was engaged in creating together with territory by the construction of the Trans-Caspian railway, which was finished as far as Merv in July, 1881, and was a tremendous defence of his vast influence in Asia. In the same year the Emperor turned the focus of his campaign into a maritime fortress, and placed a fleet of ships in the Black Sea. This was in direct defiance of the most important acts of the Congress of Berlin, which was to ward the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and his implied friendship for France, to secure the balance of power in Europe and secure the peace.

As always he has been steadfastly an enemy of war, and he has always been prepared for it. The army has been immensely improved, and a powerful army has been created almost nothing. In the administration of the army of the civil branches of the government great reforms have been introduced, and the honesty in military supplies issuing there is started as rightly as in other European states. Alexander has always been conscious of the great possibility that rested upon him and he has been as a single worker. Even during his last illness he did not squander the affairs of state until his strength was entirely gone. He was a man of the people, and he was with a good reason made for him by his predecessors and his people, and he had a hope to change it the time given him has been almost and ungratifying.

The family consisted of three sons and two daughters: eldest son, Nicholas Alexandrovich, is now twenty-one, and before this paper goes to press he will doubtless have proclaimed himself Emperor. He is said to be in his own health, and disposed to enterprise. His next brother, also in this it is hard to say. He is betrothed to Princess of Bente Darmstadt, who arrived in Livonia two weeks before the Emperor's death. Not much is known in Europe of political persecutions of the young man who will reign over Russia. He is the last of the Romanoffs, and his father's name means war. All Europe will be on the alert and will see the sun shows whether or not he means to run in his father's noble robes.

PHOTO: ERIC ALIK OF HENRY-JULIENSTADT,
The Clinic's Detached.

资料来源：根据《中国统计年鉴》、《中国农村统计年鉴》整理。

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the Russian people. It can be remembered, illustrated the Russian people, and was considered in both modern modern times as to personal liberty than any other person who was set on the Russian throne. He was called, as Lenin was called in America, the Great Liberator, but he did not react quickly enough to suit the notions of the new revolution party, the Nihilists. So after various attempts on his life, he was succeeded by the firing of a bomb in 1881. The Emperor who has just died came to the throne. He was called Alexander, and he was the first time for his formal coronation the Nihilists were pleased to think that the new ruler was afraid of them. But from the beginning of his reign to the close he has never wavered in the



"ADELINE" SEE KAHN, "I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU OF AN ENGAGEMENT IS AT AN END!"—SCENE BY RICHARD PEARL.

THE PARASITE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

ACTIONS OF "THE REFUGEE," "MICHAEL CLARKE," "ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES," ETC., ETC.

PART I.

MARCH 30TH.—The spring is fairly with us now.

Outside my laboratory window the great chestnut tree is all covered with the big glistening gunny bags, some of which have already begun to break into little green chaffinches. As you walk down the lanes you are conscious of the rich silent forest of Nature working all around you. The wet earth smells fruitful and luscious. Green shoots are peeping out everywhere. The twigs are stiff with their sap, and the moist heavy English air is laden with a faintly resinous perfume. Such is the joyous, lush breath of the country where the work of reproduction goes forward!

I can see it without and I can feel it within. We also have our spring, when the little arteries dilate, the tripping flows in a bristling stream, the glands work harder, wine-making and straining. Every year Nature renews the whole machine. I can feel the ferment in my blood at this very moment, and as the cool summer peeps through my window I could fancy about it like a pink. So I should say that Charles Hefley would rush up stairs to know what was the matter. Besides, I must remember that I am Professor Gifford. An old professor may afford to be natural, but

when fortune has given one of the first chairs in the university to one of four-and-thirty, he must try and act the part occasionally.

What a fellow Wilson is! If I could only throw the same enthusiasm into physiology that he does into psychology, I should become a Claude Bernard at the least. His whole life and soul and every work to one end. He drops to sleep collecting his results of the past day, and he wakes to plan his researches for the coming one. And yet outside the narrow circle who follow his proceedings he gets so little credit for it. Physiology is a recognized science. If I add even a brick to the edifice, every one sees and applauds it. But Wilson is trying to dig the foundations for a science of the future. His work is underground, and does not show. Yet he goes on uncomplainingly, corresponding with a hundred semi-unknowns in the hope of finding one valuable witness, affixing a hundred lines on the chance of gaining one little speck of truth, collecting old books, drawing new ones, experimenting, believing, trying to light up in others the deep interest which is consuming him. I am filled with wonder and admiration when I think of him, and yet when he asks me to associate myself with his researches I am compelled to tell him that in their present state they offer little attraction to a man who is devoted to exact science.

If he could show me something positive and objective I might then be tempted to approach the question from its physiological side. So long as half his subjects are tainted with charlatanism and the other half with hysteria we physiologists must content ourselves with the body, and leave the mind to our descendants.

No doubt I am a materialist. Aspinall says that I am a weak one. I tell her that is an excellent reason for shortening our engagement, since I am in such urgent need of her spirituality. And yet I may claim to be a curious example of the effect of education upon temperament, for by nature I am, when I throw myself, a highly psychic man. I was a nervous, sensitive boy, a dreamer, a nonsensical, full of impressions and intuitions. My black hair, my dark eyes, my thin olive face, my tapering fingers, are all characteristic of my real temperament, and come as pure as I do to stamp me as such. But my brain is soaked with exact knowledge. I have trained myself to deal only with fact and with proof. Numbers and fancy have no place in my scheme of thought. Show me what I can see with my microscope, cut with my scalpel, weigh in my balance, and I will devote a lifetime to its investigation. But when you ask me to study feelings, impressions, suggestions, you ask me to do what is dishonest, and even demoralizing. A de-



THE LOAN BUREAU OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROCKWAY DEAN.—[SEE PAGE 305.]



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, U. S. A., RETIRED.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

WITH the exception of General Schofield, General Oliver Otis Howard, who retires on the 14th of November, is the last of the corps commanders of the war now in active service. When he goes, officers will fill the great posts of the army whose names do not awaken memories of distinguished service in the minds of the many who are not familiar with the records of the rebellion. Howard was one of the great commanders in just before the leaders, and when he and Schofield are both on the retired list another link that unites us to the last war will be broken.

General Howard's life for much of the time during thirty years after his graduation from the Military Academy was employed in active service. He was graduated at West Point in 1854, and was No. 4 in his class. His first commission was that of Second Second Lieutenant of Ordnance, and he was assigned to duty at the Watervliet Arsenal in New York. He remained at that post for a year, and then, as a full Second Lieutenant, he was placed in command of the Kennerly Arsenal in Maine. He took part in the Seminole war in Florida in 1857 as Chief of Ordnance in General

Harney's staff. From September 31, 1857, until June 5, 1861, he was Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point. When the war of the rebellion broke out he resigned his commission in the regular army—then a First Lieutenant—to accept the commission of Colonel of the Third Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, Maine being his native State. Promotions were rapid in those days for the young officers of the regular army who accepted commissions in the volunteer service. His Colonel's commission was dated the 26th of May, and he was in command of a brigade in Harpersburg's division at the battle of Bull Run on the 31st of July. The personal bravery for which he has been distinguished ever since his fellow-soldiers was amply displayed on this disastrous field, and so impressed the men of his own command that they presented him with a sword. On the 31st of September, 1861, he became a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Indeed, it was only for a few days at the very first of his volunteer service that he commanded any body of troops smaller than a brigade. He was stationed in the defenses of Washington, at one time under Cury, and at another under Sumner, until the spring of 1862. Then he went with McClellan on his famous peninsular campaign, engaging in

its various operations, busy with the salvaging of stores at Yorktown, and taking an important part in the battle of Fair Oaks, where he was twice wounded and lost his right arm. He was not long absent from the front as an invalid, and even while convalescing was busily employed making troops in Maine. In September he was again at the head of a brigade. This time it was the California brigade attached to Sedgwick's division. As its commander he went through the northern Virginia campaign, and when it came to a disastrous end he covered the retreat of the army in Washington. He remained in command of the same brigade in the Maryland campaign of September, 1862, and on the battle-field of Antietam succeeded in the command of the Second Division of the Second Corps, General Sedgwick having been disabled by wounds.

He was recommissioned a Major-General of Volunteers November 20, 1862, and was engaged in the Hopton campaign in the driving winter of 1862-3. He was conspicuous in the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and in the spring was placed in command of the Eleventh Corps. It was while at the head of this corps, and at the battle of Gettysburg, that General Howard rendered his most complete



VIEW FROM THE FAIRHART COLLECTION

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW NORTH WING.

THE Municipal Art Society of New York has taken its motto from Burke: "If we are to have our country, our country must be lovely." Nothing could illustrate in a more striking way the public value of an association which undertakes to increase the number of the municipal possessions. The lack of civic pride, of a sense of individual responsibility among citizens for civic wrongs and abuses, is recognized as at the root of all our municipal woes. Now especially, when the civic wrongs and abuses are being dragged into light and exhibit all their foulness that has so long been concealed or dissembled, it seems to be more and more urgently desirable that New York should endeavor to give the sense of civic shame which is the complement of the sense of civic pride. But if we are to be proud of New York, New York must have something to be proud of. When we come to estimate the municipal possessions to which we can point the intelligent foreigner with pride, we have been able to number them, until quite lately, upon the thumb of one hand. We say, "There is the Central Park," and then we stop short, or begin to grieve in our reminiscences for something else worthy to be ranked with this our only home, and without more. We have an Opera House. It is true, and a Music Hall. Pretty soon we are going to have a place to live in, and by-and-by, we hope, a Cathedral. But just at present we have—in short, we have the Central Park.

But now, with the completion of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, and with the addition of more than one-third to the available space, the attractiveness of the museum, which has been steadily growing since the dim old days when its building was a dwelling in Fairmount Street, is quite doubled at a single stroke. It has been working its way through all these interesting years to a commanding place in the regard of intelligent citizens, has imposed itself upon the city government as an object of municipal pride, and has gathered to attention from many individual sources. A result of all these years of patient and unselfish labor and giving is the great extension of the space now available for the collection, and the far more improved and intelligible presentation of the collections that is there made possible. In such a sense that it

most commands the attention for the moment of the most prosaical and the most foolish of New Yorkers. The enlarged Metropolitan Museum is, in its complete form, virtually a new Metropolitan Museum. It takes its place with the Central Park as an object of just municipal pride. It goes far to justify the metropolitan claims of New York—to convert a large aggregation of human beings, struggling for a fortune or a livelihood, into one of the capitals of the world. It would be hard to exaggerate the civic significance of such an event.

It is perhaps rather a pity that a museum in itself so impressive should not be more impressively housed. Archi-

tecture of the new north wing, like that of the north, is at best not brilliant, and has even a certain rather unsavory cheapness. Its fault is that it is somewhat dull; but, considering the way the architectural world is going, more drollness in a museum might be supposed to be an escape, and a "good fault." And, indeed, modern architecture does not, upon the whole, show in modern museums. The Louvre is since its restoration a worthy example of national architecture, although there is German who are ready to profess that the museum of Berlin is Reich's masterpiece. But no Englishman professes pride in the outside of the British Museum, not in any of the buildings at South Kensington, excepting the Museum of Natural History. In this country we have run the architectural gamut in museums, from the elaborate and high-colored and fanciful building of Boston, through the somber Romanesque of the old Art Institute at Chicago, to the decorous Hellenism of the new and beautiful but quite irrelevant structure known to all the world as the Art Palace of the World's Fair, now become the home of the Field Museum. The Metropolitan Museum averages fairly well among these, even if there be in its architecture as much merit for civic pride.

But it is by its suitability to its purpose that a museum building especially is to be judged, and in the fulfillment of its practical requirements every visitor must admit that the new wing of the museum is not merely successful, but conspicuously and triumphantly successful. The old new hall on the ground floor, the seven new galleries on the upper floor, admit of far more accurate and scientific arrangement and classification of the contents of the museum than have hitherto been possible. There is not a nook in them in which the objects of an exhibition cannot be well seen. Upon the ground-floor, devoted as the new part of it is mainly to structural work, for the most part on a large scale, the difficulty of a proper exhibition comes mainly from the fact that the side lights of the openings are all that can be had. This difficulty has been surmounted by the seasonal and impressive lighting of the stair, and by the introduction of the coffer, differing slightly in dimensions and shape from those in the south wing. Ample light is thus secured. But the success of the



VISTA SHOWING NEW GALLERIES.

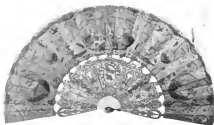
tecturally the museum is not one of the bests of New York. But that is neither exceptional in the architecture of museums nor mainly the fault of the builders of the extension. The nucleus of the building, now the great central hall, was not the product of a fortunate inspiration, having, indeed, little of interest beyond the vigorous design of the interior basement, which might perhaps have been wisely extended to the wings. But it constituted the designer of the wings to its material, at least and his skill has been shown in conforming his design to it, so that the distant modern contrast of the styles employed does not produce the violent sense of incongruity that might have been apprehended.



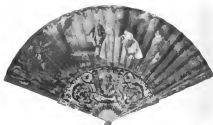
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, SHOWING THE COMPLETED BUILDING.



THE MARQUESS GALLERY OF METAL REFLECTOR



LOUIS XVI FAN—REPRESENTED BY WEDGWOOD—LAZARUS COLLECTION.



LOUIS XVI FAN—PORTRAITS OF KING, QUEEN, AND DAUGHTER LAZARUS COLLECTION.



THE EDWARD C. BOWEN COLLECTION
1068

disposition here, though complete for its purpose, is less striking than those upon the floor above, but none is the pale brown nor many salient aspects which, for their protection, have to be kept under glass. The lighting of the galleries is so admirable and perfect, however, that even upon a dark day the workmanship of the antique gems of the King collection and of the Babylonian seals can be satisfactorily seen and studied. One forgives the architect much more readily for not having provided a highly interesting facade than one would forgive him for having sacrificed too light to a single corner of his interior to his architecture. It is impossible to find fault with the disposition of the galleries for their purpose, so carefully has every detail been considered and provided for.

The foundation surface of the new wing had 40,000 square feet. The total area of the two exhibition floors is 70,000, making the total area of exhibition space now available 102,000. It is a wonderful testimony to the diligence of the officers and trustees of the museum, and to the masterfulness of the inspectors, that this space is already scarcely more than is needed, and that while it is possible to reserve more space for the completion of the several departments, any very considerable accession to the contents of the museum will involve a still further extension of its building.

Access is gained to the ground floor of the new wing directly from the great central hall, and to the galleries by the stairways already provided. Very notable additions have been made during the summer in the contents of the central hall. The representation, by means of the Wilford collection of architectural casts, of the great historical styles of architecture, has been carried far towards completion by the erection of the model of Notre Dame of Paris, a monumental work in its way being constructed on the same scale of one in twenty that was employed in the previous erection of the models of the Parthenon and the Pantheon, and thus affords an instructive basis of comparison. In this manner a very



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL NATIONS—ASIA AND AFRICA.

satisfactory exposition is furnished of classic and Gothic architecture. An equally instructive exposition of Byzantine and of Saracenic architecture would make the display of the central hall almost complete.

While the galleries of the new wing will attract visitors

most and detain them longest, the halls of the ground floor are full of interest and instruction. The casts of ancient sculpture are all arranged here under the new arrangement made possible by the increase of space, and important additions have been made to them. The American Room for the first time enables us to appreciate, as the Greeks so loved to do, the art of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Etruscans, the Italians, the French, the English, the Americans. The collection of Greek casts, too, shown to far better advantage than before, is appreciable completeness, and the New Yorker may already apply to himself the opening lines of Dante Homer's noble "Harden of Sonnets":

"In my museum galleries
You may I thought you had seen
That I have, stretched in living space,
But art however to learn when
From here to here nothing new."

The halls of Greek and Roman and Renaissance casts are not yet, however, far enough advanced in their arrangement to be opened to the public.

Ascending the wide staircase, one finds himself at the entrance of the new series of galleries, of a uniform height of twenty feet, rectangular in plan, but varying somewhat in size. The "third floor," placed between the courts, and flanked from both sides as well as from above, being nearly the largest. Except in this and the terminal galleries 14 and 24 the height is uniformly from eleven and, as has already been said, it is perfect. The walls are of masonry, except in the third floor, which is lined with crimson damask; the floors are of polished wood and polished glass.

A fitting introduction to the grand display is furnished by the first gallery, numbered 14. This contains the Marquis collection of Mediaeval Germanic art, a unique and imposing collection of the famous historical objects in bronze, gold, silver, brass, and other metals among the art treasures of Germany. They are for the most part semi-circular, some of them released in scale, and the ground effect of their size, their elaborate workmanship, and their beautiful surface is distinctly "meaningful." Here is a collection of the goldsmith's work of the English, French, Spanish, German,



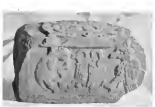
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL NATIONS—Savage Tribes



VOLCANIC STONE CASTS—PITCH COLLECTION



VOLCANIC STONE CASTS OF THE HOUSE OF CORTES—PITCH COLLECTION



AFRICAN LUNAR DIAL STONE—PITCH COLLECTION



ANCIENT MEXICAN TERRA-COTTA FIGURES—PITCH COLLECTION





THE SUPPLY HUT (DOWN LEFT) AND AN END OF PICHU-PICHU*

U. Lima is even now blackening the heavens with a misty eruption. Toward its huge adobe gleam ghastly white, and here under our very noses are the cones of dwarfed Picón Pichu. Now it requires as effort, an elimination of the snows, to remember not that that is still the highest peak south of the equator, but that it is really much of a hill at all. There is no other elevation to which the eye is so headstrong as that of depth, and unfortunately the lens shows this disability of its potency, and over-exaggerates it.

But on the other hand are our peers, just across the chain of the Rio Chilo—from here 12,000 feet deep—and apparently so near that one could put a bullet over it. Such a thing's impact would scourge the sky and crowd all other processes aside.

At 8 A. M. Professor Bailey and his nephew arrived on their fagged mules, and at once proceeded to make readings from the instruments in the little station. The highest building in the world contains aneroids, barometers, barographs, and thermographs, all automatic and self-registering. Professor Bailey has arranged them in one without room for ten days as a time, and there is a month's detail from the Arica observatory awarded the great peak to take the readings and "wind up" the instruments. This summer duty has been regularly kept up ever since the establishment of the station, except that twice in February tremendous snows stalled the facilities on the lower half of the cone. Since my visit, too, Professor Bailey has put up a larger and better frame building on the summit, and he begins to opening the way to a yet more important scientific work. The little station is not only by several thousand feet the highest building on earth, but also the highest point ever reached by astronomy. It is by far the greatest elevation to which scales have ever been taken, and is probably in little danger of future eclipse in this direction. Their availability here is of slight importance, for it will render entirely feasible the transportation of considerable instruments in an altitude probably impossible anywhere else on the globe, and the erection of a better building may be essential. The present instrument house complicates the very pinnacle of the



ARICA, CHACABANA, AND THE MOUNT

peak. In ten miles from it one could walk off the 300-foot cliff in the crater, or toward Chacabana, in a single step start on an unimpeded road to an altitude 12,000 feet low.

With this previous looked in the sky as no object, the work of the Arica observatory will have the ear of the

* The actual distance from peak to peak may be as little as twenty miles.

scientific world. In fact, even the South American department of the Harvard Observatory is destined to be, I believe, the most important modern step of astronomy. Atmospheric conditions are favorable to a degree wholly impossible in any part of Europe, and to be approached only in portions of our own and Southwest, while the added aid of a high quality of air in North America or on the Continent gives the observer a combination of facilities not dreamed of by earlier scientists. The meteorology of the lower air is already pretty well understood, but research has been hampered by the difficulty of getting reliable information as to the upper air. The Madrid station will go far toward solving the problem. With it, too, the Harvard Pichu will be much the most comprehensive system of meteorological stations for study of the effects of great mountain ranges ever established. This line of stations is as follows:

	Altitude.
Madrid (Spain)	6,600 ft.
La Jara (in the desert of Spain)	4,000 ft.
Madrid	10,000 ft.
Madrid	10,000 ft.
Madrid	10,000 ft.
Madrid	10,000 ft.

This will be a range from the desert even at the water, through the snows, and the study of the range, over the high altitude at which work is possible, on the black plains of the Andes, down to the mountainous land of the tropics.

The Madrid station will also be of present importance in spectroscopic work. It is conservative to say that here not only may be checked and verified the experiments which St. Johnsen has so long and so successfully carried on, and is now to continue with his largest property on Mount Blue, but that under conditions as much more favorable the work may be carried very much farther. The St. Johnsen's Peak, and the air multiplies this startling advantage almost indefinitely.

The "Mount of Mountains"—which would be at best only a Lithological among the Andes—is completed by closely, while the Peruvian peak is latitudinally close. Professor Bailey is led in hope for success even in photographing the solar corona—a thing never yet accomplished except at times of total solar eclipse. For astronomical work the conditions are the most beautiful ever yet found. No specification suffices to convey a notion of the clarity of such atmospheres to those who have only heard of them. As Professor Pickering reported during his last visit to Arica:

"The transparency of the air is most remarkable, but the cloudiness is such as to be almost beyond belief. In fact, this, the chief difficulty of the modern astronomer, is here practically entirely overcome. The atmosphere is pure to our altitude, but very largely to the extent of the dryness of our climate. While in the United States, with our twelve inch refracting telescope, magnifying powers of 300 to 400 could be employed, the lower water considerations, difficulties and only occasionally, here powers of 800 and 1,000 can be used without injury, when the light is bright enough to bear it. In short, what we can see depends not, as elsewhere, upon our atmosphere, but merely upon the size and quality of the telescope."

"Although our telescope is only thirteen inches aperture, at the Cerro de San Mateo, out of the entire Andes, and in the Andes of the Andes."

yet it is the largest visual refractor south of the equator. It happens by a curious coincidence that the most of the most interesting bodies in the whole sky cluster around the southern pole of the heavens, and are therefore never visible in the United States or Europe. These objects are all well seen from Arica. In fact, on some nights one-quarter of the whole sky can be studied to advantage at any southern observatory.

It is an ideal point for visual as well as photographic observation, and a telescope of this kind magnitude placed here would give it a fair, as results thus far suggested. It is to be hoped that some wealthy amateur of science will see fit to build this kind of instrument here for the photographic branch. Even with the present limited, highly important work has been and will still be done.

Upon the arrival of the baggage train, at 11 A. M., was called upon our respective laboratories and in a good day's work—Professor Bailey and his men in surveying and I with the camera. Perhaps this is the highest point at which full-bodied, serious and photographic work ever been made, and certainly on such a scale.

Having "done" the film I scrambled down the Y-shaped gully which opens toward Arica, accompanied by my Indian "porter," who had only himself to carry, for it was rather too slippery climbing to trust the camera in alien hands. The hardest part of the day was from the bottom of the gap to the brink of the new crater—a real level of sorts of great steepness, which now to have been formed by the same eruption which so recently blackened the whole



THE MOUNT AND THE ARICA OBSERVATORY



PRINCE YUSS BOGHOSIAN,
The New Prince of Armenia.—(See Page 962.)



THE NEW SPENSER LIBRARY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.
Dedicated October 18, 1904.—(See Page 951.)

AMATEUR SPORT

THE KANSAS, IOWA, MINNESOTA, AND NEBRASKA football outlook is brighter than at the beginning of any previous season. During the past two the game has been rapidly spreading, until this autumn even its establishment in the ranks of the high schools and academies, as well as in the larger colleges and universities. The importance of this introduction into the smaller schools cannot be overestimated. It means that in the near future the university eleven, instead of being recruited each year from given material, will be able to draw their constitution from those that have had previous experience. This will mean much in the advancement of the game, and promises a football atmosphere for this section.

The outlook is also brightened by the prospect of more skillful play than last year. The colleges, recognizing that the game had advanced plenty as far as Western talent could carry it, were in several instances, notably the University of Kansas, where the best available Eastern university coaches. With the advent of the Eastern coach the play has been well upturned and made more scientific, while this has become of much more serious nature.

THE PRINCIPAL FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION in this section has, as it has been for the last three years, the Western Intercollegiate Association, composed of the State universities of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and Minnesota. I am pleased to note that this Association has absolutely prohibited the playing of coaches or other paid men this season; but just it was not so, and it is to be hoped that even the best variety of professionalism has disappeared.

Outside of the Association the chief teams are maintained by Duke College, at Cret, Nebraska; University of Ottawa, Kansas; and Grinnell College, at Grinnell, Iowa. Both the Ottawa and Grinnell teams play their coaches, before being by a league rules of any sort. The Ottawa team, in point of fact, should not be regarded as amateur. It is substantially the old Baker University team of last year. Early this autumn football was forbidden by a signed Order of Trustees at Baker University, and seven players of last year's champion team, who had returned to college, then left, and went to Ottawa University upon the promise. It is commonly said of the payment of \$2500 in cash, and their expenses during the football season. This amount was largely raised by the citizens of Ottawa, one of whom was chosen manager of the team, and now acts in that capacity. The new Ottawa team is also strengthened by the addition of Hamilton, for two years one of the best guards of Kansas University, but who had been required to leave on account of failure in his studies. The University of Kansas has already played Ottawa, then by being herself open to criticism, but it is to be hoped that some of the other Association teams will so jeopardize their season.

KANSAS, NEBRASKA, AND IOWA UNIVERSITIES have also contravened professionalism by not only playing Doane, which plays a paid coach, but at least Kansas and Nebraska further violated the amateur spirit by playing their own coaches in their own game. The game will not be free from professionalism until the last teams of this section refuse unanimously to contravene professionalism in any game.



SEVERAL MEN OF GOLF LINE UP COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE, MASS.—
Looking from No. 1 Tee-Box-Ground.

because of otherwise. It is well in extension for Kansas that she had been defeated by Baker last year, and a man named a 10th being asked to meet her and rival this year. Hot this is absurd. The Association must insist on her name, her living up to its rules, or adding to the consequences. The Western Intercollegiate Association have started the season with varying success, but all with determination and energy. Kansas has as coach Horace W. Connor, the famous Princeton tackle, who is making the

last year. And it is also announced that a Harvard man has been secured to put on the finishing touches before the Thanksgiving game. Minnesota now has a training table, and is doing more systematic practice than formerly. Two games have been played this autumn, the first with the Delta Athletic Association, resulting in a victory, 40 to 6, and the second with the Hunter Athletic Club, on October 27th, resulting in a defeat, 30 to 6. Last year Denver lost by nearly twice the score.

It is not several old men this season of last year's team, only Little, a few, Jaycock, Collins, returning. They have engaged Roger Sherman, of Michigan University, to do the coaching, and put the training in the hands of E. W. Moulton, who has filled the same position for the Michigan and Minnesota eleven. The team has won from Cornell and Knott colleges, and been defeated by Doane and the University of Chicago. Nebraska entered the season without a coach, being successfully equipped by the services of Frank Crawford, Michigan, who coached her last year. She has five of last year's men back, not including Crawford, who played with her all last season, despite his having forfeited his amateur status by being a paid coach. Nebraska has thus far defeated Grinnell College, of Grinnell, Iowa, 29 to 6, but been defeated by Duke College, 12 to 0.

PENNSYLVANIA'S EXHIBITION OF FOOTBALL, offensive and defensive, is the Lehigh game, beyond the exposure of her supporters to a high point-to-go high, apparently, to be contrasted, as the recent games with the University of Virginia, the Coles, and Lafayette have demonstrated. The reason for the team's falling off in being most seriously damaged by the coaches and interested alumni, without, however, any marked quantity of opinion. The members of the eleven, one and all, have practiced faithfully, and are equally as keen for a satisfactory result. This much is certain, that there is a general recognition of the fact that the play of last has been poor, and as a consequence there is a deep-seated determination to bring it into the Princeton game. Thus contributing some doubtless has been the stalling of the men in the line and back of it. Facilitation to weakness. Whatman, Woodruff, and Nicks' place have been filled by substitutes in the game mentioned. Williams' coming in at quarter, Knappe's going in half, and Gilbert in full back, have necessarily caused some of the stalling of the back field.

It may be seriously doubted whether this change in the backs is for the best, and the doubt deepens into a certain conviction when it is remembered that it is made practically on the eve of the Princeton game. There is every reason to believe, however, that Williams, Woodruff, and Nicks will all be able to fill their positions in the line on November 10th, and, in my opinion, the strongest consideration back of the line will be then adopted in the early season, viz., Knappe at quarter, with Gilbert, Brooker, and Osmond behind him. Thus made up, the team will be the peer of that faced Lehigh, in which game, as noted, they gave the greatest promise.

BACK OF THE LINE, AMONG THE VETERANS, and whom we would naturally look for the best work, we find comparatively the worst, for, having Knappe, the backs do not work

COUNTRY CLUB—HAND BLANKET.

most of a team handicapped this season by the return of only one of last year's eleven, and one of them had a substitute. The other five were perfectly green. Kansas began by defeating the Topeka Athletic Club, 19 to 0. Ottawa University, before the Baker defeat, 40 to 0, and Doane College, 25 to 12. October 25th, Kansas and Ottawa again met, the result being a tie, 6 to 6. Considering the fact that the Ottawa players were all from ten to fifteen pounds heavier, and veterans of last year's championship Baker team, the showing made by Kansas was exceedingly good, the ball being in Ottawa's territory seven-eighths of the time.

The coaching of Horace Connor has developed more reliance on play, and there dependence is placed on running round ends, and in tackling and returning. This is the last-bucking game of former days.

THE MINNAPOLIS eleven began the season with a win of last year's men, coached by Harry Osborn of Topeka, 30, who acted in the same capacity



COUNTRY CLUB—LONG VIEW TOWARD DU'S PUTTING GREEN ON HILLS.
Showing Brookline Water Tower, and Appleton House.

THE MINNAPOLIS eleven began the season with a win of last year's men, coached by Harry Osborn of Topeka, 30, who acted in the same capacity

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1884.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



WILLIAM L. STRONG.

The next Mayor of New York City, who defeated the Tammany Candidate, Hugh J. Grant, by a Majority of 42,417.—[See Page 1099.]

From a Photograph by Rockwood.



MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A. (See Page 3007.)
Who succeeds General O. O. Howard in Command of the Department of the Lakes.



LEVI F. MORTON,
Governor-Elect of New York.



ASHTON G. DAYTON, OF WEST VIRGINIA,
Who defeated William L. Wilson for Congress.



D. A. BACON,
Father House Speaker-Elect from Georgia.



JAMES H. HEDO,
Governor-Elect of California.



ELIAS A. BRIGGS,
Governor-Elect of Nebraska.



KNUTE NELSON,
Governor-Elect of Minnesota.



R. CLAY EVANS,
Governor-Elect of Tennessee.



W. H. UPHAM,
Governor-Elect of Wisconsin.



MAJOR EDMUND M. MORRILL,
Governor-Elect of Kansas.



JOHN GARY EVANS,
Governor-Elect of South Carolina
from a Photograph by Becking.



JOHN T. SELLS,
Governor-Elect of Maryland.



O. VINCENT COFFEY,
Governor-Elect of Connecticut.



A. W. MCARTHUR,
Governor-Elect of Louisiana.



J. M. HARBO,
Governor-Elect of Delaware.



GENERAL D. M. HAWTHORN,
Governor-Elect of Pennsylvania
from a Photograph by Reinken.

SOME OF THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES IN THE NEXT ELECTIONS—[See Page 100.]



W.A. Rogers.

THE TAMMANY TIGER CAGED—NOW KEEP HIM THERE!

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN HORSE-BREEDING.

IT is characteristic of a New Yorker, perhaps, to speak of the Horse Show within the gates of his city as national, although it is true its scope is not everywhere as considered, this may in part, however, be attributed to the narrowness of vision on the part of the Association stockholders. But that this will not be the case when harkens and hosts will not express the great attraction of the Association directors, nor attract the largest amount of prize money, and when that time comes the New York show will expand into a more national institution.

We do not grow in these things suddenly. It is not over fifteen or twenty years ago that the trotter was the only horse which received any particular attention from breeders. Ten years ago, still the exception of the hunter and polo set, riding in the vicinity of our cities was without a last set. We have perfectly well that our great grandpapa was devoted to the horse, and would not be a man to expatiate the place in land in the education of the youth of that older period, and the skill attained in horse-riding.

In the South the saddle-horse has always occupied a prominent place in the culture of sportsmen and warriors. It is

from the South that we get to-day our best saddle-animals, and it is there we must look for the class of women who consider riding quite as much a part of their education as the drumming of a piano. Our most learned through the South to suppose have many women ride, and exceedingly well they do it. We of New York are prone to fancy that these women of our breeding set (as we can count them easily on our fingers) who ride superbly comprise the first and best and all of good riding in the country, but the horse-women of the South outstrip those of the North two to one, and the average of skill is proportionately high. There is no denying the fact that among our Southern riders there are some of the hardest and purest in the world, but it is equally true that the average of skill among Southern and Western riders is much higher than in the East.

We have been pleased to call certain ways of holding the reins and certain cut of hands and feet as "form." The Western or Southern rider does not concern himself or himself very much with these details, but the seat is as firm and the contact as graceful. They may be ignorant of the latest "thing" in attire, but they know the horse, can ride any way they get a bridle on, and bring him to the end of a long

journey without a sore back and in the best possible condition.

However, all that does not lessen the glory of our New York show. There is only one New York, and the Horse Show is its greatest annual exhibition. It is more than a horse show. It is the first metropolitan appearance of society after the summer's absence, and signifies the beginning of the winter season. It is really an occasion when the right art beauty is displayed by the best.

Nowhere else in the world will you find as extravagant gifts paid for teams, nor a greater sum of money given in prizes, nor a more splendid show of thoroughbreds, both in and around the ring, as at Madison Square Garden during this second week of November each year. Not even London can duplicate the spectacular features of this exhibition, and, considering the present standard of horseflesh to have been reached after only about a dozen years of endeavor, the entire country honestly with the animal show on the other side.

We truly own a great deal to our National Association. It has been the means of improving our carriage-horses and our equines to a point where they compare favorably with any in the world. It has been an incentive to breed-



A SMART PARK TEAM.—DRAWN BY W. S. V. ALLEN.



A WINNER LEAVING THE RING—DRAWN BY W. S. V. ALLEN

ers, and a year to two of means to bring to our country the best of foreign stock.

We sometimes speak of the horse show week as being

week—our wealth is hidden away—we are indebted for a great deal of the improvement in our horseflesh. The men who compose the Association and have supported it

Nine years ago the Association held its first horse show, with 197 exhibitors and 603 entries, while this year there are nearly 350 exhibitors and over 1300 entries. We are a progressive nation, and the horsemen have kept abreast of the times. The improvement in our stock has by no means been a superficial one. We have gone ahead, it is true, in many instances, for our stock, but we have not neglected the home breeder. Last year the use of granding sires of the show was evidenced in the classes which had the home-bred horse, that better has always been bred, and our breeders have been rapidly making the saddle horse equally so. The heavy importation of bachelors have done much in the last three or four years in bettering and developing the standard of the general carriage horse. The steadiest entries in the half blood classes had just seen so progress a great future for this English utility horse crossed with the native. Probably in no class had the home-bred animal shown to better advantage than in the heavier. It is almost every one of the best few shows the winning animal is the great majority of the better classes has been a native of America.

Another class that has shown a tremendous improvement in the last few years is the pony. It is only a few years since we have given any particular attention to the pony, but the increased number of entries in the classes and the decidedly increased standard of quality are evidence of what can be done if only the breeder is given an incentive.

Handlers have not, until the last two or three years, received the encouragement they deserve. Indeed, they do not yet receive merited attention. The handler is a distinctly American institution, and one that ought to have a great amount of recognition. However, the handler has been almost entirely absorbed in the matter, and is not yet sufficiently dissociated from this latter type. The improvement of the last two or four years gives cause for congratulation and hope for the future. We cannot be expected to reach perfection in all these classes in a few years; it takes time to breed a class of fine form.

Brought home, however, have not had the attention they should have, and it is unfortunately true that the entries have not increased in proportion to the importance of the type. This year a great deal more needs to be done for them and we shall in all likelihood have an exhibition this week that will do much towards encouraging the breeder of this very necessary type of horse.

We will love the horse man always, and a debt of deep gratitude to the handful of men who were the fathers in American horse-breeding, started when the late Mr. August Belmont's name stands pre-eminent. Few people outside of the horse world have any conception of the wonderful stable Mr. Belmont had in process of development. The prices brought at the sale of this stable after his death were a revelation of its value. Mr. Belmont represented us in American horse-breeding, and his name for the American thoroughbred will possibly never be eclipsed.

To our men who remember the form of our imports and the character of horses driven and ridden fifteen or twenty years ago, the results of our development as seen in Madison Square Garden is no short a view worth recording. It is even a shorter period in which our carriage horses have attained the perfection of to-day. Ten years ago we had hardly begun to turn out our equines in anything like good form. It was only in 70 that the racing club had its first meet, and the open road coachman with which the passenger coach were provided by the grounds will be long remembered. It is not putting it too strongly to say that

TABLE SHOWING INCREASE OF ENTRIES AND PRIZES.

	1879-80	1880-81	1881-82	1882-83	1883-84	1884-85	1885-86	1886-87	1887-88	1888-89	1889-90	1890-91	1891-92	1892-93	1893-94	1894-95	1895-96	1896-97	1897-98	1898-99	1899-00	1900-01	1901-02	1902-03	1903-04	1904-05	1905-06	1906-07	1907-08	1908-09	1909-10	1910-11	1911-12	1912-13	1913-14	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17	1917-18	1918-19	1919-20	1920-21	1921-22	1922-23	1923-24	1924-25	1925-26	1926-27	1927-28	1928-29	1929-30	1930-31	1931-32	1932-33	1933-34	1934-35	1935-36	1936-37	1937-38	1938-39	1939-40	1940-41	1941-42	1942-43	1943-44	1944-45	1945-46	1946-47	1947-48	1948-49	1949-50	1950-51	1951-52	1952-53	1953-54	1954-55	1955-56	1956-57	1957-58	1958-59	1959-60	1960-61	1961-62	1962-63	1963-64	1964-65	1965-66	1966-67	1967-68	1968-69	1969-70	1970-71	1971-72	1972-73	1973-74	1974-75	1975-76	1976-77	1977-78	1978-79	1979-80	1980-81	1981-82	1982-83	1983-84	1984-85	1985-86	1986-87	1987-88	1988-89	1989-90	1990-91	1991-92	1992-93	1993-94	1994-95	1995-96	1996-97	1997-98	1998-99	1999-00	2000-01	2001-02	2002-03	2003-04	2004-05	2005-06	2006-07	2007-08	2008-09	2009-10	2010-11	2011-12	2012-13	2013-14	2014-15	2015-16	2016-17	2017-18	2018-19	2019-20	2020-21	2021-22	2022-23	2023-24	2024-25	2025-26	2026-27	2027-28	2028-29	2029-30	2030-31	2031-32	2032-33	2033-34	2034-35	2035-36	2036-37	2037-38	2038-39	2039-40	2040-41	2041-42	2042-43	2043-44	2044-45	2045-46	2046-47	2047-48	2048-49	2049-50	2050-51	2051-52	2052-53	2053-54	2054-55	2055-56	2056-57	2057-58	2058-59	2059-60	2060-61	2061-62	2062-63	2063-64	2064-65	2065-66	2066-67	2067-68	2068-69	2069-70	2070-71	2071-72	2072-73	2073-74	2074-75	2075-76	2076-77	2077-78	2078-79	2079-80	2080-81	2081-82	2082-83	2083-84	2084-85	2085-86	2086-87	2087-88	2088-89	2089-90	2090-91	2091-92	2092-93	2093-94	2094-95	2095-96	2096-97	2097-98	2098-99	2099-00	2100-01	2101-02	2102-03	2103-04	2104-05	2105-06	2106-07	2107-08	2108-09	2109-10	2110-11	2111-12	2112-13	2113-14	2114-15	2115-16	2116-17	2117-18	2118-19	2119-20	2120-21	2121-22	2122-23	2123-24	2124-25	2125-26	2126-27	2127-28	2128-29	2129-30	2130-31	2131-32	2132-33	2133-34	2134-35	2135-36	2136-37	2137-38	2138-39	2139-40	2140-41	2141-42	2142-43	2143-44	2144-45	2145-46	2146-47	2147-48	2148-49	2149-50	2150-51	2151-52	2152-53	2153-54	2154-55	2155-56	2156-57	2157-58	2158-59	2159-60	2160-61	2161-62	2162-63	2163-64	2164-65	2165-66	2166-67	2167-68	2168-69	2169-70	2170-71	2171-72	2172-73	2173-74	2174-75	2175-76	2176-77	2177-78	2178-79	2179-80	2180-81	2181-82	2182-83	2183-84	2184-85	2185-86	2186-87	2187-88	2188-89	2189-90	2190-91	2191-92	2192-93	2193-94	2194-95	2195-96	2196-97	2197-98	2198-99	2199-00	2200-01	2201-02	2202-03	2203-04	2204-05	2205-06	2206-07	2207-08	2208-09	2209-10	2210-11	2211-12	2212-13	2213-14	2214-15	2215-16	2216-17	2217-18	2218-19	2219-20	2220-21	2221-22	2222-23	2223-24	2224-25	2225-26	2226-27	2227-28	2228-29	2229-30	2230-31	2231-32	2232-33	2233-34	2234-35	2235-36	2236-37	2237-38	2238-39	2239-40	2240-41	2241-42	2242-43	2243-44	2244-45	2245-46	2246-47	2247-48	2248-49	2249-50	2250-51	2251-52	2252-53	2253-54	2254-55	2255-56	2256-57	2257-58	2258-59	2259-60	2260-61	2261-62	2262-63	2263-64	2264-65	2265-66	2266-67	2267-68	2268-69	2269-70	2270-71	2271-72	2272-73	2273-74	2274-75	2275-76	2276-77	2277-78	2278-79	2279-80	2280-81	2281-82	2282-83	2283-84	2284-85	2285-86	2286-87	2287-88	2288-89	2289-90	2290-91	2291-92	2292-93	2293-94	2294-95	2295-96	2296-97	2297-98	2298-99	2299-00	2300-01	2301-02	2302-03	2303-04	2304-05	2305-06	2306-07	2307-08	2308-09	2309-10	2310-11	2311-12	2312-13	2313-14	2314-15	2315-16	2316-17	2317-18	2318-19	2319-20	2320-21	2321-22	2322-23	2323-24	2324-25	2325-26	2326-27	2327-28	2328-29	2329-30	2330-31	2331-32	2332-33	2333-34	2334-35	2335-36	2336-37	2337-38	2338-39	2339-40	2340-41	2341-42	2342-43	2343-44	2344-45	2345-46	2346-47	2347-48	2348-49	2349-50	2350-51	2351-52	2352-53	2353-54	2354-55	2355-56	2356-57	2357-58	2358-59	2359-60	2360-61	2361-62	2362-63	2363-64	2364-65	2365-66	2366-67	2367-68	2368-69	2369-70	2370-71	2371-72	2372-73	2373-74	2374-75	2375-76	2376-77	2377-78	2378-79	2379-80	2380-81	2381-82	2382-83	2383-84	2384-85	2385-86	2386-87	2387-88	2388-89	2389-90	2390-91	2391-92	2392-93	2393-94	2394-95	2395-96	2396-97	2397-98	2398-99	2399-00	2400-01	2401-02	2402-03	2403-04	2404-05	2405-06	2406-07	2407-08	2408-09	2409-10	2410-11	2411-12	2412-13	2413-14	2414-15	2415-16	2416-17	2417-18	2418-19	2419-20	2420-21	2421-22	2422-23	2423-24	2424-25	2425-26	2426-27	2427-28	2428-29	2429-30	2430-31	2431-32	2432-33	2433-34	2434-35	2435-36	2436-37	2437-38	2438-39	2439-40	2440-41	2441-42	2442-43	2443-44	2444-45	2445-46	2446-47	2447-48	2448-49	2449-50	2450-51	2451-52	2452-53	2453-54	2454-55	2455-56	2456-57	2457-58	2458-59	2459-60	2460-61	2461-62	2462-63	2463-64	2464-65	2465-66	2466-67	2467-68	2468-69	2469-70	2470-71	2471-72	2472-73	2473-74	2474-75	2475-76	2476-77	2477-78	2478-79	2479-80	2480-81	2481-82	2482-83	2483-84	2484-85	2485-86	2486-87	2487-88	2488-89	2489-90	2490-91	2491-92	2492-93	2493-94	2494-95	2495-96	2496-97	2497-98	2498-99	2499-00	2500-01	2501-02	2502-03	2503-04	2504-05	2505-06	2506-07	2507-08	2508-09	2509-10	2510-11	2511-12	2512-13	2513-14	2514-15	2515-16	2516-17	2517-18	2518-19	2519-20	2520-21	2521-22	2522-23	2523-24	2524-25	2525-26	2526-27	2527-28	2528-29	2529-30	2530-31	2531-32	2532-33	2533-34	2534-35	2535-36	2536-37	2537-38	2538-39	2539-40	2540-41	2541-42	2542-43	2543-44	2544-45	2545-46	2546-47	2547-48	2548-49	2549-50	2550-51	2551-52	2552-53	2553-54	2554-55	2555-56	2556-57	2557-58	2558-59	2559-60	2560-61	2561-62	2562-63	2563-64	2564-65	2565-66	2566-67	2567-68	2568-69	2569-70	2570-71	2571-72	2572-73	2573-74	2574-75	2575-76	2576-77	2577-78	2578-79	2579-80	2580-81	2581-82	2582-83	2583-84	2584-85	2585-86	2586-87	2587-88	2588-89	2589-90	2590-91	2591-92	2592-93	2593-94	2594-95	2595-96	2596-97	2597-98	2598-99	2599-00	2600-01	2601-02	2602-03	2603-04	2604-05	2605-06	2606-07	2607-08	2608-09	2609-10	2610-11	2611-12	2612-13	2613-14	2614-15	2615-16	2616-17	2617-18	2618-19	2619-20	2620-21	2621-22	2622-23	2623-24	2624-25	2625-26	2626-27	2627-28	2628-29	2629-30	2630-31	2631-32	2632-33	2633-34	2634-35	2635-36	2636-37	2637-38	2638-39	2639-40	2640-41	2641-42	2642-43	2643-44	2644-45	2645-46	2646-47	2647-48	2648-49	2649-50	2650-51	2651-52	2652-53	2653-54	2654-55	2655-56	2656-57	2657-58	2658-59	2659-60	2660-61	2661-62	2662-63	2663-64	2664-65	2665-66	2666-67	2667-68	2668-69	2669-70	2670-71	2671-72	2672-73	2673-74	2674-75	2675-76	2676-77	2677-78	2678-79	2679-80	2680-81	2681-82	2682-83	2683-84	2684-85	2685-86	2686-87	2687-88	2688-89	2689-90	2690-91	2691-92	2692-93	2693-94	2694-95	2695-96	2696-97	2697-98	2698-99	2699-00	2700-01	2701-02	2702-03	2703-04	2704-05	2705-06	2706-07	2707-08	2708-09	2709-10	2710-11	2711-12	2712-13	2713-14	2714-15	2715-16	2716-17	2717-18	2718-19	2719-20	2720-21	2721-22	2722-23	2723-24	2724-25	2725-26	2726-27	2727-28	2728-29	2729-30	2730-31	2731-32	2732-33	2733-34	2734-35	2735-36	2736-37	2737-38	2738-39	2739-40	2740-41	2741-42	2742-43	2743-44	2744-45	2745-46	2746-47	2747-48	2748-49	2749-50	2750-51	2751-52	2752-53	2753-54	2754-55	2755-56	2756-57	2757-58	2758-59	2759-60	2760-61	2761-62	2762-63	2763-64	2764-65	2765-66	2766-67	2767-68	2768-69	2769-70	2770-71	2771-72	2772-73	2773-74	2774-75	2775-76	2776-77	2777-78	2778-79	2779-80	2780-81	2781-82	2782-83	2783-84	2784-85	2785-86	2786-87	2787-88	2788-89	2789-90	2790-91	2791-92	2792-93	2793-94	2794-95	2795-96	2796-97	2797-98	2798-99	2799-00	2800-01	2801-02	2802-03	2803-04	2804-05	2805-06	2806-07	2807-08	2808-09	2809-10	2810-11	2811-12	2812-13	2813-14	2814-15	2815-16	2816-17	2817-18	2818-19	2819-20	2820-21	2821-22	2822-23	2823-24	2824-25	2825-26	2826-27	2827-28	2828-29	2829-30	2830-31	2831-32	2832-33	2833-34	2834-35	2835-36	2836-37	2837-38	2838-39	2839-40	2840-41	2841-42	2842-43	2843-44	2844-45	2845-46	2846-47	2847-48	2848-49	2849-50	2850-51	2851-52	2852-53	2853-54	2854-55	2855-56	2856-57	2857-58	2858-59	2859-60	2860-61	2861-62	2862-63	2863-64	2864-65	2865-66	2866-67	2867-68	2868-69	2869-70	2870-71	2871-72	2872-73	2873-74	2874-75	2875-76	2876-77	2877-78	2878-79	2879-80	2880-81	2881-82	2882-83	2883-84	2884-85	2885-86	2886-87	2887-88	2888-89	2889-90	2890-91	2891-92	2892-93	2893-94	2894-95	2895-96	2896-97	2897-98	2898-99	2899-00	2900-01	2901-02	2902-03	2903-04	2904-05	2905-06	2906-07	2907-08	2908-09	2909-10	29
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the quality of our carriage-horses has been raised almost directly by the influence and example of the Coaching Club, and that the hunting set has largely indicated the improved type of the noble animal now seen in this neighborhood. Anglo-American has likewise been the means of turning its looks by looking the tail.

Along with the improvement in horsemanship has come a corresponding improvement in time, and it is unquestionably true that from no point of vantage in the world will you see more handsome and complete harness than at the Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park on an autumn afternoon.

Nor has this remarkable improvement in form and harness been confined to New York city; and how do we find the national significance of the Association. It is unquestionably true that all eyes are turned to New York for correct form in this as in other matters. On the Atlantic coast a few years ago, outside of New York, there was to be found hardly a four in hand, and certainly no particular attention was given to the form of harnessing out.

Good horsemanship has always been a product of the New England States, and good utility animals have never been wanting there. In fact, it is the best of the Morgan horse, which, in the writer's opinion, has no superior. Bostonians and Philadelphians and others who came to the New York horse show started away the desire of emulation, and so successfully have they attained their aim that in Boston and Philadelphia today are found and harness and carriage-horses generally as good as the best, while one can hardly drive in any direction of the country without meeting teams vastly superior to those of a few years past. Fifteen years ago one might travel far in the United States and only at great intervals meet an equipage turned out in good form. To-day one hardly meets any other sort.

In Chicago, and very generally throughout the West, much improvement is noticeable. It would astonish the average Easterner to drive about Chicago of an autumn afternoon. There is, of course, not the same general moral tone of the streets. But good form is observed by a large percentage, and the horsemanship is very good. Two or three



AN UNWILLING CONTEST-TASTE.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KRIEGER.

years ago Chicago held a horse show, and the class of and kind exhibited was no exception. From that point of view it was a success, but unfortunately the affair was so badly managed that it closed in disaster, and it is much to be regretted that another attempt has never been made by more competent and sportsmanlike men than those who made this lamentable fiasco.

Yet another mark of the National Association's work is the filly given to sectional horse shows. There are done upon dozens of county fairs and little shows held every year, where the general improvement is quality being made throughout the country is again emphasized. In fact, wherever may one turn in the horse world, the influence of this Association is apparent.

When, therefore, we are inclined to refer contemptuously to this New York show as a mere social function, let the

good it has done in the land be borne in mind. It is true the greatest amount of money in prizes is given to the two classes—stallions and hackneys—which are reflected most by fashion; but it is also a fact that it has been fashion's money which has inspired the first work, and by its continuous efforts for the highest perfection of horsemanship, has had a beneficial effect on the horse breeder and on the elevation of the American horse generally.

There is but one failure to deplore in connection with the work of these gentlemen, and that was the abandonment of the out-door horse show.

In 91 an Open-air Horse Show Association was formed by members of the National Association, and a show held on Madison Field. From a sportsman's point of view it was a great success, but, unfortunately, because of the peculiar configuration of New York, and because, too, and no less, of the lack of interest among our people, it failed to attract a paying number of spectators. In 92 the projections of the enterprise pocketed their horses and were more made an effort to interest New Yorkers in a really genuine show, but, although the entries were large and of high quality, it failed of success, and another venture has never been made. In Philadelphia the out-door show, beginning about three years ago, has been a great and profitable success. The in-door show is well enough in its way, but for the true lover of horsemanship it has no comparison whatever with the out-of-door exhibition.

It is a pity we cannot have a horse show in the fullest sense of the word—horse show where every one of the circles is an exhibitor during the entire week, and a horse one can stroll about admiring and criticizing at one's leisure and to one's heart's content. Madison Square Garden is certainly the most romantic structure of any useful similarity in the world, compared with it the London horse-show building is a barn, and a small one at that. But complete and luxurious as it is, it falls short of filling the requirements of a horse show site. It is difficult even to stroll one's way to the right opportunity to walk about among the horses, and at best half the horses have no stalls in the building, appearing only in the judging-ring. Here is our one chance of getting



a look at the animals, but it is only a glimpse after all. There are so many to divide one's attention that it becomes distracting as a three-ringed circus.

The true lover of the horse must satisfy with this passing show. He enjoys it, of course, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. He loves to watch the beautiful animals prancing about the ring. But this is not where your horseman enjoys himself most, to him life is but a side show. The real show is on among the horses, where he may wander from stall to stall, catalogue in hand, striking up an acquaintance with every animal that commends itself to him, and listening to the proud groom as he describes the lands-me creature's merits and dilates on his good qualities. Here he really enjoys himself. By the second day there is little occasion for reverence to the catalogue, he already knows the horses worth visiting, and the others he does not care about. Here he may lounge away the morning when the fashionable throng, with heavy cloaks and shaven wendings, has not filled up every passage and crowded him out into the human merry-go-round about the ring.

Like every preceding one, the present exhibition at Madison Square Garden shows an increase not only in interest, but in number of horses and exhibitors; aside from which there is satisfaction in knowing that the quality of the former is considerably bettered. Better still, some of the classes that were very poorly represented last year, notably the thoroughbreds, have been increased by some excellent entries.

The Association directors have made a very wise choice in their judges, as the following list attests:

Thoroughbreds—Captains J. B. Carter, Colonel Frank B. Beck, and Mr. Andrew Smith, V. S. Cavalry.
Dress and Harness—John E. Taylor, Lancaster, Massachusetts; Capt. B. E. R. Fox, Common, Long Island; and General W. F. Fox, Baltimore.

Hackney—Henry Brown, Bedford, New York, England.
Carriage Hacks and Family-driving Hacks—Mr. Andrew Smith and Professor Lefebvre.

Heavyweight Hacks—Mr. L. Herbert.
Medium Hacks, Roadsters, Frieses to Horses, and Pattern Hacks—Professor Lawrence, Francis T. Underhill, and E. B. Walling.
Saddle and Saddle Horses and Saddle Horses—Colonel Augustus Butler, Mr. C. H. Carter, and Captain C. F. Rice.
Shorthorn and Angora—Charles E. Miller, John E. Corbin, and Major James C. Carter.

There are \$30,000 in prize, of which \$15,000 go to the thoroughbreds, a class that will have some very good ones, including the well-known stars King George, Ironside, Antares, Brub to pay, and Desoto.



A LADY'S POST TRAP.—DRAWN BY W. F. ALLEN.

The trotting classes have been very much more generally looked after by the Association than ever before, with \$2000 in prize, while the number of entries shows an appreciable increase. In the class of trotting stallions, with four of them get, there are such well-known names as Times, Standard, Levant, and Hired Law. The class for trotting mares four years old is twice as large as it was last year, and among the two-year-old entries are the get of standard, Mountain King, and Sable Withers, while among the yearling stallions are the get of Albanian, Union, and Alton.

The driving classes have always shown up well, and this year there will be no lessening of quality. There is a particularly good lot of pairs, which includes Mr. Charles H. Reed's performers, Lettie and Yarny, and Colonel Kip's team, My Mr. Emblem, and Manfredo Belle. There are nine entries for the mares in pairs, which will be very likely of the same trotter type as we have seen heretofore. However, the true roadster is beginning to have a look in, and we may expect in a few years to see more of that type. An there are \$1000 in prize, the money will probably have its effect on the breeders in the near future.

As usual, the prize for the hackney classes comprises those of any color. There are \$2000, which was included the \$500 challenge cup, for which there will be a grand contest between Dr. Parker, Matchless of Lancaster, and Imperator Hufus, Jr. In the other million classes we shall probably see Star of Bengal, Grand II, Indule, Chief, and Capt.

The trotting hackney classes have never been filled as they are this year, and there is also a very big entry list of mares, including some well-known ones, among them, White Socks, Her Majesty II, Honeycomb II, Bright Star, and Phoenix.

Mr. Liverly will be kept very busy during the week, for he no doubt have the hackneys of all ages and also filled the classes in such numbers. The most interesting of these classes will be that of the half-bred hackneys, for which there are \$250 in prize. We are all very anxious to see what the hackney is going to do for an animal jacking his feet up lately. Last year we saw one of our colts that performed fairly well, and we shall have a chance this year to see how they have progressed and what additions have been made to the class.

The one-bag stallion class, as a usual thing, has been a rather indifferent one, and it does not seem to have improved any this year, notwithstanding there are \$250 in prize offered. It is a true strange that some of our horse men do not interest in this direction.

\$1000 are offered in prize for "horses in harness," \$1500 for "carriage horses," and \$250 for "horse carriages, and appendages." The classes here are as well filled as usual, and that means that they are filled to overflowing. Let us hope we shall see the same animal entered in so many different classes this year as it usually the case.

There are \$750 in prize for saddle-horses, but the entry list does not seem to be so large as usual. The same may be said of the four, for which there is a prize list of \$1000. In fact, there are two classes not up to the standard.

The pony classes since the interest that has been drawn on them, and are well filled with as fine a lot of entries as we have seen in any show. There are \$175 offered, and the competitors will be very keen.

The mule-horse class, if the entries prove as good as they promise, will be the best we have yet had. There are \$1250 offered, and the class of exhibitors interested should show more but the very best in the land.

The hunter class are filled as they have never been before. There are \$500 in prize, including a \$450 challenge cup. We shall probably see no notable new ones in the qualified hunters, but the green classes will show what is being done for the native-bred animal.

The advance sale of horses has been quite large enough to pay the Association's prize list, and the show of \$14 will undoubtedly add one more to the many successes of the National Association.

C. W. W.



TRAINING A YOUNG HUNTER.—DRAWN BY FRANK HARTIGAN.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CZAR AND
THE ROYAL GUESTS AT FREDENSBORG

His extreme privacy at home, not less than his free and easy style of living at Potsdam, made the Czar one of the mythical figures of contemporary history. In Alexander, court etiquette and political tradition compelled Alexander III to deny himself to everybody aside from the members of his family and his trusted servants. Denmark, where in the summer months the Czar might have been met almost like any private citizen, is apparently not at all one of the enterprising news-gatherers.

[illegible]

I was still gasping after the retreating figures when an old

assemble of his loved ones around him for a joyful dinner, a walk, or a moment of private prayer. The only special occasion was the Sabbath, when he would dress in his best, and then lead the family to the table. He was cautious to distinguish the Sabbath as a master, but full of that kindly dignity that excludes no interference, and exerts his pleasure in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, giving his children the opportunity to share his own. He never showed how tired a hard day's work, or even a stern command, had worn away, and retained the look of a rock of his children before he set down to his morning meal. Breakfast over, he worked for an hour or so in the garden, and then he would sit down to his study. He was ready to join in any playful exercise or outing the children or the other guests might propose for the rest of the day. And the afternoon, such as he set forth in the usual

I might have been strolling along the broad avenue



THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

This was the Chase—content to spend his leisure in the sequestered of country houses, and in the society of young children who pulled his beard and laughed at his authority. The inhabitants of Proctorsburg surely had a better insight into the Chase's character than any one else. Here are the words of a thoroughly independent observer in the *Copiah*:



THE PALACE AT LIVADIA, WHERE THE Czar DIED ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10.



YALTA, WHERE THE Czar's BODY WAS COVERED BY STEAMER TO SEASTOPOL.

"It is his high sense of duty, not less of power, that induces his Majesty to devote his life with such arduous severity to the sacred office he is invested. Throughout devotion to the religion of his brothers, fortitude him in this self-sacrifice, and what he works for through eight weary months of each year is not glory or personal advancement; it is the hope and expectation of spending the summer in his Russian system a free man, satisfied and untroubled, the chief of a large family and the friend of all."

I had ample opportunities of ascertaining that in every respect by personal information and from other sources.

Later in the day I met the Czar and his little friends in the corridor leading to my room in the castle, and they all gave me a hearty "Good day." In differently accented English, English, you must know, is the language exclusively used by the royal guests of Froedsherg, and even the Czar has to keep to the agreement, though French is far more congenial to him.

At the fair held in the beer garden adjoining Seta Hotel I had the first opportunity of closely observing the Czar. The fact is, my friends the detectives put me in a position where I could have observed the entire royal party with the utmost ease.

The Czarina was looking upon the arm of her often-described and ever youthful sister the Princess of Wales, and judging from their conversation, I should say the words which attribute a cheerful degree of dissimulation to the future Queen of England are grossly exaggerated. Both ladies were well-dressed and well-bred, and looked so much alike that I had to repeatedly inquire of M. Stachewsky which was which.

The Czarina is of a slight girlish figure, and her husband considers great natural dignity with bearing, almost nobly impetuous and businesslike. In New York she would be called plain.

Her complexion rubs the soft olive tint inherent in the Southern woman, and almost foreign to a Scandinavian. But her chief beauty is her beautiful eyes—eyes that would make any face fascinating.

She is presumed to have been the happiest of royal married women and mothers. One of her ladies, referring to the Czarina's sweet disposition, said to me: "Quand elle donne la main, l'est comme elle nous donnait un baiser."

The ladies were standing in front of the main log gallery, where the Czar himself blessed and the children by placing at a counterpane ornament of the "fat women" from the czar's nose. Later on they all sat down at one of the rough tables to tea, which the Czar himself made in an immense manner.

All this time a crowd of one hundred to one hundred and fifty people, Froedshergs and children from Copenhagen and the country, were flocking about the palace, in their jolly native manner. They joined the royal party at the shooting gallery, and many stood staring at them while taking their tea. It was a very happy affair all around, and I shall never forget the homelike air, so different from that which I had imagined the Czar's household would be, or the picture of the life of the royal guests at Froedsherg, and the Czar as he was—a strong, simple man.

HENRY W. FINCHAM.

THE DEAD CZAR'S JOURNEY HOME.

FROM the thirteenth century the Crimea was a land of Tartar hordes, and a constant menace to neighboring states. The very name *Krym*, Crimea, denotes the trench by which the shallow neck of land joining it to the mainland of Russia was defended. In 1584 the Empress Catherine II. showed

where Alexander III. has recently laid down the heavy burden of the imperial scepter, which he bore heavily and easily for more than thirteen years. The estate, comprising a park of over seven hundred acres, and a beautiful palace, formerly belonged to the Dolzoi family. Alexander II. bought it in 1861 for the late Empress. It lies in the latitude of Genoa, four degrees farther north than New York.

Its luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation, the lovely landscape diversified by mountains, rocks, vineyards, and olive groves, buried in roses in June, for years with heat in later summer, are intensely appreciated by Russians because of the lack of all these things, except heat, in most other parts of their country.

No monarch survived with cares of state, and the sense of life, which came over to monarchs, could choose a fatter spot in which to put off the heavy duty of the imperial crown, and put on the crown of immortality, in which Alexander III. actually believed. Yalta is quite a large town, with suburbs of Tartar huts, villas, villas of grand estates and cottages and others. In winter it is thronged with invalids, who, like the invalids in other health resorts, are always in hope that "no more" will be one of the mild, rainy, balmy days of which they have been promised a series months long. In their place come excursions from the oldest inhabitants, so far as my observation goes: "This is such a phenomenally cold season, you know such piercing winds, cold, and snow have never before been known here." This is the chronic condition of things, apparently, during winter in beautiful Yalta and Livadia.

One of the most beautiful of the villas which embellish the environs is Livadia, the estate of the late Grand Duke Constantine Nikolaevich, uncle to the late Emperor. Here the Grand Duke lived the greater part of the time after he retired from the command of the Russian navy.

West of Yalta lies Sevastopol, whence it is proposed to take the body of the dead Emperor to St. Petersburg by railway. The government has been strengthening and extending the fortification of Sevastopol, the great Russian war port of the Black Sea, ever since it became famous during the Crimean war, and especially of late. Thirty forty years have elapsed since those scenes, which history has recorded more or less mechanically, and Count L. N. Tolstoi with an art which brought him his first glory. It is hard to remember that they happened in the verge of the great grandeur of Alexander II., the present Emperor, and to realize all that has happened both in war and peace during those forty years.

The sad journey of the funeral train from Sevastopol to the capital must largely remind the imperial family of that other journey from the Crimea which came near proving fatal to them all just six years ago. I saw them in the Kremlin when they held in Moscow, two days after the accident at Borki, in robes thicker to die for their preservation, in the cathedral

where Alexander II. had been assassinated. Empire is a little more than five years earlier. From the sympathetic joy of the Russian people which I then witnessed, I know now what shocks struck these people will feel when they behold their beloved dead Emperor and his grief-stricken family.

DAVID F. HARRISON.



THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER III.

showed Russia's protection over the Crimea, and united peninsula to Russia in the interests of good order. That forced upon from which the emperors Peter Petrovich derived his title of "Prince of Tauris" has long been the "Russian Riviera." Near Yalta, on the southern shore, in which the side of Rikovo particularly belongs, lies Livadia.



GRAND DUCHESS'S RESIDENCE OF GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, COAST OF THE DECEASED EMPEROR.



SEVASTOPOL, WHERE THE FUNERAL CORTAGE TOOK THE TRAIN FOR ST. PETERSBURG.

and his work in that city has attracted the attention of the country.

In becoming the head of a great State university Mr. Draper will meet problems that are new in form only. His experience and reputation justify the expectation that Illinois, no less than New York, will date an educational era from his advent.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

THE State of Illinois, when admitted to the Union in 1818, received grants which might have been used to found a university. These funds were, however, diverted to other purposes, and it was not till 1867—twenty-five years later than the University of Michigan, and eighteen years later than the University of Wisconsin—that the Illinois Educational University was established, with the land grant made to Illinois by the Morrill act of 1862 as an endowment, and located in U. S. Grant, Champaign County. The name was afterwards changed to University of Illinois.

Already there were twenty-six colleges in Illinois, more than in any other State except Ohio, and it was not to be expected that the new university, but meagrely endowed, and not at first very liberally supported by the State, would speedily gather large numbers of students, but with increase of funds have come greater facilities, more instructors, and more students. The university has this year 92 professors and assistant professors, and as many more instructors and students. The number of students pursuing university courses in 1894-5 was 105; in 1895-6, 208; in 1896-7, it is 610, of whom 92 are young women. The whole number is about 800 for this year.

There is no charge for tuition. The expenses of living vary with the taste and means of the student; he can, if he will, live as economically here as at any

The College of Literature gives instruction in ancient and modern languages, in mathematics, history, economics, philosophy, psychology, and pedagogy. The department of art and design offers seven courses. The rooms occupied by the College of Literature are in University Hall, the largest building on the grounds. University Hall also contains the electrical laboratory, the museum, the art gallery, the chapel, the library, with its 20,000 volumes and pamphlets, and the university offices.

In the College of Science most elaborate provision has been made for instruction in the natural sciences, in chemistry and pharmacy, and in physics.

Natural History Hall, erected in 1902, at a cost, with furnishings, of \$60,000, is occupied by the departments of bot-

ANDREW S. DRAPER.

ANDREW S. DRAPER, who on November 15th assumed the office of Regent, or President, of the Illinois State University, occupies a prominent position among American educationalists.

Mr. Draper was born in Otsego County, New York, June 21, 1847. In 1863 his parents removed to Albany, which has since been his home. Until 1865 he attended the Albany public school, but in that year, winning a prize scholarship, he was transferred to the famous Albany Academy, from which he was graduated in 1868. For four years after this Mr. Draper engaged in teaching, studying law in Union University, he was admitted to the bar in 1871, and continued the practice of his profession until 1884, when President Arthur appointed him as one of the judges of the United States Court at Alabama. Chief Mr. Draper served in this position until the conclusion of the business

NATURAL HISTORY HALL.

any, bacteriology, zoology, physiology, mineralogy and geology, and experimental psychology.

The astronomy has lately established on the Illinois River a permanent biological station for continuous investigation, throughout the year, and one year after another, of the flow and actual life of the Illinois River and its dependent waters. This is at present the only permanent freshwater station in America, and is the first in the world to undertake the systematic study of the plant and animal life of a great river system. In physics courses extending through three years are offered.

Four year courses of instruction are offered in mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, civil engineering, mechanical and sanitary engineering, architecture, and architect and engineering.

As soon as the mechanical engineering department was fully organized, in January, 1903, it was decided to make theoretical and practical instruction. There was not in operation, first in America, a workshop, purely and simply for instruction. The next year Machinery Hall, a brick building 160 x 120 feet, and two stories in height, was erected, and the first story was devoted to workshops and shops and machine tools.

November 15th the new Engineering Hall was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The address of the day was delivered by President Adams of the University of Wisconsin. Governor Allard presided.

This building, one of the largest and finest buildings devoted exclusively to engineering education in the country, has been erected at a cost of \$100,000.

November 15th, besides marking the dedication of Engineering Hall, it will also be remembered as the day on which the third president of the university, Andrew Simon Draper, LL.D., was inaugurated. Under the firm and wise guidance of Dr. John W. Gregory, president from 1887 to 1896, broad foundations were securely laid, making a successful future possible. Dr. William H. Pritchard's faithful years of service from 1896 to 1901 entered the university's ability through unbroken difficulties, and were marked by higher standards, a closer affiliation with the public schools, a very great increase of resources, and the beginning of the most rapid increase in the number of students. His work is best appreciated by those who knew it best. Professor T. J. Barrett, for three years acting president, won the love and esteem of all his associates and of every student. He has helped to build the university by his temporary service only less than by his long continued and distinguished labors as an instructor and original investigator.

The course of this nation day were all positions in this beautiful university and its new President. It marks that the State of Illinois set apart one university that the growth and prosperity of this temporary service will be commensurate with the strength and grand position of the present.

W. L. FULTON, JR.

ENGINEERING HALL.

of the court in 1896. Meanwhile Mr. Draper had taken an active part in politics as a Republican, and served frequently upon party committees and as a delegate to county, State, and national conventions of his party. In 1896 he was elected to the Legislature, and served upon important committees during the session.

Mr. Draper's educational career began in 1866, when the Legislature elected him to the position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the term of three years. The Legislature was strongly urged by leading teachers throughout the State not to choose Mr. Draper as Superintendent, the objection being made that he was a politician and not an "educational man." It is one of the earliest criticisms in Mr. Draper's character and ability that in 1866 he was rejected without a dissenting voice, the teachers of the State being his warmest friends and supporters. By his activity and his enthusiasm he aroused an interest in public education throughout New York State previously unknown of. By his writings and addresses he gave New York a leading place in the educational councils of the nation. It was hoped that Mr. Draper's place was secure, and that he would continue to serve New York during the remainder of his public career. But the Legislature elected in 1869 was Democratic, and while the leaders of that party acted in the public good, to Mr. Draper's ability and efficiency as a public officer, they insisted on displacing him for a Democrat.

Just at this time the city of Cleveland, Ohio, underwent a revolution in municipal administration, and needed a new superintendent of schools. The new law made provision for a Superintendent of Public Instruction who should have the power to appoint and dismiss all the teachers, and exercise unlimited control over the educational administration of the schools. This responsible position was pressed upon Mr. Draper, and finally accepted by him. He occupied these two years of most successful service to the Cleveland schools,

similar situation. The funds available for current expenses this year are about \$140,000, and the Legislature has appropriated in the past four years nearly \$250,000 for building up the university.

His industry, to facilitate his work, is organized into four colleges—of agriculture, engineering, building and architecture, science, and literature.

There are two instructors in physical culture, one for the young men and one for the young women. The fine Military Hall, erected in 1900, with its reconstructed drill rooms, 100 x 150 feet, is also used by the young men for a gymnasium. They have also an extensive park, a 110 ft. track, ball grounds, etc.

The Graduate School, open to persons already holding college degrees, confers, in several common arts and sciences, three, master's and doctor's degrees respectively.

To suit graduates there are offered 264 courses of instruction, most continuing for a winter-semester or a year—but many for a year. The courses of the College of Engineering are quite unique, but in many other departments, especially in the College of Literature, the courses are the same as those found in the colleges of other



CHINA'S ULTIMATE DOWNFALL.
ITS CAUSES, AND "A FORECAST."

From the moment that war was declared it was well known to those who had any intimate knowledge of the two countries that the fighting could have but one issue—the inevitable defeat of the Chinese. The press, however, was strangely and widely misinformed on this point, and the public almost universally evinced the astonishing theory, eagerly propounded, that because China had 400,000,000 of people and Japan only 40,000,000, the latter must therefore be wiped out.

Arithmetic will not determine the fate of nations, and historical precedent alone will show that a warlike nation of considerably less than 40,000,000 men can even conquer the world, under certain conditions.

It is a strange fact that until recently "Chinese" and "Japanese" were typically synonymous terms in the public mind, but the public can hardly be blamed for lacking metropolitanism as to the true nature of the two nations, when it is so fully if not wilfully misled by the stream of irresponsible writers in the public press.

In a well-known London comic journal appears a cartoon illustrating the same statement. "The Japanese in London make evening dress, and fondly imagine that he is not a savage still." London is indeed more justly celebrated for the excellence of its dress than for the tenor of its weekly news.

In the September number of the *North American Review*, Mr. Brand, who received exactly the same letter, gives vent to the following quaint apprehensions:

"If Korea falls into the hands of the Japanese, God help her! . . . not people, when the Japanese were at war with Korea, they cut off the ears of 200,000 Koreans, and sent them back to Japan, where they were massacred and crucified."

The italics are my own. It is charitable to presume that grim ignorance and not malicious intent misleads these infantile insinuations.

One very prevalent and yet not unmisconception is to regard China as one great homogeneous nation. Nothing could be further from the truth. If difference of language, difference of physique, and widely divergent customs are any criterion, there are as many nations in China as there are in Europe. Indeed, almost the only points common to the whole empire are the suspicion hatred of foreigners and civilization and the wearing of the pigtail. A Chinese from Canton is hardly of converse with a conscript from Szechuan only 120 miles distant, and in the coast ports of China I have frequently seen the Indian race spectacles of two Chinese from different portions of the country being compelled to exchange their ideas in "pidgin" English. At Peking is the supreme government, but it is supreme only in name. Each of the great provinces of China is ruled by a Viceroy, who maintains his own army, and usually preserves an insouciant indifference to the interests of the rest of the empire.

In China patriotism is a sentiment an anachronism as it is uncomprehended.

Assigned to this heterogeneous collection of discordances is an insubordinate passion and warlike race, untamable and unobedient, and sentimentally loyal to its government, and with all the resources of civilization at its command.

Japan is probably the most unkind nation in the world, and she is now offering a striking proof of the contention that "unity is strength." If indeed, she were not.

Turning to the purely military aspects of the two races, the contrast is even more sharply defined. The armed

strength of China is a military myth, and it is most begins to speak of the organization of her forces, when she exaggerates over

exists. The composition of her generals is only augmented by their colonial conquests, and even the inevitable acceptance of the higher classes, the better officers are men who are not only ignorant, but also prefer to remain so. The rank and file have the physique, and are physically brave if well led, but they have no military education, no patriotism and their calling is a degraded and obnoxious one in China.

The Chinese code is naturally peaceful, and undemanding of "a bubble in position at the emperor's mouth," and the so-called armies are barely composed of criminals conscripted to military service. Added to this, the fact that they are conditioned practically untrained, and botanically ill-treated and unpaid, and are afforded a specimen of warlike equipment such as the world has seldom seen.

Considerably large sums of money are yearly appropriated for the military service, but the greater bulk of it is



A WELL-PRESERVED PORTION OF THE GREAT WALL.

have worked admirably. Western nations will do well to adopt some of the Japanese methods in warfare, notably the organized "Conscription Department," which follows the armies and disposes of the dead immediately after a battle. It is this provision for simple system one of the chief military difficulties of a campaign is to care disposed of

To give the best description of the Japanese troops in the "forward" possible words, I do not hesitate to assert that they possess the high training of the Germans, with the fighting qualities of the Goths, and a more desirable combination is scarcely conceivable.

Such being the respective merits of the opposing forces, it requires no tactical knowledge to realize that on every occasion in which they meet, the Chinese must inevitably lose, not only as George Stephenson's "con" in his problematic struggle with the locomotive.

Writing on this date (October 29th), there has been for some weeks a comparative dearth of news from the rest of war, almost equivalent to a cessation of hostilities, and the moment therefore seems opportune for venturing a forecast of the future course of the war.

It is probable that the Japanese army succeed in penetrating as far as Mukden, and capturing that historic city before the cold sets in, and the moral and material advantages to be derived from such a success would undoubtedly be great. The severe winter of North China is, however, rapidly approaching that doubtless the Japanese have decided not to run the risk of an immediate advance on the Chinese capital. Even if they succeeded in reaching Feking and Seoul by a rapid dash, they would probably be unable to maintain their armies there long enough to force them to the Tientsin Lines, which could then be left to the Japanese.

On the other hand, it would be a fatal policy to suspend hostilities, and to leave China unattended the whole winter to regather her men weapons, train her troops, and purchase ships and munitions of war from abroad. At present she is in a state of panic, and it is Japan's best interest to keep her there.

Japan's first and obvious duty is to complete the destruction of China's sea power, and to make it utterly impossible for her to evict troops through any port on her coast. This done, China is practically crippled and defenceless, for the total absence of railways and proper communications in the interior renders her absolutely incapable of concentrating her few reliable troops on threatened points.



AN EXAMPLE OF CHINESE LANDSCAPE-GARDENING.

pour into the bottomless pockets of the machine. On making an inspection of the great Chinese arsenal at Kiangmen, I found that all the swords and bayonets their hands furnished were constructed of hoop iron, as in the opinion of the contracting manufacturers, "steel was too expensive!"

The curriculum of military instruction consists chiefly in the performance of drill, such as in the opinion of the contracting manufacturers, making grinders, and other wood crates. The higher branches of training include practice in shooting with the bow and arrow and in hurling weights, but this superior military education is liable the most of very few. If Hong Kong's European drilled troops must be exempted from the foregoing activities, but they never constituted more than a small force, of which a large proportion was sent to pieces at the battle of Ping Yang.

Contrast with the above the highly trained and extremely efficient Japanese forces. The officers have been trained in the best foreign schools, and both officers and men are fairly and brave to an unusual degree. Their marching power is such as to upset all general tactical calculations. In the Sulu Islands of 1877 there was a well-organized force of a brigade of 3000 imperial troops effecting a march of sixty-four miles in twenty-four hours, and then fighting a successful battle at the end of it.

The men are equipped and armed in the latest and most approved style. Their machine guns are excellent ones, invented by Colonel Montagu, a distinguished Japanese officer. This weapon is manufactured in large quantities at the Yokosuka arsenal, and an equally efficient field gun (resembling) is supplied to the artillery from the great gun factory at Osaka. This latter arsenal is especially worthy of note for the excellence of its manufacture, which include numerous heavy guns and howitzers for coast defense. In visiting the workshops there it is difficult to realize that one is not in the gun-factories of England or in France, so perfect is the work and so ideal the methods.

The country is somewhat indifferent, but when put to the supreme test of active service in the field, the Japanese forces have not been found wanting. Their leaders have achieved great and varied distinctions, and perhaps the greatest test of all, the command-and-supply organization

LOOKING THROUGH AN ENCLASURE OF THE GREAT WALL.
The Wall continuing in the Distance.

IN A CHINESE TEMPLE—THE GODS OF PEACE AND WAR.

At present the remnants of the Chinese navy which survived the Yalu engagements are reported to be retiring at the fortified dock yards of Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei.

The movements of the Japanese land forces at present all point to the selection of these two places as their ultimate destination. Either place is too strong to be captured from the sea, but can be captured by a land attack from the rear.

We shall probably soon hear that these two strongholds, or Port Arthur, at any rate, have fallen to a combined land and sea attack. This may effected, and the Chinese dock yards in the hands of the Japanese, the latter are capable masters of the situation. They will hold command of the sea, and can retain it by intercepting any war ships which China may succeed in purchasing from abroad.

This on the approach of whom a most practicable and profitable plan of campaign is open to the Japanese. They can easily transfer their arms of hostilities to the north, and devote the winter to the conquest of Peking, which should they successfully move, and to a series of detached



AMONG CHINESE GOING TO THE ANNUAL GULL FESTIVAL.

THE WAR FEELING IN JAPAN.

At present in Japan all political differences are forgotten—and political differences there, is sure to add one of a national and far-reaching character. But never did a government with a surer support from all classes of its subjects.

I was in the Nikko Mountains when the news came of the victory at Port Arthur and the great naval fight near the mouth of the Yalu River. Even there one was not beyond the contagion of excitement. The post boy ran his rounds at a pace remarkable even for him, with a merrier gleam of his laughing belt, and with a smile more frequent, if possible, than usual. There was at each visit he made a better of eager interest among the hotel men, which soon spread to the dining table, to the housewife and gave rise to excited conversations of I know not how patriotic a tone. And then there was an elaborate ceremonial at the magnificent mansions of Iyama, a series of secret dinners in honor of the victors, that stirred the lower provinces. And from the interior came the best stories about the feeling of the common people.

Those who travel to some purpose in Japan learn the better paths and explore the unexplored regions. I have no better path traveler than a certain New Yorker, who told me that he was recently in an interior village where one morning there was much curiosity over the presence of some half a dozen men belonging to the reserves. They had been called out, and must get themselves and their baggage to the nearest station, twenty-five miles away, in that for a certain time. The time allowed them was too short to admit of their making the journey on foot, and the Japanese soldier is not commonly furnished with vehicles here for such a distance. At this juncture some Yulian order came forward and volunteered to take the soldiers and their baggage to the station for nothing.

The same traveler was passing through one of the poorest provinces not long ago when he came to the dry bed of a river very defunct of passage. Standing in the rocky course saw a group of girls and women, some of whom

made a push for the Yulian of the stranger, and had lightened them of his baggage and provisions and had begun carrying them across on their backs before he was well aware. The soldier for an explanation from his guide, and was told that these were poor women from the neighboring villages, who crossed a little when the river was dry by carrying over the freight which passed that way, and that now they were giving half of all they earned as their contribution to the war fund. My friend is an old army man, and is not so susceptible to tales of such folk. These women were not only paid ten times their usual fee, but were given a little speech, which the guide interpreted, and in which they were assured, with much expression, that a country having such women as they was bound to win, and deserved it.

To acquire a conviction as to the adaptability of the Japanese to military discipline of the most rigid sort, one has only to spend a morning at the parade ground at Tokyo. I found about five thousand infantry on the drill one morning in early September. They stood in two battalions, with reserves of heavy infantry, and at one end of the field a large force of cavalry on inspection parade.

The maneuvers were repeated attacks upon fortified positions of the enemy. A line of skirmishers first advanced in open order by a series of rapid movements, broken by in-



NATIVE METHOD OF TRAVELING IN CHINA.

The Suggested Route.

tervals of rest, when, lying at full length, the men feed with extraordinary regularity. Then come a final charge with bayonets, and with a cheer which accented like nothing in the world so much as the first unorganized yell which follows a touch down in a great football game.

The drill is the same as that of the Prussian army, and the wonderful precision of movement produces the most marvellous sense of spirit and action.

The men are small, averaging I suppose about five feet two inches, but of exceedingly athletic build, and plenty of the student endurance. All the old men know what the Japanese soldier has done for Korea, where military government and perfect discipline have been conspicuously in evidence.

WALTER W. RIPP.



CHINESE PUNISHMENT OF THE "CANALS"

operations against the southern ports. One important result of this action would be to destroy thus the resources of China towards the south and away from the capital.

It is certain, however, that China will not be brought to terms till Peking is taken, and therefore a northern campaign will not decide the war, though it would bring rich spoils in the Japanese arms, and, moreover, cross the necessary diversion. Then, on the approach of spring and the break up of the cold weather Japan, still holding the command of the sea, could rapidly transfer her armies back to the north, and make a successful advance on Peking long before the Chinese armies, which had been laboriously driven off the south, could seriously oppose her. Once in possession of Peking, and with the whole summer before her in which to prosecute further offensive movements, Japan would have no difficulty in exacting from the Chinese government such terms of peace as she desired.

This forecast may not be justified by future events, but from a strategic stand point it outlines a feasible and profitable plan of action for the Japanese on the basis of their past successes.

ARTHUR H. LEE, Captain R.A.



"MAYO," THE PLACE OF EXECUTION AT CANTON. The figure is used as a trophy when not needed for executions.

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THE OLD HOMESTEAD WELL.
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. — [SEE PAGE 118.]



THE SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION DECORATING THE GRAVE OF LAFAYETTE AT PICPUS CEMETERY, PARIS, ON OCTOBER 18, 1864.—DRAWN BY F. FLEMING.—[See Page 1128.]



THE LATE PHILIP CILDEY HANSTON
FROM THE PLASTIC BY ROBERT J. WOODMAN.—[See Page 1128.]



MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER HENDRICK MCGILL, U. S. A.
APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT TO SECOND GRADE, HOWARD, KANSAS.—[See Page 1128.]

THE PARASITE.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Adapted by "THE RUDOLPH," "MICHAEL CLARK," "ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES," etc., etc.

PART III

ASPHIL, Penn.—Victory! I have done splendidly! At seven o'clock last night I took a noisy dinner, and then locked myself in my bedroom and thought out the key into the garden. I chose a noisy road and lay in bed for three hours trying to read it, but really in a horrible state of trepidation, expecting every instant that I should become conscious of the aspersion. Nothing of the sort occurred, however, and I wrote this morning with the feeling that a black nightmare had been lifted off me. Perhaps the excitement produced what I had done, and under the influence of it was I able to try to do it again. At any rate, I have beaten her once, and if I can do it once I can do it again.

It was noon, awkward about the key in the morning. Luckily there was an undergrounder below, and I asked him to throw it up. No doubt he thought I had just dropped it. I will have down and windows arrowed up, and say about men to hold me down in my bed, before I will surrender myself in the bag children in this way.

meets in this way.

I had a letter from Mr. Mar- shall this afternoon, asking me to go around and see how I intended to ride on my canoe, but had not expected for the boat men to waiting for me. It seems that the Armstrongs, from whom Agassiz has expectations, are the best friends Adeline is to the snows, and they have written to Mr. Marshall and her to meet them in town. They will probably be away for a month or six weeks, and as the snows is due on Wednesday, they must go out on one—so Agassiz and they are ready to leave. My conclusion is that when we meet again there will be no more parting between Agassiz and

"I want you to do one thing, Agatha," said I, when we were alone together. "If you should happen to meet Miss Pencheon, either in town or here, you must promise to bring again to allow her to meet with you."

"Why, it was only the other day that you were saying how interesting it all was, and how determined you were to finish your experiments."

"I know. But I have changed my mind since then."
"And you won't have it any more?"

"I am so glad, Austin. You can't think how pale and worn you have been lately. It was really our principal objection to going to London now, that we did not wish to leave you when you were so pulled-down. And your manner has been so strange occasionally—especially that night when you left poor Professor Pratt helpless to play domineer. I am convinced that these experiments are very bad for your nerves."

"And for Miss Poulson's nerves as well. You have heard that she is ill?"

"Mrs. Wilson told us so last night. She described it as a nervous fever. Professor Wilson is coming back this week, and of course Mrs. Wilson is very anxious that Miss Pennington should be well again then, for he has quite a programme of experiments which he is anxious to carry out."

I was glad to hear Agatha's promise, for it was enough that this woman should have one of us in her clutches. On the other hand, I was distressed to hear about Miss Penclun's illness. It rather discounts the victory which I measured in win last night.

I remember that she said that her power. That may be with no easily. Well, well, I must sight, and see what comes of it when I think of her.

April 20th.—All went very well at the gardener's lare when morning and to ask him to do a service among the servants. But the great point is that I altogether inclination to leave sinking myself clear of this. Is the woman's power is her strength? I am not sure.

The Harbors left this morning, and the brightness seems to have gone out of the spring sunshine. And yet it is very beautiful also, as it gleams on the green chestnuts opposite, the willows and gives a touch of gaiety to the

heavy lichen mottled walls of the old cottages. How sweet and grateful and soothing is Nature! Who could think that those larked in her also such vile forces, such evil passions, such evil thoughts? For of course I understand that the dreadfulness of the world is not in the things themselves, but in the way we even perceive them. No, it is a natural love which this woman can use and society is ignorant of. The mere fact that it eldes with her strength shows how entirely it is the woman's nature. I am not afraid to let her go. It is to the bottom, and let my hands open its ascent. But you must leave the ether when you are beneath his shoes. You can look try to realize away from him. When I saw the woman, I was not with her. I was with the Spanish love. I long for a vitined splash in a boat of the small pool. One or the other might have saved me from

I am inclined to think that I may have trouble to night. There are two things which make me fear so. One is that I see Mrs. Wilson in the street, and that she tells me that

would gravely discuss the possibility of my being a deliberate liar, and weigh it against the chances of my being in an early stage of senility. No, I shall get no comfort out of Wilson.

I am feeling wonderfully fit and well. I don't think I ever lectured with greater gusto. Oh, if I could only get this shadow off my face, how happy I should be! Young, fairly wealthy, is the front rank of my profession, regarded as a beautiful and charming girl—have I not everything which a man could ask for? Only one thing to trouble me; but what's that? Is it?

Midnight — I shall go mad. Yes, that will be the end of it. I shall go mad. I am not far from it now. My head throbs as I rest it on my hot hand. I am quivering all over like a scared horse. Oh, what a night I have had!

I am inclined to think that I may have trouble to night. There are two things which make me fear so. One is that I see Mrs. Wilson in the street, and that she tells me that

At the risk of becoming the laughing stock of my own servant, I again slipped my key under the door, imprisoning myself for the night. Then, finding it too early to go

to bed, I lay down with my clothes on and began to read one of Dumas's novels. Suddenly I was gripped—gripped and dragged from the couch. It is easy to see that I can describe the overwhelming nature of the force which pumpeled upon me. I clung to the carpet. I clung to the floor, not to the bed. I lay down

the door, went out to relieve that I screamed out to my lawyer. It was all sudden—hopeless. I must go. There was no way out of it. It was only at the outset that I resisted. The form soon be-

came too overwhelming for that. I thank goodness that there were no watchers there to interfere with me. I could not have answered for myself if there had been. And besides the determination to get out, there came to me also the power and great inde-

the warmest and coolest judgment in choosing my means. I lit a candle and endeavored, kneeling in front of the door, to pull the key through with the feather end of a quill pen. It was just too short, and pushed it further away. Then, with ardent resistance, I

Then was quiet permission I got a paper knife out of one of the drawers and with this I managed to draw the key back. I opened the door, stepped into my study, took a photograph of myself from the bureau, wrote something across it, placed it in the inside pocket of my coat, and then strolled off for V. Boer's.

It was all wonderfully clear, and yet dissociated from the rest of my life, as the incidents of even the most vivid dream might be. A peculiar double



consciousness possessed me. There was the predominant alien wall which was best upon driving me to the side of its corner, and there was the feebler protesting personality, which I surrounded as being myself, bugging feebly at the overmastering compulsion as led terror night at its climax. I can remember recognizing those two conflicting forces, but I recall nothing of my work, and I know I was admitted to this house.

Very vivid, however, in my recollection of how I met Miss Petross. She was reclining on the sofa in the little boudoir in which our experiments had usually been carried out. Her head was rested on her hand, and a signet-ring had been partly drawn over her eye. She looked up anxiously as I entered.



—DANCE AT HOWARD FIELD

leaving myself as I think of it—and pressed it passionately to my lips. Then seating myself upon the stool, and still retaining her hand, I gave her the photograph which I had brought with me, and talked and talked, and talked, of my love for her, of our ardent love, her illness, of our love at her

And then came the blessed change. Never tell me that there is not a Providence. I was on the brink of ruin.

My feet were on the edge. Was it a coincidence that at that very instant help should come? No, no, no, there is a Providence, and its hand has drawn me back. There is something in the universe stronger than this devil woman with



I STOPPED, FOR THE WOMAN'S HEAD HAD FALLEN BACK, SHE HAD FAINTED—Dawns at Howard Pyle

Miss Ponchum is better, though still weak. I find myself wishing in my heart that the illness had been her last. The other is that Professor Wilson comes back in a day or two, and his presence would act as a restraint upon her. I should not lose our laboratory if a third person were absent.

April 1918. — No, thank God, all were well last night. I really could not face the goddess again. I locked my door and thrust the key underneath it, so that I had to ask the maid to let me out in the morning. But the precaution was really not needed, for I never had any inclination to go out at all. Three evenings in succession at home! I am surely near the end of my temptation, for Wilson will be home again

either to day or to-morrow. Shall I tell him of what I have gone through or not? I am convinced that I should not have the slightest sympathy from him. He would look upon me as an interesting case, and read a paper about me.

leaving myself as I think of it—and pressed it passionately to my lips. Then seating myself upon the stool, and still retaining her hand, I gave her the photograph which I had brought with me, and talked and talked, and talked, of my love for her, of our ardent love, her illness, of our love at her

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN PING-TANG.



THE COMMAND AND SUPPLY DEPOT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN PING-TANG.



JAPANESE RED CROSS MEDICS OPERATING ON THE CHINESE WOUNDED AT PING-TANG.

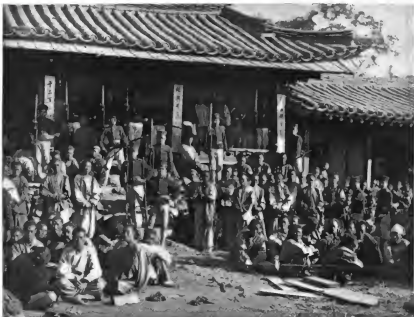


PORTS ON THE NORTHWEST SIDE OF PING-TANG TAKEN BY A DAYLIGHT CHARGE OF THE JAPANESE AFTER TWENTY-TWO HOURS OF FIGHTING.

THE WAR IN ACHIA—[See Page 1110.]



OUTRINTS OF PING-TANG—THE RESULT OF JAPANESE ARTILLERY FIRE.



CHINESE PRISONERS AT PING-TANG, SHOWING FIVE OF LI HUNG CHANG'S OFFICERS ON THE BALCONY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUP OF CHINESE FORTS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF PING-TANG.

THE WAR IN ASIA.—[See Page 1116.]

Harvard Hall. Study Hall.
Massachusetts Hall.

Agassiz Hall.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAM

names are identified with philosophical political movements in the pages of New York and Massachusetts. Many have unlearning the condition of the citizen and the suffering classes would hardly have been carried through to success without the rest, the sacrifices, and the technical knowledge of the women who had their success at heart. Undoubtedly these women possess especial gifts in conceiving and shaping philosophical movements, but the practical results of their work have been due to qualities which they hold in common with many women who today are waiting for the political situation to fall before they take hold of public affairs in real earnest.

Whatever be the future history of woman-suffrage, the recent wide-spread agitation is sure to develop a power in favor of the part of all serious-minded women in public affairs. Not to awaken in them a keener sense of personal responsibility to the community of men.

The effect of the movement upon the state, it is to be hoped, will be a more frank and generous recognition of the women who possess strength, ability, and bloom to serve the public good. Without "enslaving the word man" from the Constitution—starting philosophy—"the state has ample power to-day to reform the worse of their work. In the expenditure of the vast sums of public revenue, to which women largely contribute, there are many directions in which their watchfulness would tend to increase honesty and economy. In the equipment of state hospitals, asylums, and prisons women should be allowed an influential voice. Our public schools there should be the supervision of properly qualified women. In municipal action that concerns health, conduct, and cleanliness, the purifying and beautifying of waste places, the regulation of tenement houses and poor laws, and the enforcement of the rules that govern the employment of women and children in factories and shops, the woman's hand should be fit and her special knowledge utilized. In all the directions the best quality of mind, of heart, and of concentrated service could find ample outlet without any hindrance to or strain of the natural laws that govern the relation and divide the work of men between the two sexes.

May the state be induced, through enlightenment or pressure, to take these important matters into consideration and to act upon them? And may all women, be they suffragists or non-suffragists, appreciate that the best promise for instruction that always in the best one made of the opportunities of today?

THE MODERN ASPECT OF OUR ANCIENT UNIVERSITY.

BY PROFESSOR E. A. SELLERS.

The two hundred and fifty-eight years which have elapsed since the Puritans newly arrived in the colony of Massachusetts, they held the foundations of the school which has become Harvard University include the whole period of our national history. The establishment of this institution may be said to mark the first anchoring in the sands of the nation of a confidence in the future of their hardworking people. The early struggles show that these founders had won by the debts which they had in fact, and were satisfied that they were strong enough to build an enduring edifice in the agonizing crisis of the New World. Their dream for this great work is shown by the fact that they chose the highest education as the career rather than their commonwealth.

The courage and self-sacrifice which led to the founding of Harvard were not momentary impulses; they were inherent in the spirit of the people. Based on a firm conviction to generation, these motives have acted to maintain the university in a fit condition to do its appointed work, and to make it a body the advancing blocks of culture. Many historic conditions combined to give it a distinct and significant and progressive life. Its site has proved to be singularly wholesome, so that it has been spared from pollution. Through it has inevitably suffered from the ravages of war, it has never been devastated by such calamities, even the conflicts of the Revolution left its buildings unharmed. The first of its many good fortunes was that the case of its intentions fall in the main to the people of the progressive and stable community in which it is placed—a folk where many families have for successive generations maintained a combination of wealth, culture, and public spirit which has made them the effective supporters of the establishment. Thus in a way that is characteristic of no other institution in this country Harvard University has a long historic past, and its development follows, where it has not led, in the path of our advancing civilization.

The rapidly increasing and important change a change has been effected in Harvard during the last thirty or forty years that it is quick to fill the needs of a world which has become a leader in new fields of educational work. These modern aims begin with an alteration in the system by which the members of its Board of Overseers

were chosen. In earlier times the selection of this important board had been in the hands of the Massachusetts Legislature, which had from time to time made various proposals concerning the matter. In 1863 the "General Court" was by a vote of the college, with the proviso that those already elected, not have the privilege until four years after graduation. This system, though resting on English precedents, was a notable success in this country. The effect of the change having as it did a body of superintendents who reflected the views of the graduates in their learned school, was to make the college and most advantageously. Standardized and approved as also the curriculum, the university entered on a path of a course which has been followed with almost startling regularity to this present day. Since the close of the civil war, Harvard has more than quadrupled its resources in the form of its endowments and in the number of its teachers and in list of students has increased in something like the same proportion.

Some of the most conspicuous of the recent gains in the system of the university consist in the establishment of a number of new professional schools, which not only are greatly to extend the scope of its influence, but indicate a willingness of its governing bodies to meet the needs of a country. Besides agriculture and horticulture, various sciences, dentistry, and in agriculture have been separated, founded, and in the Lawrence Scientific School, the medical school, in effect schools of architecture, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, and engineering, are also established, each affording a special connection between old and new to give the student a share in the enlargement of modern scientific culture, and to train him for professional life. To effect this retention of the university to be an advanced center of learning, it has been necessary to increase a number of faculty laboratories and museums, with their kind of instruction. This task has required the expenditure of several millions of dollars more money than the university possessed thirty years ago. The characteristic feature of the university in its present stage of growth is to be seen by the development of its scientific establishments, in which periods in the scientific application of natural science and also in which the scientific knowledge for practical life. This information of professional sciences taught in a hospital, for the treatment of diseases aimed at as a service to life. Among these which are of special importance may we may note that devoted to psychology.



RIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY KYLE AND WOODBURY.

that in the medical school which pertains to bacteriology, and that which is designed to test the value of real building materials.

Owing to the wide range of interests with which Harvard University has to deal, it has been compelled to place several of its establishments away from its old seat in Cambridge. In and about the ancient "College Yard" there are gathered the original college, the scientific hall, and various schools, and also Radcliffe College, a school but scarcely long familiarly known as the "Annex," but under its new title affiliated with the university. The medical, dental, and veterinary schools are, on account of the extensive grounds in Boston. The Arnold Arboretum and the Bussey School for Agriculture and Horticulture lie about six miles north of Cambridge. The main observatory and the Houghton Library are a mile to the northwest of the University Center, which is the focus of the university life. The libraries of the university include about 425,000 volumes, an aggregate surpassed in the country only by that of Congress and that of the British Public Library. These stores of books are not all gathered in one building, they are to a great extent distributed in special collections in the various schools or departments.

Although the status and influence of a university are to a certain extent determined by its material resources, its true value depends upon the trucking force, the spirit of its work, and the nature of the student life which has been developed in the institution. It may fairly be said that the gains of this hundred-year-old institution have been made in Harvard University within the last thirty years, especially in its importance for scientific, building, and collections. The first of these changes which have served to fit the university to the conditions of modern times consisted in the introduction of the elective system into the college. In the old days all the students standing of the university was an prescribed work, each student had required, as in the case in many American schools, to the present day, to pursue a fixed course, which made no provision for the development of individual tastes or capacities for the preparation which a student might desire to obtain with a view to his professional studies. Gradually, and against a storm of adverse criticism, the freedom of election has been extended until Harvard is now one of the most free in writing Europe. The result of this change has been greater to change the spirit of the undergraduate work by far, for the larger part of the students

now choose their subjects and their teachers with reference to the career which they propose to adopt. They are no longer in the position of forced boys, compelled to perform tasks because their masters bid them to do so; they are in the position of men looking forward to the serious duties of life.

The effect of the academic freedom, which has found a firm and enduring place in the Harvard system, has been to change, steadily for the better the spirit of the undergraduate student life. The earnestness based of interest in the forenoon (leaving laborious hours) is the most characteristic feature of a college life. The result is that by far the greater part of the thirty-four hundred students are in the university here but a scanty list in the later college classes; the reports fill our newspapers, and serve to give the general public a more adequate conception of university life. The principal reason for the lack of success of Harvard men in these fields of strength and skill is owing to the fact that there no longer exists in the university the social pressure which is everywhere used to compel an able-bodied student, against his better judgment, to devote a certain part of his time to acquiring professional skill in soldiers. Thus, from the point of view of the expansion of the "man," Harvard, although its college members make the largest school in America, is in fact smaller than some other institutions having half the membership.

Although the competitive spirit of the university are less valued than of old, and are locally regarded by at least four-fifths of the students, there is probably no other large school in the world where the individual development has, during the last decade, been so well attended to. The provision for bodily exercise, in the way of buildings and grounds appropriated to that use, are extensive. Besides the Harvard-Yenching museum there are five other large buildings devoted to gymnastic use, as well as four fields for our sports, the so-called "harvard" all on more of thirty-seven acres in field and track, and other forms of exercise in which the man does his best, and in no new school of the world is there a man in which his individuality has free play, the students of this university have in great numbers attained to skill. In their manual competitions with men from other schools they have been almost invariably successful. There seems to be little reason to doubt that this fact in the history is a direct result in Harvard is due to the change in the spirit of student life which began with

the introduction of the elective system in the college. When a youth comes to attend his true goal in professional education he will, if reasonable in such matters, give his body in order that it may serve him well. He may direct himself with his success in his mind, training, putting the harness, or showing the shot, but he is likely to avoid the sacrifice of previous time which he must make to become expert in the professional point in football, baseball, or rowing. As the university is a place of freedom, he will find that his main aim in his mind is in no way harmed if he shows these three demanding sports.

In accordance with the principle that has been shown in the undergraduate life at Harvard, which is that such a study is to be given up after culture and as a preparation for the ending which the student intends to follow, there is a constant increase in the number of students which is given to studies of an unusual and special character. As stated has been the need of this highly differentiated instruction that the university has been compelled to increase the number of its instructors, until the list of last year included the names of three hundred and twenty-two such persons, or about one teacher to each of its students. Another evidence of the interest in professional work is to be found in the absolutely rapid increase in the number of these registered in the four-year courses in applied sciences, in the Lawrence Scientific School, which, along with the college and the graduate school, is under the care of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. During the past five years the number of students in this department has increased at the annual rate of more than thirty per cent., or at several times the rate of growth exhibited in any other department of the university. It is thus evident that many of the youths of this day, while seeking the spirit and opportunity of rest, are which can only be found in a great university, desire at the same time to provide themselves with an education which may prepare a man for the most promising that modern science has developed. It is, indeed, evident that a large part of the future life of the university is to be in those fields where broad culture must be combined with special training in technical science in order to make men ready for the economic work of our civilization.

The great condition of Harvard may serve to show us how well our American universities will be the work which established in it. It is clear that the more of the students, joined well when they give of their energy to us to found such hopes of the future.

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[illegible]

JAPANESE

Species (Latin)	Prevalence	Abundance	Significance	Rank (Years)
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 1				
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 2	40/17	25/100	1	1989
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 3				
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 4				
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 5				
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 6	40/17	25/100	1	1989
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 7				
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 8	40/17	25/100	1	1989
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 9				
<i>Myxobolus</i> , 10				
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 Δ , P_{∞} rapid-decay guess. M_{∞} asymptotic guess.

TABLE SHOWING COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF VESSELS ENGAGED IN BATTLE OF TALK

three gallees in the entire Chinese fleet were put out of action. The military top of the *Ting Yow* was struck by a heavy projectile, and the seven men in it instantly killed. The *Lau Yow* was very heavily pounded, and barely made port. It would seem, however, that the victors of these three ships, which apparently bore the brunt of the battle, were unscathed.

Concerning the true condition of the Japanese after the battle we are still in the dark. Despatches from Tokyo admit that the flagship *Matsumoto* was so badly punished as to compel her withdrawal from action, and injuries to the *Akagi* and *Hiryu* are confessed. It is claimed, however, that only the *Matsumoto* was compelled to return to Japan for repairs, and we have no Chinese information to the con-

The torpedo boats seem to have cut an ugly figure in the action, and the reasons given therefor are too vague to be quoted.

Statements as to the losses are various. Upwards of 800 men and officers were lost in the eastern ships. One account gives that almost every deck officer in the Chinese fleet was killed or wounded.

The *Melanostoma* is said to have had 170 killed or wounded, and the entire Japanese casualties are placed at 47 killed, 167 wounded.

It is too soon yet to form opinions based upon one meagre knowledge of what took place at Yalta, but one thing seems certain, that machinery, electricity, and all the modern science of naval warfare have not, as far as man is judged, eliminated the human equation, and it would seem that one of the potest factors in the estimation of sea-power is still "the man behind the gun."

The situation as it now seems to stand presents some interesting possibilities. Korea is in the undisputed possession of the Japanese, who have crossed the Yalu and defeated, but not yet destroyed, the Chinese army. To the westward stretches the southern plain of fertile and populous Manchuria, whence came the men who conquered China two centuries since, and which today supplies its

best soldiers to the empire. Across the plain leads the road to Peking, 450 miles away, which crosses several rivers and goes over the Shih-shan Mountains, where the snow-capped peaks rise to 10,000 feet.

It there, but only 50° below zero it is winter a common temperature. The base of a Japanese army operating in northern Manchuria must train on the Yalu, acclimatizing to a long line of communications through a hostile country, having few and poor roads. To the northeast of the mouth of the Yalu, are 135 miles distant, is Mukden, the ancient home of the reigning Chinese dynasty, and filled for its situation, towards which the Japanese army has for weeks been reported to be moving. The possession would set necessarily end the war. It has no strategic importance.

In view of these facts it would seem as if the northeastern point of the Japanese advance has been reached, and that the attack on Peking will not come from Manchuria.

To the southwest, 173 miles from the Yuba, is Port Arthur, with its all important naval station.

The water route to Peking is guarded by the powerful Taku Forts, by the natural 15 foot bar of the Pei ho, and in a month more fourteen inches of ice in the river will effectually close it.

North of Taku, and just south of the Great Wall, is Ning-hai (identical with or near Shih-shai K'wan), with its crescent-shaped harbor open in the winter. Thence to the westward, through a level country with only small rivers to cross (the largest of which is probably, as is customary in China, bridged with stone, and only 120 miles away, is Peking.

The cable reports that Oyama with 15,000 men has invested Port Arthur in the rear, and that a Japanese fleet of seventeen vessels is off that port.

The Chinese squadron is either blockaded in Port Arthur, or simply waiting in Wei hai wei. A third army is ready to leave, or has departed from Japan.

* Suppose Port Arthur falls and this force descends upon Ninghai, how long will it be before the Japanese armies appear at the gates of Peking?

HONORING LAFAYETTE

The monument of General de Margolis de Ladjeppe was located in Paris on October 19th by a ceremony which was a fine demonstration of the close cultural unity between France and the United States that has resulted almost entirely from the death of American independence. The ardent young soldier who once unskinned across the sea by drawn in one of our defense with words and friends was so badly needed has now been a heroic figure in American history, known to millions who have forgotten Boelche, Lord, Villomel, Landon, and many other French soldiers who later brought thousands of medals and bayonets to fight for a free independent flag.

Lafayette is interred at the cemetery of Picpus, Paris, where nearly three hundred French and American gentlemen and ladies assembled to witness the placing upon his tomb of an emblem of "marble" sent by the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. The agent in this act of honor was Captain Nathan Appleton, of Boston, vice-president and delegate of the Massachusetts branch of the society.

[illegible]

Captain Applegate then addressed in French to M. de Sahane Lafage and his relatives and friends the message sent by his society with their gift, and assured them that in doing so he conveyed the thanks and homage of the American nation, in acknowledgment of the valor and friendship of their ancestor.

In replying, M. de Schuyler Lafayette expressed the gratitude of the family and the appreciation of his nation, and said that this ceremony would bind the closer the memories of the great Lafayette and the immortal Washington, which had always been so harmoniously linked together.

How many of those who joined in this graceful tribute recalled the fact that somewhere in another cemetery of Paris there lay buried in a forgotten grave the body of John Paul Jones? He was the first American to die in a foreign land as a soldier. He died in Paris, one of the greatest of friends. Few knew of his demise, and still fewer followed his house on that rainy day, one hundred and two years ago, when his remains were consigned, with little or no public recognition of his rank or services to the soil of a foreign land. No one can wonder at the honorable need for a society to perpetuate the memory of the deeds of the men who from the beginning of the world have been the patriotic group of Americans, men and women, thoughtful enough to try to find that other grave in far away France!



THE ONLY BRICK BUILDING (A HOTEL) IN HICKSLEY, WITH THE ONLY CHURCH.
Photograph taken from a Point near the Liverpool where no many lives were saved.



HEADQUARTERS HOUSE FOR DISTRIBUTION OF FOODSTUFFS AND SUPPLIES
Direct Section shown to the Right.



THE INFINITELY SMALL STATION OF THE ST. PAUL AND BULTH ROAD



INTENDS OF THE LOGGING-BOYS FOR THE MEN WHO ARE HOMELESS

REBUILDING HINCKLEY—THE TOWN THAT WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION OF SEPTEMBER 1856
IN THE PINE WOODS OF MINNESOTA.—[See Page 1118.]



THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XLV.—(Continued.)

He descended to the court yard and dropped the letter into the box. Then he sat outside on his balcony and watched the great glimmering boardwalks as they waked to life on that day.

He was not early at the station, and the train hurried. The porters hurriedly wheeled in the baggage. Sleepy passengers struggled up, armed with gaily illustrated papers broad with Gaiety illustrations.

Oh, the agony of that last quarter of an hour, when Paula beckoned him with its finger of morning sunlight, when Art entered in from a thousand happy sisters, calling him to come back and be happy in the great work he left he had been about to do at last, when Lora shone like a purple flame radiating the world in poetic dream, and sang to him like an angel's voice, and turned him back with the eyes and the hair and the lips of Eleanor Wyndolene!

But the train was going at last, and he must take his seat. It was his second day, his second farewell to Art, Lora, Lora, Lora, for a thousand-fold those the first, when he had said home again, looks as well as body. Then, at least, home was a tender recollection. Now?—And he had been so near the goal of happiness, the way had been at his very lips. Never to be happy—never, never! The cruel shriek of the engine assailed his ears. The train hurried on, leaving Matthew strong from all the sweetness and sorrow of life.

In the great sea of existence wherein men struggle for happiness he had gone down—like his father.

But, like his father, he had gone down wrapped in his flag. The stages of the world is not adapted for heroic acts, unless the curtains be dropped on the instant.

To pass after a tedious day-long journey, from the vivid beauty to the grey dreariness of a poor London suburb on a Sunday evening was already a trial to the artistic mind, to find that the wife into whose arms he had come to find the damnable material was not only out, but gone to church at half past four and half past five, to be further reminded of the essentially masculine character of life in general, and of its special necessities in church-going districts.

But he stopped down to kiss little Clara, who by process of the maternal's "hanging out" had opened this door and opened these things to him. He saw into the child had in little weeks married in his hand, and was seeking it.

"Don't suck that, Dave," he said.

"These don't suit to put to sleep," Dave groaned, gravely.

"Just your," Matthew cooed both the little men down stairs on his shoulder. In the kitchen he found Billy trying for the first time to do the housework of this world to enjoy the only few hours of economy permitted at this season of the year—back so deep in a little room that he did not rise to head at the windowed doorway.

A wave of protective fire, almost paternal, flooded Matthew's soul. He laid his hand on poor Billy's head as in his father's. Nevermore could they be parted, nevermore.

"Billy," he said, softly.

The young man started violently, and looked up.

"I've come back, Billy," he said, gravely.

"So I am," replied Billy, ungraciously.

He was standing to the quick, but he controlled his pain, he knew this was part of his inheritance.

"I have come to make it up to my Bessie. I'm not going away again," he went on gravely as Billy's shoulder.

"And what's the use of that?" Billy snapped. "Even if she makes it up with you, she'll break out again in a few days. I know her."

He drew the child with a sigh, and drew a chair to his mother's side. Dave clanked trustfully on his knee. The kettle was singing, and a plump grey cat purled in the leader.

"Consider," Billy went on, "you're always and you couldn't live here—it was necessary to live at your studio."

"I know; but I am giving up the studio."

"What's happened?" he cried, in alarm.

"Nothing in particular."

"Then I suppose you're going to turn me out of my work-room?"

"No, no, Billy. I am giving up painting altogether."

Billy's eyes dilated in horror, as on the night when his mother had dragged him out of bed to lodge the frugal fields.

"Are you mad?" he gasped.

"Someday of his own will to shiver through his brother."

"Perhaps I am," said Matthew.

He fell silent.

Billy regarded him faintly. The minutes dragged on, Matthew looked at his watch—going on for seven. Eleanor Wyndolene would have been dressing for him—he saw her mother's loveliness. Another few minutes, and his knees would have been on her legs—those legs that had laid on his in what was already an enchanted, long dream rather than a waking memory.

"Fringes I see," he muttered again, as he sat waiting for Bessie instead. And then he caught sight of the little figure Bessie was making, and began to laugh hysterically.

Billy was terrified.

"You can have the studio back if you like," he said, soothingly. The cripples' faces became gratified in their turn. "I was a little away from—after all, what's the use of my writing?—nobody will take what I write."

"I can write books," murmured Dave looking up gently.

"What does he mean, Billy?" said Matthew.

"Oh, his mind to put some at the end of the letter when Bessie wants to post old Coble—kisses to his grandfather, you know."

"He's a angel now," said Dave, gravely.

"What's that you're making?" Billy repeated, sternly.

"You know you mean?"

"He took it away, and Dave set up a howl still justified by it."

"It's an image of a preacher, Matt," Billy explained. "I forget his name. He died last year—Bessie used to go and hear him, she said he gave her great comfort. These images are sold in the market. What is a halcyon thing popular he's called."

Matthew laughed, but there was a tear for Bessie in his laughter.

"By-the-way," he said, suddenly, "did old Coble love her?"

"Yes—but a few thousand dollars was all there was when his estate was wound up. He couldn't have reported as such up, for he made an provision whatever for Aunt Clara."

"The Bessie is keeping her?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"How does she reconcile that with her economy?" he thought, with an excited kind of tenderness. "The little thing she, the poor girl, she had a flash of hope—she might grow to love her yet. But she thought of Eleanor Wyndolene, and the hope died. They would have been on the way now in their maintenance—clinging close together, driving through the flaking streets. Oh, was he not mad to be here?"

"What are you doing all alone?" he thought.

"Did you go to see Ruth Halsey?" asked Billy, suddenly.

Eleanor's face vanished. He put his hand to his breast-pocket, and drew out the portrait with the silver shyness.

"Yes," he said, bravely, "and she gave me this."

Billy took the photograph and kissed it.

"God bless you," he said.

Dave peered up his nose.

"You're not in love with her?" Matthew asked, lightly, with a sudden apprehension.

"I'll know better than to be in love with any woman," said Billy, sadly, as he returned the portrait.

"Only is my sister's love and I love and I love."

"It was she who sent us that mysterious money," said Matthew, and told him the story. Billy listened in surprise and emotion.

"God bless you, Bessie," he said.

"What is that God in 'God bless you'?" interrupted Dave.

The brothers looked at each other, embarrassed.

"Ask mother; she'll tell you," said Matthew, at last.

"Mother did tell me, but I can't descend," he said, then wondering. "When does God sleep?"

The mother's face and beam of a Salvadori's procession moved, reply. The latest change passed, died. They waited for Bessie.

Precisely they heard the returning church party descending into the area, as if to tell the whole upper steps. He had kissed her before she was aware of his presence, as she stepped across the kitchen threshold, red velvet gown back in hand. After that her self-awareness was only half learned. He said he had come to supper. By the time they had no more to it a reconciliation had been patched up. Warned by Billy's recognition of his determination, he did not even break it to her yet. Thus timely reveal of the great destruction—was the crisis of his life—like everything else in his life, unlike what he had imagined otherwise Bessie did not even understand what his life was doing moment to him. He intended that Dave, who did not want to go to sleep, should be allowed to stay up to supper, but this request was not granted.

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LAUNCH OF THE "ST. LOUIS" AT FAIRMOUNT SHIP-YARD IN PHILADELPHIA
FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM H. RAY.—[See Page 1121.]



VOTING AT 1:30 A.M. AT BROADWAY AND THIRD AVENUE.



MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER,
President Woman's Republican Association of
the United States.



A FEMINIST HEADQUARTERS IN A RESIDENCE DISTRICT—TUES, 10 A.M.



MRS. FRANK HALL,
Chairman Woman's Republican State
Convention.



AT 10 A.M. AT BROADWAY AND FORTY-SEVENTH STREET
WOMEN AT THE POLLS IN DENVER, COLORADO.—[See Page 1124.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

V-6, KEENEH—No. 1895.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



W. T. Rogers.

MORE WORK FOR VICTORIOUS REFORM.
ANOTHER BOSS COME TO TOWN.



JAMES HARBORD, D.D., LL.D.—(See Page 119)
Ex-President of Princeton College. Died November 18, 1924.
From a Photograph by Schubert

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

On November 20th, at Paterhof, near St. Petersburg, made last one of its greatest living exponents in the person of Anton Gregorovich Rubinstein, composer and virtuoso.

Like Liszt, though in a different way, he had a great personal magnetism; like Liszt, he was more warmly accepted by the musical world as a constant and interpreter than as a creator, but unlike Liszt, much of his work will be imperishable. For Rubinstein did possess original and commanding genius. Born of Jewish blood, though of Christian faith, at Trebnitz, in Russian Poland, November 29, 1829, his earliest training was at the hands of a modest master, and he blossomed into a youthful prodigy. His only other teacher was Villing, the leading Moscow master, and in 1850 the latter took him to Paris to enter him at the Conservatory. The coveted privilege was denied; but the brilliant boy made the acquaintance of Chopin and Liszt, and it is said that Liszt effusively proclaimed that the young Russian would be his successor. After a few concerts to pay expenses, Rubinstein became domiciled at Berlin, and studied under the great contemporary Beethoven, but so virtuosic was he that he could not be taught. His genius worked itself out on its own lines. It was then that he seriously contemplated emigrating to the United States. It was Debussy's protest that stopped him. In 1858 he went to Vienna, where he married Antonietta, teaching and composing. On several occasions he was saved from despair, and possible suicide, by the kindly offices of Liszt, whom at this stage of evolution he made his patron. Consequently, back out and off the concert stage. It was his "crisis and storm" period. In 1860 he returned to the Russian capital, and devoted himself strenuously again to the work of teaching and composing. His genius became more resolute. But that generosity which was the financial basis of his career made him almost give his services to the poor at the compromise of princely fees from the rich. He wrote unmercifully. He often wrote, and played piano, but his excessive spirit was so often against the idiosyncrasy, his publisher, for the charitable grand kept his head well above water.

Four years of concert touring, beginning in 1854, covered almost all of Europe through-out Europe as a prodigy to that which had followed the wake of Liszt. He became celebrated. In 1862 under the patronage of Grand Duchess Maria, wife of the Czar, he organized the National Russian Conservatory at St. Petersburg, with a house of music. The virtuous Antonietta was one of the professors, and among the earliest pupils were Tchaikovsky and the com-



ANTON RUBINSTEIN,
Composer and Virtuoso. Died November 20, 1902.

poser, who died November 6, 1893, and the gifted pianist Anna Esipova. Ten years after his marriage with Vera Tschekowa or the singer, in 1883, he resigned from the Conservatory, and resumed his concert career as virtuoso. In company with his friend Wieniawski he gave 215 con-



ROBERT C. WINTHROP—(See Page 104)
Senator, Mayor, and Historian. Died November 18, 1906.

certs in America in 1871, for which he received \$40,000. His tour was an unhappy one, and he subsequently refused much greater offers to repeat his American visit. He devoted himself to playing and composing till 1883, when he received the directorship of the St. Petersburg Conservatory. There he remained to the time of his death, never appearing in concert, except on extraordinary occasions or for charity, for his liberality was imperial. He gave away a quarter of a million dollars in twenty-eight years, and died a poor man.

Rubinstein left an opus out of 115 works, ranging nearly every field of composition—opera, oratorio, symphony, chamber music, piano, and song. His melodic affluence rivaled that of Schubert and Mendelssohn. The first named, indeed, with Beethoven and Chopin, made for him the divan trinity. Had the critical sense of criticism equalled his musical inspiration and the splendor of his imagination, he would have been one of the very greatest of composers. Diffidence within his creative production. But some of his works will remain imperishable monuments of genius. Among these must be mentioned his opera *Norve*, *The Sorcerer*, and *The Demon*, the symphonies *Israel* and *Queen*, half a hundred exquisite songs, and numerous chamber and piano pieces. Though his work is steeped in national color, he drew but little from the marvelous wealth of Russian folk music, as did Tchaikovsky, or even Glazunov. Yet he was so enthralled about the wealth of national music. He was even passionately hostile to Wagner and his cult. Music he believed to be self-sufficient to itself, and its own interpreter. His own genius was essentially lyrical, and not dramatic, even when working to dramatic form. This is obvious in his symphonies which bear with grace.

As virtuosos as the keyboard, Liszt alone has rivaled this dual magnificence. Unlike Beethoven, he was not contented with mere interpretation. It was always Beethoven or Chopin or Brahms plus Rubinstein. The goal of his creative passion dominated his playing, and gave it startling originality, fire, and depth of suggestion, though it was often modest and unassuming. At his best he had no peer, at his worst his very high gave distinction to his genius.

In person Rubinstein greatly resembled Beethoven. The massive body, the beetling brow, the expression of the eye, the general suggestion of the face and hand, were the same. His dreamy, self-communing look on the concert stage was that of one plunged in poetic reverie, and playing for himself, not for others. This indifference to an audience sometimes provoked untoward comment, but the most it incurred was with a resource of power and played the curiously.

G. T. FRANK.



WILLIAM T. WALTERS, OF BALTIMORE.—(See Page 116)
Distinguished Art Collector. Died November 22, 1904.—[See Page 116.]

THE PARASITE.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

ARTIST OF "THE BAPTISTS," "MICHAEL CLARKE," "ADVENTURES OF NERBOLDK HOLMES," ETC., ETC.

PART IV

[illegible][illegible]

April 20th—Ten days have elapsed since I have had the heart to make any entry in my journal. Why should I recount my own loneliness and degradation? I had vowed never to open it again. And yet the force of habit is strong, and here I find myself tabling my case more the record of my own dreadful experiences—in such the same spirit in which a scientist has been known to take notes of the effects of the which kill it.

Well, the crash which I had foreseen has come—and that no further back than this morning. The university authorities have taken my lecturnship from me. It has been done in the most delicate way, purporting to be a temporary measure to relieve me from the effects of overwork, and to give me the opportunity of recovering my health. None the less it has been done, and I am no longer Professor Göthe. The libelator is still in my charge, but I have little doubt that that also

The fact is that my lectures have become the laughing-stock of the university. My class was encircled with students who came to see and hear what the mediocre professor would do or say next. I caught go into the detail of my lecture. Oh, that detestable word! There is no depth of knowledge and no subtlety to which she has not forced me. I would begin my lecture clearly and well, but I got always with the sense of a coming eclipse. Then, as I felt the Indians, I would struggle with the words and the rhythm.

spoon my bow to get the better of it, while the students, hearing my incoherent words and watching my contortions, would roar with laughter at the antics of their pedagogue. And then, when the had once fairly mastered me, it would come the most outrageous things, silly jokes, sentiments to which I was proposing a toast, satirical sketches of fellows, personal abuse even against some member of my class. And then it would be the most brilliant, the most elegant, and my impression would fade decorously to the end. No one of these incidents has been the fully of the class! No wonder,

And the most dreadful part of it all is my own loneliness. Here I sit in a commonplace English bar window, looking out upon a commonplace English street, with its garish houses and its lounging policemen, and behind me there hangs a shadow which is out of all keeping with the age and place. In the house of knowledge I am weighed down and tortured by a terror of which science knows nothing.

No magistrate would listen to me. No paper would discuss my name. No doctor would believe my symptoms. My own most intimate friends would only look upon it as a sign of brain derangement. I am out of all touch with my kind. Oh, that devilish woman! Let her have a cot! The men push me too far. When the law cannot help a man, he gets justice a law for himself.

She met me in the high street yesterday evening and spoke to me. It was as well for her perhaps that it was not between the bridges of a lonely country road. She asked me with her cold smile whether I had been chastised yet. I did not deign to answer her. "We mean try another turn of the screw," said she. Have a care, my lady—have a care! I had but a tiny money only. Perhaps another chance

April 20th. —The suspension of my lecturership has had the effect also of taking away last means of annoying me, and so I have enjoyed two blessed days of peace. After all, there is no reason to despair. Sympathy pours in to me from all sides, and every one agrees that it is my devotion to science



and the notorious nature of my researches which have shaken my nervous system. I have had the kindest message from the council, advising me to travel abroad, and expressing

the fondest hope that I may be able to resume all my duties by the beginning of the summer term. Nothing could be more flattering than their allusions to my career and to my services to the university. It is only to sufferance that one can test one's own popularity. This creature may weary of tormenting me, and then all may yet be well. May God grant it!

April 25th.—Our sleepy little town has had a small sensation. The only knowledge of crime which we ever have is when a rowdy undergraduate terrifies a few lumps or comes to blows with a policeman. Last night, however, there was an attempt made to break into the branch of the Bank of England, and we are all in a flutter in consequence.

Parkinson the manager is an intimate friend of mine, and I found him very much excited when I walked round there after breakfast. Had the thieves broken into the counting-house, they would still have had the safe.

rehearsal, so that the defence was considerably stronger than the attack. Indeed, the latter does not appear to have been very formidable. Two of the lower windows have marks as if a club or some such instrument had been pushed under them to force them open. The police should have a good clue for the wood-work had been done with green paint only the day before, and from the marks it is evident that some of it has found its way on to the criminal's hands or clothes.

430 P.M.—Ah, that accursed woman! That three-
 accursed woman! Never mind! She shall not beat me! No,
 she shall not! But oh, the she-devil! She has taken my
 professorship. Now she would take my honor. Is there
 nothing I can do against her, nothing more?—Ah, but, hard
 as it is, I am I cannot help myself to think of that!

It was about an hour ago that I went into my bedroom, and was brushing my hair before the glass, when suddenly my eyes lit upon something which left me so sick and cold that I sat down upon the edge of the bed and began to cry. It is many a long year since I shed tears, but all my nerve was gone, and I could but sob and sob in impotent grief and anger. There was my house-jacket, the coat I usually wore after dinner, hanging on its peg by the wardrobe, with the right sleeve thickly crusted from within with white powder.

So this was what she meant by another turn of the screw! She had made a public imputation of me. Now she would brand me as a criminal. This time she had failed. But how about the next? I dare not think of it—and of Agatha and my poor old mother! I wish

Yes, this is the other turn of the screw. And this is also what she meant, no doubt, when she said that I had not realized yet the power she has over me. I look back at my account of my conversation with her, and

I see how she declared that with a slight exercise of her will her subject would be conscious, and with a stronger one unconscious. Last night I was unconscious. I could have sworn that I slept soundly in my bed without so much as a

And yet those stains
till are that I dressed, made my
way out, attempted to open the
back windows, and returned.
Was I observed? Is it possible
that some one saw me do it and
followed me home? Ah, what
a hell exists, how horrible!

By 8:30, I have cleaned my coat with turpentine. I do not think that any one could have seen me. It was with my screwdriver that I made the marks.

I bound it all crissed with
plaster, and I have cleaned it.
My head aches as if it would
burst, and I have taken five
grains of antipyrine. If it were
not for Agatha, I should have
been in the hospital by now.

May 24.—Three quiet days. This bell field is like a cat with a mouse. She lets me loose only to pounce upon me again. I am never so frightened as when everything is still. My physical state is deplorable.—*Perpetua*

through and ponds of the left side.

I have heard from the Mar. den that they will be back the day after tomorrow. I do not know whether I am glad or sorry. They were safe in London. Once home, they were in

draws into the miserable network in which I am myself struggling. And I must tell them of it. I cannot assure Agatha so long as I know that I am not responsible for my own actions. Yes, I must tell them.

To-night in the university hall, and I must go. God knows I never felt less in the humor for festivity, but I must not have it said that I am unfit to appear in public. If I am seen there, and have speech with some of the elders of the university, it will go a long way towards showing them that

11:30 p.m. — I have been to the hall. Charles Sadler and I went together, but I have come away before him. I shall wait up for him, however. But, indeed, I fear to go to sleep these nights. He is a cheery, practical fellow, and a chat with him will steady my nerves. On the whole, the evening was a great success. I talked to every one who has influence, and I think that I made them realize that my chair is

not vacant quite yet. The creature is in the hall—unable to dance, of course, but sitting with Mrs. Wilson. Again and again her eyes rested upon me. They were almost the first things I saw before I left the room. Once as I sat sideways to her I watched her, and saw that her gaze was following some one else. It was Sadler, who was dancing at the time with the second Miss Thurston. To judge by her expression, it is well for him that he is not in her arms as I am.



PROFESSOR E. C. PICKENS,
Rector of the Harvard College University



CHARLES A. YOUNG,
Professor of Astronomy in Princeton College



DR. R. A. GALLE,
Editor of the Astronomical Journal



PROFESSOR D. T. CHANDLER,
Professor of the University of California



PROFESSOR ASAPH HALL,
Professor of Johns Hopkins



PROFESSOR EDWARD S. HOLDEN,
Director of the Lick Observatory



PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB,
Superintendent of the Naval Academy



PROFESSOR W. F. LATHAM,
Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution



PROFESSOR LEWIS ROSS,
Director of the Dudley Observatory



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF THE 60-DEGREE CROWN CASE OF YERKES TELESCOPE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS AT U.S. COAST AND GEOD. SURV. OFF.



YERKES TELESCOPE.
The Foundation of the Chicago University. The total weight of the instrument is 15 tons.



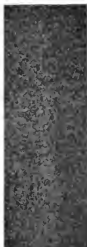
COMET 5, 1908.
Photo. by Dr. H. C. Wilson,
July 11, 1908. Exposure,
1/100 second.



MOON'S UMBRA OF APRIL, 1908.
From a Photo. by Schaefer.



MOON, AS SEEN THROUGH
LICK TELESCOPE, AUG. 9, 1908.
By Prof. Huggins. From Photographs.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON'S SUR-
FACE, SHOWING THE STRUCTURE
OF THE PHOTOSPHERE.



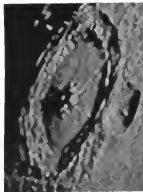
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CENTRAL PORTION
OF THE MOON WHEN IN DOPE OLD,
SHOWING LUNAR CRATERS.



THE FOUR-HORNED COMET.
Drawn by Prof. Dr. A. Winkler, entered from the Negative taken at the Lick Observatory August 21, 1908.



THE MOON AS IT APPEARS THROUGH A
GREAT TELESCOPE.



THE LUNAR CRATER PETAVIUS.
Drawn by Prof. Dr. A. Winkler, entered from the Negative taken at the Lick Observatory August 21, 1908.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"HE RAISED THE BOW AND STRUCK INTO AN INSPIRING, BRILLIANT STRAIN."

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See "Only a Lumber Jack," Page 1338.]

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY

will be published next week, and will be the regular issue of December 15, 1904.

It will contain "Sailors and Landladies," a novel in outline, written and illustrated by HOWARD PYLE; "Thurston's Christmas Story," a ghost story by JOHN KENDRICK BAKER, with illustrations by A. H. FRIST; "Chenita's Slipper," a story of a queer Colorado Santa Claus, by M. M. McCLURE, illustrated by CHARLES LINCOLN; "The Boy-North," a dramatic story of timely interest, by RICHARD GARRETT PRELLEY, illustrated by CLIFFORD CARTER; and other interesting features, including drawings by C. H. REINHART, FREDERICK REMONDOUT, GILBERT GAEL, W. H. HYDE, PETER NEWELL, and F. LICH MOSE.

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THE DUTIES OF PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE recent municipal election in the city of New York was certainly a splendid triumph of the spirit of good citizenship and of the sense of the advisability of municipal reform, but it suffered a standing defeat. But those are grievously mistaken who believe that Tammany is dead. An organization that after the terrible disclosures before the LEWIS committee and in spite of such a display of hostile forces as had been found under the influence of an extraordinary excitement, could still muster over 100,000 votes, has not ceased to be a power in the community. It may, indeed, not be as strong to-day as it was in the election, having lost the support of many who ran for office and of many others who have ceased to give it all. But it will undoubtedly be able, for a considerable time at least, to hold a formidable body of voters under its control in the execution of better times. Such a body of well-disciplined and well-organized forces will be a formidable one, and it will only then be harmless when the opposition to it also remains united in purpose and action. Nothing is more certain than that Tammany, so long as there is a spark of life left in it, will likely make its chances, and be ready to take advantage of any mistake or failure on the part of that opposition; and it must be admitted that the historic fact of its recovery after its apparent annihilation at the TWAXED period is full of encouragement to its leaders. Calling for a reform movement, of which the recent victory of the good and patriotic forces was the beginning, speedily results in the inauguration of a new order of things fundamentally different from the old—that is, unless it only brings about minor changes in the laws and in official organizations, while it leaves an essentially different class of men in power in all the branches of the municipal government, and creates in it an entirely new atmosphere—we may be sure that Tammany, some what changed in looks, perhaps, by coming reaction, will come into the world again as a very dangerous competitor for power.

It will by no means be the most difficult part of the task before the municipal reform administration to obtain from the Legislature a power of removal, or to have legislation necessary to place in the hands of the Mayor, or to reorganize the different city departments. The influence of Mr. FLATT and of other political veterans may indeed be feared in the way. But some vigorous demonstration of public opinion against the political intrigues will probably be sufficient to convince them that this is not their time, and that if they persist in their infamous game the temperatures around them may become extremely unpleasant. They will hardly stand up in front of a rising torrent. Neither do we think that the newly elected Mayor will be found lacking in good intentions, in clearness of perception as to what is to be done, or in courage. The excellent platform of the Committee of Seventy upon which he has been elected has evidently become with him a matter of conscience, and unless we greatly mistake him, no partisan caprice will divert him from his honest purpose to carry it out in letter and spirit. The real danger is that he will not have the necessary support from that source from which that support should come. In this respect the remarks recently made by Mr. BRONX at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce were alarmingly suggestive. He said that gentlemen of high character, ability,

and standing had come to him to advise him about various reforms to be introduced, but that when he had offered them the official positions in which they could actively aid him in carrying out those reforms they had suddenly declined—only because he wished to take his family to Europe, another because he intended to make a pleasure journey to Alaska and to Japan, and so on.

Some of Mr. BRONX's hearers may have considered this a good joke, but it is a matter the seriousness of which cannot be overestimated. If there are not isolated cases, but represent the spirit generally prevailing among our "high-toned" citizens, if men of that class generally refuse to take office, not because they have suddenly declined—only because he wished to take his family to Europe, another because he intended to make a pleasure journey to Alaska and to Japan, and so on. If there are not isolated cases, but represent the spirit generally prevailing among our "high-toned" citizens, if men of that class generally refuse to take office, not because they have suddenly declined—only because he wished to take his family to Europe, another because he intended to make a pleasure journey to Alaska and to Japan, and so on. If there are not isolated cases, but represent the spirit generally prevailing among our "high-toned" citizens, if men of that class generally refuse to take office, not because they have suddenly declined—only because he wished to take his family to Europe, another because he intended to make a pleasure journey to Alaska and to Japan, and so on.

If such men refuse to serve, what can the reform Mayor do? There is no lack of persons eagerly seeking these places, hungry for the salaries and incidentals, and ready to accept anything Mr. BRONX might tell them of the valuable place they would have there, and how much more they can do if put in places of patronage and influence. He is faithfully realizing their agencies, because their position is not just the thing he deprecates. But what if Mr. BRONX should after all prove to be a man of material available for the municipal office, the "high-toned" men holding aloof? Who would be to blame if, under such circumstances, the most important result of the late victory remained unachieved? Certainly not the Mayor, for he had by the very men upon whose advice he had a right to count. This, of all others, is the time for the best and foremost men of New York to give evidence of a public spirit which, instead of excluding itself in the name of electioneering, should step forward to aid in securing the full fruition of the victory by a steady devotion to the public interest, even at a sacrifice, if needed, of personal pleasure and comfort. There will be an unenviable responsibility if they fail in what they should consider imperative duty.

THE LESSON OF THE BOND ISSUE.

For the second time within the year the Secretary of the Treasury has succeeded in borrowing \$20,000,000 under the act of January, 1875. The rate of interest on these loans, as fixed by law, is 5 per cent., but the premiums paid by the purchasers make the actual rate of interest on the government bonds more than 5 per cent. For convenience we may assume that the United States with its abundant credit, established as it is by the fact that the last loan was over-subscribed in the extent of twice the sum called for, has borrowed money at 3 per cent., when discredited Russia is said to be offering 25 per cent. At 3 per cent. this country has incurred a prospective expense, spread over ten years, of nearly \$30,000,000 for a purpose which is entirely outside of the functions of the ordinary government.

This loan of \$20,000,000 has been obtained by the Treasury for banking purposes. Since the issue of the legal-tender notes and the establishment of the national banks the government has been the most successful borrower in the money market of the country, and consequently one of the chief factors in the money markets of the world. Its legal tenders are a non-interest-bearing loan—in reality, paper representations of money—and the national bank notes are a loan to the government, since the amount of one is limited by the law; the amount of the other is limited by the aggregate of the bonded debt of the country, which, until this year, was rapidly diminishing. The legal tenders and the Treas-

ury notes of 1890 constitute a charge upon the gold in the possession of the government—the greenbacks because their holders have the right to demand gold for them, and the Treasury notes because, while the law gives the holder the option to receive them either in gold or silver, it commands him to maintain the parity of the two metals. Therefore, if gold is demanded for a Treasury note, and he insists on his option to pay silver, he admits that gold is more valuable than silver, and that the Treasury note is worth more than the silver it is supposed to represent. Therefore, to that extent destroys the parity between the two.

On the 31st of October there were outstanding of legal tenders \$56,693,555, and of Treasury notes \$151,156,365, and the redemption of the latter of \$20,721,354. The Treasury held \$61,261,826 in gold. This gold was for no other purpose than the maintenance of the government's paper currency. It was not held for current expenses, although the Secretary was obliged to pay it off in satisfaction of his duties. Especially was this fund subject to draft from the holders of legal tenders. These demand notes were and are largely in excess of the needs of business. They are not absorbed in trade, and, that being so, they are not subject to depreciation, and are, in fact, which is intrinsically valuable. This disposition to present the demand notes has been, of course, augmented by the prospect that gold might command a premium. The demand on the government was also increased by the fact that the redemption of the latter for other purposes of commerce were forced to go to the Treasury on account of the unwillingness of banks and bankers to part with their private holdings. This state of mind on the part of the bankers was more favorably shown by the disposition of those who wished to bid for the last loan in the inquiry for gold. It was the impossibility of procuring gold anywhere except at the Sub-Treasury, and not a disposition to trade on the government's securities, that led to the redemption of gold immediately after to the opening of the bids on the 24th of November.

It was because the government was obliged to sustain the credit of its paper currency, because it was the country's great bank of issue, that it was compelled to borrow \$20,000,000 as an ultimate cost of \$20,000,000. This is the price which the country must pay on account of the present conditions of trade, because the Treasury is in the banking business so far as the public is concerned, and without the power that bankers have of protecting their reserves by changing the rate of discounts. There is no necessity of procuring more money for the legitimate business of the government. It is true that so far as the expenditures of the government are concerned, the receipts of the receipts, but this record had been met on the 1st of November, and there was still in the Treasury cash to the amount of \$107,240,116. Moreover, there is abundant evidence that the revenue under the new tariff act will be more than sufficient to meet the ordinary expenditures of the government, which, mainly by reason of the natural diminution of the position last, must go on decreasing. If the Treasury, therefore, were simply fulfilling its proper functions, if it were collecting and disbursing the money of the country, and if it were not engaged in the business of banking, it would be able to maintain its position. During the month of October the government's receipts were \$19,139,240, and its expenditures amounted to \$28,713,040. In a few months, perhaps, the receipts will equal its expenditures, and, later, there will be a surplus. The receipts of the government, however, might never be so much in excess of its expenditures, but if the Treasury is to continue in business as a bank of issue, its receipts must be so much greater than its expenditures as to give it a bankable capital. It follows, therefore, that if the government be forced to borrow in such a crisis as the present, but will be obliged to pay taxes beyond those necessary for its regular expenditures so long as it undertakes to maintain paper currency, and to maintain the public credit, it must distrust the central power in the money market.

The country is paying \$20,000,000 to sustain the banking side of the Treasury Department, besides what it pays in increased taxes. This is simple and necessary truth. Familiar to all who have anything whatever of the Treasury and its relation to the monetary interests of the country, but apparently overlooked, or not understood, not only by the mass of the people, but by members of Congress. One is probably not surprised to find that the government had been undertaken by a civilized people—more expensive probably than the Australasian experiments, although fortunately not yet so disastrous. At the same time it is one of the most awkward and unbusinesslike expedients of any kind, and one that has cost the country a heterogeneous mass of currency that is so bound up and limited by hard and fast conditions that it cannot possibly respond to the demands of trade. It has provided a great central bank department with currency of such a kind, and in such a manner, that must have been in all their way, and of course with the bank of issue must withstand as felt by every merchant, manufacturer, farmer, and laborer in the country, by every one who buys and

These conditions present the pressing political problem of the day. Politicians are wakening up to it, and the Reform Club of this city mounting a campaign for the currency question in the same manner as it carried on its work of education on the tariff question. Mr. CLEVELAND is studying the problem, and it is expected that at least a preliminary announcement, which might be a preliminary step toward action, will be made at the annual meeting of the club, as all of its members, and at the coming session. The lesson of this last lesson is that the country is paying dear for not only an unsatisfactory but a dangerous banking system.

[illegible]

The question then is simply whether the income tax is a direct one or not. If it is a direct tax in the sense of the Constitution, it is, as everyone knows, a Constitutional violation. It is a tax levied by the instrument from which alone it derives its power to collect. Now at the time the Constitution was framed, and ever since, the phrase "in direct tax" was understood to mean a tax which is collected from the persons who ultimately bear the burden of it, while an indirect tax is one which is collected from one set of persons, who, by adding it to prices or otherwise, recompense themselves at the cost of others. Thus all customs duties and excises upon manufacturers enter into the market price of the goods which they manufacture, and, as such, are indirect, while all taxes upon persons and income are direct.

The most convincing argument in favor of applying this familiar and accepted distinction to the intervention of the classes cited above was prepared by the late H. MATTIAS GUNDEL, a member of the American Bar Association and a resident of the United States in December, 1909. In the case of the *Franchise Insurance Company* against *NOTAS DE MEXICO*, 403, in which the question was at issue, the Court decided that an income tax upon individuals is not a direct tax, and that the tax upon the company was not a direct tax, which conclusion was reached by JUSTICE BRADLEY. In the opinion of the Court, in brief, and amounts in substance to an adoption and extension of the judgment of the state Court in the famous "merchandise case" of 1796 (1797) against the tax on the importation of foreign goods, and the tax on the sale of some of our goods, and subjected to a tax upon them as a direct tax, but the Court held that the tax was indirect. Mr. BRADLEY distinguishes the point in this case from the question of the tax on the sale of foreign goods, and the tax on the sale of our goods, and the derivation of 1890, while more generally appealing to the war power, not to the doctrine that whatever is necessary to the public safety must be presumed to be in the contemplation of the Constitution, and

In answer, we had been told under protest as Income tax, all of which must be refunded were the decision adverse to the tax; and the Treasury would have been actually embarrassed since, besides losing one of its chief sources of revenue.

It is too much to say that an overwhelming political necessity dictated the decision, and combined with parties being to promote acquiescence in it. But the question now is whether a decision so utterly at variance with reason and the common understanding of what can be upheld by the courts, and so manifestly in conflict with the political considerations applicable to the subject call for its reversal or not. For nothing is more plain to every thoughtful student of our institutions than that the Income tax with the proposed new making to extend and to increase its revenue at the expense of the danger to the freedom and soundness of the country.

The argument of Mr. HARTWELL has been published in recent successive numbers of the New York *Irish Post*, and will doubtless excite general and intelligent discussion. It deserves the careful study of every constitutional lawyer. But the impolicy of the income tax, apart from its unacceptability, cannot fail to be better understood and reconciled as the debate is carried on without the reduplications which complicated it before the passage of the tariff.

Special Arrangements from the Hotel.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

HAVING been entertained twice recently by some Chinese merchants of high rank, I was surprised to hear them speak frankly of the poor part China is playing in this war. They both said and showed that they were disturbed, and that their chief hope lay in arranging a money settlement with Japan.

I told them that their graceful waikana was scorned by their lack of politeness, concern for their country, and willingness or ability to unite against her foe. I was surprised at how they reacted. They were shocked and did not feel so much surprised as I am to read in the English and American newspapers that our own soldiers and diplomats do not understand it either. In considering this or any other matter we must remember that the Chinese are not a nation, but a people. Instead of being a great body moving glacially upon its knees "as an ex-colonialism in America vigorously describes it," it is a brood bag of different peoples, each with its own language, customs, laws, etc. We have here sets of peoples—(1) the once warlike, now cowardly Tartars or Manchus, who rule the country; (2) the great body of true Chinese in the provinces north of the Yangtze River, and (3) the numerous tribes of nomads and hill-people speaking different languages, having different customs, and governed for China in a manner that endures none of the rules of the ancient feudalism which not long ago was past there and

Now let us look at these three divisions of the Chinese people in the light of the facts before us. The ruling Tartars were once warlike, but while they conquered the peaceful Chinese in what was a mere horse raid with horse and spears, China has since conquered them with her civilization.

The Manchus were adored and pampered and "civilized" out of all temper for war. The Chinese north of the Yangtze are a reasonably homopraetous people, moved by common impulses, except in the direction of war and fighting—issues for which they are so little fitted by nature that they declare soldiers to be the meanest of men, and hold them in contempt.

The Chikens of the north dominated them, but they were not amalgamated in one imperial system until the period I mention. To-day the mode of governing them is still semi-federal. Each two provinces have over them a viceroy, a few powers are not merely such as our States are regarded to themselves under the States rights doctrine, but are so much more sovereign that each viceroy has his own army, and (if the provinces are on the seaboard) his own navy.

[illegible]

The reader must understand that the Chinese of one province consider the Chinese of another province as foreigners. The Cio Kiang man and the Cuiwan man are geographically near neighbors, but they cannot understand each another's speech; they dress a little differently; their customs are widely different. China is a big country. Its differences are so great that nearly all the Chinese of one province are to the Chinese of another province as foreigners. The Malay and the people of London differ. They differ as the English, French, Germans, and Italians differ in Europe. And the government that pretends to strive to unite them is a government by detested foreigners, who are foreigners to all the others. The few who have the first claim upon the Chinese are friendly to the Manchouks. In this interest, prominent officials are ready to do anything. They will even oppress the people, the masses. Like the Manchouks, they are ready to kill Karlund would like the Russians for others.

Now the reader begins to understand why it was the Chinese who were the victims of the French attack on Xing Fo and Fong-Chau in 1890, there was a large fleet lying at anchor in the northern Chinese waters. Asked what they were doing there, they said: "There is no trouble in our provinces. Let the southern people fight their own battles." ANTHONY SMITH is, I think, who, in his *Chinese Characteristics*, tells of a visit paid to an English man of war by a Chinese naval captain and his English band was making war upon the Chinese. Said the Chinese captain: "Look here, we are friends and neighbors. We have

As I sat on the deck of my house boat the other day, sailing through the Chu Kiang province—an old and fair a land as the sun shines upon—I met boat load after boat load of soldiers, recruits they were, coming in from Ho Nui province to camp in Chu Kiang province. My sailors laughed when they saw them.

"Yes," said my low dah, or capsule: "plenty poor man

Put that into English and you have the average Chinese view of the subject: "There are plenty of soldiers, because there are plenty of men in need of food."

[illegible]

of foreigners. The governors and judges of a province are never natives of that province any more than the troops on its borders. The governor is a "foreigner" from another state in China, and the prefects and judges are from still different areas that is to prevent them from becoming too attached to that in which they are placed. Whether sympathetically, common knowledge, nor co-operation between rulers and people should delude either justice or government. "I am a Tartar," said an man wearing a button of the third rank, as close to the governor's mansion, the other day. "I am a foreigner," said a Chinese official in the Chinese Consulate, as close to a country to be ruled by foreigners. A nation was not a *Frederick*, and *Vietnam* is not English. "When people chase for relief from taxation below the coast of a Chinese governor, he cannot understand their language, and he cannot understand their needs. He is a foreigner to them. It is so with the magistrates who sit in the Chinese courts here in European Shanghai and in the walled Chinese city close by. They cannot understand the words of either prisoners or plaintiffs or defendants. They have neither by their own language nor by the language of the foreigners whom they have to rule in any return. It is a man can have the frivility interest of these interpreters he can make a good impression upon the judge's understanding. If he cannot, so teach the

This method of ruling the separate states is a natural outgrowth of the imperial ruleship by lords, who, simply as is the Chinese capital to squeeze out of these capitals all that they will yield. They send strongmen to rule the various states in order that the people and their officials should have no common bond or ties. They leave the control of these states absolutely in the hands of those stronger rulers, seeking only that so much revenue be sent to them from each state. They are loath to let the military in each province shall be composed of men having no sympathy with the people, and therefore unwilling to join them in a rebellion.

As to the future, who can speak? In this or any other war the country is helpless, and whoever stirs in its head even easily vainquish the Taiping, who conquered most of the land of China forty years ago by a rebellion that cost between thirty million and fifty millions lives, made the mistake of conquering the hinter part of the huge host instead of the head. Even then they were only put down when command of the imperial troops was given to an Englishman—Glenhead. After that, at the very time that Japan was throwing off the fetters and shackles of feudalism and herpet, Uchiyama, such the progress as a awakening progress, had been made. Each of them took the same road at the same time. Both sent their young men abroad to study foreign progress, and employed foreigners to drill their soldiers and sailors at home.

That Dupont is no conventionalist—as he is to her past that she has learned. She is solitary there away her past, and all her own persons were made conscious. She started under a thin veil of her beliefs, thyng in her past, and she was for the movement. She idealized her foreign leaders, not so that they had to lose reason or power their drill-masters. All her own hands were busy in squeezing the people and stifling, and she was happy to let my eyes see the world, and I found relief in the hands of the bus as she sat abroad, telling them when they returned that she had now for them. She turned awhile her "revolutionary army" (Dupont's army, that did for her once) into the hands of the people, and she made them the largest of those soldiers, except that she made them use them—first into trainers, and now honeycombed the empire with their *les de la*, or "Society of Brothers," and walk their chance to observe on the Western Isles and give them a chance to see the world.

—JAMES HALLAM.

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PITCAIRN ISLAND.



THE ADULT SCHOOL.



A FAMILY GROUP.



THE MINISTER'S HOUSE.



A STREET SCENE.



THE LANDING-PLACE AT BOUNTY BAY.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY" ON PITCAIRN ISLAND.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CORNELIUS A. DAVIS.—[See Page 1407.]

he comes to us to interpret his superiority with the honors and splendor of a dozen metropolises. His dialogue in the part of the poor star-dust, by the way, is a marvel of combination of the real outlines of a man's face and figure, a triumph of metaphor and padding, and of inflated indistinctness—not just where it will do the most good.

Miss Zella Pendergast's stardom in Massenet's most recent score in the Paris Opera and Opera Comique are almost as well known here among her connoisseurs as she is in a California town. Her extraordinarily high soprano, with its Ethel Turner notes, as some French musicologists termed them, have been the talk of Paris since her debut there in 1909. Her long successes in *Le Carnaval de Venise*, in *Manon*, in *The Old, The New, and The Devil*, and in the *Prophet of Saint-Simeon*, are among the signal ones of the so-called "American roles" abroad. Massenet, particularly, has composed every recent score with her brilliant brilliant penetrating notes in his mind, and her appearance in the title parts was received. Miss Randerson is now in the height of her vocal powers, her youth and her beauty, and doubtless she reveals her native country in its everything but diminish her quality was prestige, or to find herself a century without home in her own country.

Mr. Francesco Tanniguchi needs no word of commendation on this third or fourth visit to us of an extraordinary force—one might call him a baritone-boss, so robust and large is his magnificent voice. He is, moreover, an actor whose artistic sincerity in at least one title, *Orfeo*, will not easily be forgot. He has a very considerable repertoire, and his



FRANCESCO TANNIGUCHI IN "WILLIAM TELL"

MISS MARY RANDERSON.

THE OPENING OPERA SEASON.

WHEN the New York musical public deplores the exotic nature of its musical opera season, and sighs for a *Stadt Theater*, and a subsidy from the city fathers that would make the performance anything from the *Prophet to the End of the Road*, a municipal car, it will forget how tired it would get of the same singers in the same roles year by year. The kindly sentiment toward the soprano or tenor of yesterday, which is so characteristic of Germany, Austria, and France, does not much exist here. Long before it is a matter of a week or two or of an astronomical pecuniary, New York opera-goers are eager for a new deal of the court curia. The veterans have small chance to lag superior on our stage. The redoubt and ever-competitive American vocalists arrive with a curious and rather location partially, in familiarity breeding indifference.

Messrs. Abbey, Schaeffer & Co. have wisely introduced a liberal contingent of singers at the New Metropolitan—its season beginning this week—that last year did not find much in their prospects. A study of the quality of several of them will have been discussed and weighed—in as hope with recognition of an advantage to the lagging group of artists to be added in cost after cost of an extraordinarily brilliant season by all said. One star on the stage, as well as in the firmament, is derived from another is glory, and here is a whole galaxy of these really, or to all intents and purposes, new voices to New York.

Mr. Victor Maurel has not given our opera fans far back in 1904 or 1905. Then he was almost a dilettante in his profession, and Nilsson was in full vogue. In the mean time his career has been essentially local and growing. His superb baritone has been the rarest of half the great operatic voices of Europe, and in more than one trait Maurel has on rival. His is the purest of the light of Verdi's *Orfeo*. The role was written for him—and he is a noble *Belcanto*, a superb Don Giovanni, Count Almaviva, and lastly a Fabian of splendid distinction (the last part Verdi also put to paper expressly and affectionately for him), and



MADAME MELBA AS JULIET.

Rodolfo, Raoul de Nangis and Maurice are possible things, sweetly and dramatically; but it is as Shakspeare's Macbeth that he is visible. Will we ever forget that terrible "Sanguine" scene? His playing Mr. Abbey's baritone this season, along with Mr. Maurel, insures some remarkable interpretation of Verdi's great lyric drama. Off stage, too, he looks often gigantic on the stage, and the opportunity afforded to him and prominence of his type is in keeping with such a sublime of the opera-boss. In South America,

always devoted to Italian opera, Mr. Tanniguchi has been especially a furore, and he comes to us there, as he did before.

Miss Zella De Lanza left us a few years ago with already a charmingly fresh soprano voice, and evidence of a good deal of intelligence and vivacity as an actress. Her career at that time already was somewhat of a personality review conception, and she sang the part several times here admirably while a member of a small opera company. As Carmen she has made one of her chief careers abroad, where she has sung by her place in the first-class operatic organizations, especially with the late Carl Rosa's company. It will be interesting to discuss her Carmen with Madame Melba—two both and being a member of Mr. Abbey's company this winter—and there are those who maintain her superiority. Miss De Lanza is undoubtedly an American, in spite of her French name and her return to New York under such auspices in a thorough delight to her. She also includes in her repertoire *Marguerite*, *Hamlet*—that exquisite little *café-concert*—*Abba*, and other stock parts, lyric and dramatic.

Additional to all the above principals in the Messrs. Abbey, Schaeffer, & Co. group for our Opera House in 1904-5 are several absolute new-comers, engaged in one or another degree of expected efficiency: Miss Mrs. Heller, field soprano; Mrs. Lydia Brug, dramatic soprano; Miss Lucille Hull (another American by nationality); Miss Eugenia Muscati, Mrs. Van Chalmers, and the Messrs. Chiville, Neutrell, Messrs. Benetole, Bogal, Martini and Johnson, the eminent Russian bass. All these names are in supplement to a group of former favorites—Madame Melba, James Wood, De Vigne, Northing, Bismarck, Messrs. Edwards and Jean de Harck, Accorsi, Marguerite, Placido, Constantino, et al. That vibrant-winded young baritone, Mr. Cammeri is also one of this season's extra engagements, and a welcome one. The new choral material (Americans) is likely to be of valuable help, and with a corps and such directors as Messrs. Macmillan and Herzog many performances of this winter at the New Metropolitan should excite with brilliancy. The season will include three or four—thirty, nine nights and thence afternoon performances. Much pleasure may they give the town.

E. BENNETT STEVENSON.



VICTOR MAUREL, AN ELEGANT.



MRS. ZELLA DE LANZA AS CARMEN.



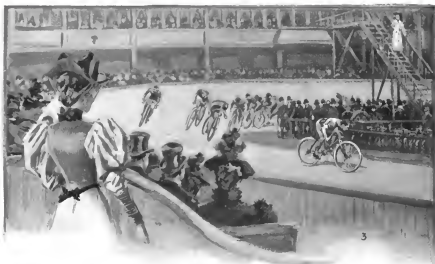
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THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—DRAWN BY T. DE TUCKERMAN—[See Page 116.]
 1. Awaiting their Turn 2. A Start 3. Turning the Corner showing the Angle of Elevation of the Track 4. Acrobatic 5. Announcing the Score 6. A Collision



RUFFED-GROUSE SHOOTING—A CLEAN MISS



AND HIS "EYE WIPED."—DRAWN BY A. B. FRIOT.

MILITARY MANOEUVRES AND COSSACK
DRILL AT FORT RILEY.

Are we so deficient in the art of war as our leading nations of the world? This question has been asked and has been thoroughly discussed, and the power of the modern war ship well known, and the public as to what is going on in the army to keep that branch of the service in line with the progress of the world.

It is well known that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

On a look back over the Kansas River, in central Kansas, at the site of the battle of Fort Riley, the Light Artillery School of the United States Army, and there it is that the arms of the service just mentioned receive that instruction and training, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

The movement of Kansas progress has been in the hands of the War Department, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

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There was great opposition to this plan upon the part of the authorities, but it was carried out, and the result was a great success, and the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

When I arrived at Fort Riley a few weeks ago, Colonel J. M. McKim, who was in command of the post and the school, he has since been promoted to Brigadier-General and placed in command of the Department of the Interior, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

The manoeuvres finally began about October 1st, and continued for the end of the year.

The campaign is laid out with all the care and accuracy that might be used in place of war. For purposes of argument, the force of Federal troops is placed at 10,000 men, and the force of the Kansas River is placed at 10,000 men, and the force of the Kansas River is placed at 10,000 men, and the force of the Kansas River is placed at 10,000 men.

"Blaze" are attracted to take a position at a certain point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

would have had to do with the conditions here and not meet here.

In some of the field work the enemy is notified by flags carried by mounted cavalry at intervals of fifty yards apart, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

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this troop are, with possibly one exception, find that has been determined by competitive trial, the best military formation in the world. They are simply formations that can be done on a horse back, and a great many things that have been done on a horse back, and a great many things that have been done on a horse back, and a great many things that have been done on a horse back.

The horses are almost as well trained as their riders, for they obey the commands of their riders in a thoroughly and promptly manner. They are fully understood the orders, and could understand the Captain's orders. The entire troupe of your horses down, at word of command, without a ride, dismounting, and will be up and off in a flash if they are ordered, wherever and whenever they choose to be.

I introduced the Cossack drill into my troop, called Captain Gargen, about two years ago, and have drilled it during two years. I have a regular routine of drill at the post, and the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

The Cossack drill is not enforced upon the men at all. They are simply drilled, and the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

The drill consisted at Fort Riley last of the men of the United States Cavalry, and is about a mile and a half in length, and the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

The first phase I made of the troop showed the horses being driven right down the road, and the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

Some of the men not formed in the off, in the sight of the large horse, and started in a gallop, riding straight into the line, and the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

I caught two photographs of Private Campbell, having been taken at the same time, and the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.

It was a better drill when I saw the troop perform these manoeuvres than I have seen elsewhere in the world, and the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point, and that the officers of the army are trained and fitted for the service at the Military Academy at West Point.



RIDER STANDING WITH FLINGING
GIRTH



LEAPING FROM GROUND AND LAND-
ING ANTRUCK FACE TO REAR



LEAPING HURDLE AND VAULTING
TO HORSE AT SAME TIME



TURNING HINDERCAUT FROM HORSE



LEAPING OVER HURDLE FROM GROUND



TURNING HINDERCAUT OVER HURDLE



TURNING HINDERCAUT FROM GROUND AND
LANDING ANTRUCK HORSE



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT RILEY—SIGNAL CORPS BALLOON



CAPT. E. A. GARLINGTON—TROOP 7, 7th CAVALRY



COSSACK DRILL—TROOP 7, 7th CAVALRY, LEAPING HURDLE



COSSACK DRILL—A UNUSUAL PATTERN OF CAVALRY HORSES LEAPING HURDLE

THE MILITARY MANOEUVRES AND COSSACK DRILL AT FORT RILEY, KANSAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. J. HARRIS.—(SEE PAGE 1166.)



CORRACK DRILL—TROOP I, 7th CAVALRY, STANDING IN RIDDLES AND TAKING HURDLES.



TROOP D, 7th CAVALRY, IN FENCING DRILL.



TROOP A, 7th CAVALRY—THE ASSAULT.



7th CAVALRY SQUADRON—TROOPS A, B, K, AND L.



GENERAL FORTYTH, STAFF, AND OFFICERS AT FORT RILEY.



TROOP I, 7th CAVALRY—A CHARGE OVER THE HURDLES.



CORRACK DRILL—LEAPING HURDLE STANDING IN RIDDLES.



TROOP I, 7th CAVALRY, CAPTAIN E. A. WASHINGTON.

THE MILITARY MANEUVERS AND CORRACK DRILL AT FORT RILEY, KANSAS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. J. ROOSE.—[See Page 1166.]



HARVARD ROWING PENNSYLVANIANS CENTRE PLAT.



PENNSYLVANIA'S MODERN INTERFERENCE.

needless to say that the presence of men whom all the world knew to be professional allowed to flourish by the grace of the L. A. W. in Class B is a constant menace to good wholesome sporting settlements. There are a positive demoralizing element wherever they go, furnishing as they must, a constant temptation to young men by whom the ethics of amateur sport are but imperfectly understood. It is not at all unexpected that along the racing route of this well-ordered, comfortably housed band of Class B performers there should be promoting circles unvarnished in the purity of the sport, in whom a desire to find some equally indolgent harbor would be created. I am positive that the intention of this

jest of college athletics. Let this be made the opportunity of taking up the question where games shall be held, how much shall be charged for admission, preliminary football seasons, etc. As well as new football rules that those suggested in this department last week we need others touching the more ethical side of the matter.

If we are to enter upon the future of college sport with confidence in its wholesome life and growth, we must have the assurance that at least seven new rules will be put forth to govern inter-collegiate contests.

Yes, College games (individually all, but particularly foot-

ball) disposition to slay is ruled off the football-field once and for always. It would be effective here. Finally, I have to suggest that a committee on affiliation be made a matter of annual election from among the governors of the University Athletic Club, and that this club take its place as the balance-wheel of college sport, which it was originally created to supply. As a rule, the governors have grown beyond that wild increasing enthusiasm which operates as an intoxicant and emboldens the undergraduate mind. I would suggest this committee as a result of high appeal on all disputes over rules, questions of fair game changes, eligibility of any particular player upon whom claims the inter-collegiate contest upon a committee, in other words, that would advise the undergraduate when he stood in need of advice, and would arbitrate his disputes with men of other colleges.

We scarcely needed such a committee last week to advise Yale publicity to set its image of disapproval on various unsportsmanlike play by withdrawing the name of F. A. Hinkley from the team that met Princeton Saturday. By not doing so Yale secured an excellent chance of correcting an error made earlier in the season, when its football captain was chosen, and of giving the public an opportunity to commend its stand for good clean amateur sport, regardless of results. As it is now, the public will assume that victory was too dear to the Yale heart to risk by permitting a player who has received the unqualified censure of all spectators. Not last is given full to the Yale players, for the popular disapproval is very apt to include the clerics, whereas cleaner, more sportsmanlike players than Scott, Mann, Hirsch, Reed, Adair, Thorne, Rutenfrank, and McClen seldom pass on campus jetties.



PENNSYLVANIA CIRCLING END-HARVARD WAITING FOR THE INTERFERER.

Class B by a body alleged to be organized for the furtherance and protection of amateur bicycling, in doing much to sow the seeds of professionalism—disappoint professionalism, which is the worst kind.

SEVERAL ON LATER THE NEW MOVEMENT. It has already become apparent in the two years of its experiment that its means inevitably come upon a race being won on its merits. There have been several failures in the past season where auspicious attached to the desires of a race, and we shall have left to wait until the men become a little more during their interdependence for the open market that follows contacts between men struggling for the slightest edge.

It is absolutely impossible to have pure sport that is conducted in the environment of flagging effort. So long as the L. A. W. protects such men by its Class B license there can be no hope of purification. Their recognition as amateurs, even though it be in Class B, is just as much of their stock in trade. It is one of the most important considerations in their value to the manufacturers, and they are not likely to relinquish it for open professionalism so long as it is possible to hold it by any way or another. Unless I see such mistakes, the manufacturers themselves would welcome defection from the damaged amateur, for under existing conditions this Class B race has grown somewhat of an obstacle, and the popularity of the wheel has become too broad for its sale to be influenced in one direction or the other by a class of hiring performers. The average Class B rider clings to that class because, as matters are now, he can make more money racing in an amateur than in a professional. If the L. A. W.

ball to be played on college grounds only. 3d. No preliminary training season in any sport. 4th. Admission to games not to exceed fifty cents, nor returned more than dollar and fifty cents. 5th. Inter-collegiate. The ball declared dead if a distant passer is tackled and held. 6th. The English rule on the attempt at free catch by a kick-vile, opposing players may not go nearer him than five yards on the attempt. 7th. Two winners instead of one, authorized to disqualify instantly on their exhibition of unsportsmanlike conduct. 8th. The permanent disqualification for the season of a player who has shown viciousness in his work. This is done in England, where a man saving a



HARVARD ROWING PENNSYLVANIAN—WHEN JOY FAIRING BALL.

Now THAT THE FOOTBALL season is in an end, let us have three disquieting matters alluded at once. Let the student do their duty, not only to their own merits, but to their own and to young America generally. The net symptoms until parental or faculty interference render a game that is in unbalanced form one of the best trailers of mind and body in the entire category of sports. Once again, and for the third time, this department calls upon the men who stand as sponsors for football at their respective universities to rally for a commonsense talk on the situation, and to place the game beyond the criticism of the prejudiced. There is much to do, and it can be attained only by concerted action. If there are any marginal interests lying around the goal of the game and the needs of amateur sport demand that they be buried with appropriate obsequies. American spectators will display any reputation of the past season with its failure of decisive action. Decisively impacts at right doing and depression always will no longer satisfy the demand for a thorough purging. It is certainly true that if these demands do not act in the matter, college football and person will, and perform to the partial expression of the game at least. Therefore let the following gentlemen come together without delay, and do what we know they can for football and college amateur sport: Professor Adams, Dr. W. A. Brooks, Robert Barnes, for Harvard; George Adair, Professor Richards, Walter Camp, for Yale; C. C. Coyle, Tracy Harris, Henry Alexander, for Princeton; John C. Ball, Dr. White, and H. E. Gwynn, for Pennsylvania. My suggestion is further—Charles F. Macomber, of Dartmouth, as chairman of the meeting.



ARRANGEMENT OF PLATES ON KICK-OFF.

needed its protection he would join the ranks in which he properly belongs. Since that is the present situation, why will not the L. A. W. make a strike for its liberty and for the best interests of amateur sport, by doing away with Class B, and giving its undivided attention to the equipment of bona fide amateurs and pure college racing.

There is always always a medium of good coaching out of what is otherwise thoroughly bad. Even the deplorable exhibition given at Springfield of the vicious side of football may be so regarded. That game has finally aroused the alarm of the indifference with which they had viewed the rapidly increasing tendency to unsportsmanlike football—conceded them purely to "thinking it over," but up to date has carried them no further. "Thinking it over" and making some will by no means remove the purposeless thing. There has been enough unproductive "thinking" in the past. What we need now is prompt, decisive action not only on the elimination of unsportsmanlike methods from football, but on the entire sub-



WILLIAM'S LONG PASS TO OSBORNE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE HOLY FAMILY.—DRAWN BY F. LITO MORA.



"DON'T MAKE LOVE ME IN THE EYE"

He appeared deeply concerned at the confusion. I had hoped, indeed, that he might be sufficiently concerned to take his departure, that I might make one more effort to write the promised story. His smile, however, showed itself in another way. Instead of leaving me, he ventured the hope that he might aid me.

"Oh, the usual ghastly tale," I said, "with a dash of the Christmas flavor thrown in here and there to make it suitable to the season."

It was a direct and perhaps an important question; but I thought it best to answer it, and to answer it as well without giving him any clue as to the real facts. I could not very well take an entire stranger into my confidence, and describe to him the extraordinary encounter I was having with an unseen other self. He would not have believed the truth, hence I told him an untruth, and assented to his conclusion.

"Yes," I replied, "the vein is worked out. I have written ghost stories for years now, serious and comic, and I am to-day at the end of my tether—compelled to move forward and yet held back."

"That accounts for it," he said, simply. "When I first saw you to-night at the door I could not believe that the author who had provided me with so many serious and comic stories was the same man, and I was disappointed."

"Do you see, Mr. Thorow, for my lack of consideration when I told you that you did not appear as I had expected to find you."

"It may be," he said, with a show of hesitation—"it may be that I have come not altogether inopportunistically. Perhaps I can help you."

I smiled again. "I should be most grateful if you could," I said.

"But do you think my ability to do so will put in his place?"

"—well, yes—of course you do; and why shouldn't you?"

Nevertheless, I have noticed this. As time when I have been asked to write a letter or a brief for another, from one who knew nothing of my work, has expired me to a solution of my problem. I have read most of your writings, and I have thought over some of them many a time, and I have even had ideas for stories, which, in my own conceit, I have imagined to my good enough for you, and I have worried that I possessed your facility with the pen that I might make a contribution in my turn, and you would make of them such or such a use, and I have been full of your work.

[illegible]

"Mr. Thorlow, I don't want to offend you. On the contrary, it is my dearest wish to assist you. You have helped me, as I have aided you. Why may I not help you?"

"I assure you, dear," I began, when he interrupted me. "One moment, please," he said, pulling his hand into the inside pocket of his black coat and extracting from an envelope addressed to him. "Let me finish. It is the wish of one who has an affection for you. For two years I have secretly been at work on a story. It is a short one, but it has seemed good to me. I had a feasible object in seeking you out to night. I wanted not only to see you, but to read my story to you. No one knows that I have written it. I had intended it as a surprise to my—my friends. I had hoped to have it published somewhere, and I had come here to seek your advice in the matter. It is

And then I read the story. When I began it was with half-smile upon my lips, and with a feeling that I was wasting my time. The smile soon faded, however; after reading the first paragraph there was no question of wasted time. The story was a masterpiece. It is needless to say to me that I am not a word of enthusiasm. It is difficult to

[illegible]

...nances under which it had come into my possession, when I sent you up out of the floor of my side, this time I shall respect them before, more considering in its interest. With great I struck back into the confusion of my chair, and by meeting our hands over the doorway to address forever the offending sight; but it was useless. The uneasy thing appeared to me, and so truly as I write out upon the edge of my comfort, where for the first time it ad-

"Folks!" it said, "how many positions have you made a contract with? You must be filled; you are already contracted and in a hopeless position. Even granting that between them and me—there is no question over you could put together the necessary number of needs to be in the space allotted to you. But that kind of a thing is not what that story would make!"

"I would be a person of this kind that other people effect at August. The public, if by some means, could know I have resolved them, and I think your mind was utterly gone; your reputation would go with that respect. On the other hand, if you do not have the story made by so many years, your head on the floor will be destroyed. They have their own reasons for being, and your own will certainly appear among those of the premises, contractors. Do you suppose the builders and publishers will be willing to accept your lecture?"

"Which is precisely the reason why they will be served with us! You, who have been regarded as one of the few men who can do almost any kind of

The tempter rose up and walked to the other end of the room, whence, while he pretended to be looking over a fan of my books and pictures, I was aware he was eyeing me closely, and gradually compelling me by sheer force of will to do a thing which I abhorred. And I— I struggled weakly against the temptation, but gradually, little by little, I yielded.

"As well as a fool," said the other, calmly. "You don't

"Good Lord!" I cried. "What under heaven have you been trying to make me do for the last half hour?"

"Act like a sane being," said the demon. "If you send that manuscript to Carrier he'll know in a minute it isn't yours. He knows you haven't an atomistic, and the handwriting isn't yours. Copy it."

"True," I answered. "I haven't much of a mind for details to night. I will do as you say."

I did so. I got out my pen and paper and ink, and for three hours diligently applied myself to the task of copying the story. When it was finished I went over it carefully, made a few minor corrections, signed it, put it in an envelope addressed to me, stamped it, and placed it in the mail box.

"THE DESIGN VANISHED."

home. When I had returned to my literary my visitor was still there.

"Well," he said, "I wish you'd hurry and complete this affair. I am tired, and wish to go."

"You can't go too soon to please me," said I, gathering up the original manuscripts of the story and preparing to put them away in my desk.

"Probably not," he agreed.

"I'll be glad to go too, but I can't go until that manuscript is destroyed. As long as it exists there is evidence of your having appropriated the work of another. Why don't you see that? Burn it!"

"I can't see my way clear in crime," I retorted.

"It is not in my line."

Nevertheless, rolling the fabric of the sheets I thrust the paper one by one into the blazing log fire, and watched those sheets flared and flamed and grew to ashes. As the last page disappeared in the flames the flames burned, and I was alone, and shivering myself down for a moment's repose upon my couch, was now left in sleep.

It was some when I awoke, opened my eyes, and ten minutes after I awakened your irremediable situation, as I reached me.

"Come down at once," was what you said, and I went; and then came this terrible discovery, and yet a discovery which was pleasing to me since it relieved my conscience. You handed me the envelope containing the story.

"Did you read that?" was your question.

"I did—last night, or rather this morning. I mailed it about three o'clock," I replied.

"I should not have explained your conduct," and you.

"Of what?" I asked.

"Look at your scolded story and see. If this is proof that you stole it, it is a damned poor one."

I opened the envelope and took from it the sheets I had sent you—twenty-four of them.

They were every one of them as black as when they left the paper mill.

You know the rest. You know that I tried to speak, that my sentence failed me, and that, finding myself unable to do the clear and correct my conscience, I rushed and rushed from the office, leaving the mystery unexplained. You know that you wrote a scolding a satisfactory explanation of the situation of my resignation from your side.

This, Carrier, is my explanation. It is all I have. It is the whole truth. I beg you to believe it, for if you do not, there is any condition a hopeless one. You will ask me perhaps for a review of the story which I thought I had sent you.

It is my crowning misfortune that upon that point my mind is so absolute black. I cannot remember it in form or in substance. I have reached my lesson for some resolution of some small portion of it to help to make my explanation more convincing, but, alas! it will not come back to me. If I were dishonest I might make up a story to suit the purpose, but I am not dishonest. I cannot now to drag an unwelcome one. I did do so unwelcome thing, but by some mysterious provision of fate my conscience is cleared of that.

Be sympathetic, Carrier, or, if you cannot be lenient with me this time. Believe, believe, believe, I implore you. Pay me back from you at once.

(Signed) BENNY TOWLE.

II.

(Blog a Note from George Corbitt, Editor of the "Abe," to Mary Thacker, Author.)

Your explanation has come to hand. As an explanation it isn't worth the paper it is written on, but we are all agreed here that it is probably the best bit of fiction you ever wrote. It is accepted for the Christmas issue. Enclosed please find check for our hundred dollars.

Then our suggestion that you take another month up in the Adirondacks. You might put in that time writing up some account of that dream life you are leading while you are there. It seems to me there are possibilities in the idea. The concern will pay all expenses. What do you say?

(Signed) YOURS EVER, G. C.

"LOOK AT YOUR SO-CALLED STORY AND SEE."

THE THREE CHRISTMASSES.

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. HAYDE.

I.—CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

IT was in Paris, it was Christmas. Rich men at St. Roche, which met ancient dress and new of gold, and pomp to blind your eyes. Dupont and her mother were sitting in the royal box and saw all the glory of it. Every time Dupont's hand down the escalier-belle, at the apocryphal bodily place of the over-escapade. When she glanced to her right, down the aisle, she saw the lady church filled by overwriting with humanity. If she turned to the left, the sea of upturned faces and kneeling forms was made of the faces and forms of the clergy and their assistants. The royal box—which was once in reality a box for royalty—was a wonderful vantage-ground from which to watch the superb Christmas festival. It was thanks to this dear old Abbe M—, the wisest and simplest of men, that Dupont and her mother were so well placed.

The Abbe M— was the best bit of Parisian wit out of the Hotel de Clugny, and his plays for hours with a parrot or a kitten. His hand contains all the Latin of all the schools, his heart is full of love to food and man. He turns from his contemplation of St. Augustine or his abbe's heart to smile at the sweetest glance of the street. In short, he is a typical thing, the writers tell us, but, happily, still exists in child-like Latin more.

The priests all live, twelve of them, in his own apartment, at the parish house of St. Roche. To me the dear old abbe walk from the parish house, where he helps, to Madame C—, where he dies, in a delicate position. He has always a book in his hand as he passes the open house, he is quite unconscious of the royal about him, the wailing, the piper, he might be walking along the Via Appia. If it is very, very much he lifts his white forehead from his habit, and starts at intervals as he walks he strokes his chest, a habit he has, quite often to speak of, but that expresses what, and that you think of when you think of him. He is no duke (like his brother priest, the short fat, white wealth Abbe D—). Abbe D— is very fat, he wears a black silk sweater with red and black gloves, and a fresh black velvet dress. The Abbe M— never. His clothes are rusty, his hands bare, but his smile and his words are fresh and interesting.

He had come the day before Christmas, all brimming with pleasure, to offer the royal box to Dupont's mother—the distinguished American, he called her. And on Christmas morning the two were embraced by his own kind hand in the gilt ghild cage for high mass. The door was locked upon them the clock in the presence and the bell interrupted pious order, but Dupont saw nothing of all that. She did not notice either that the door was unlocked again a few minutes later, and that a man entered. He was a young man, a handsome man, with the air of the youthful St. or of Lucifer, son of the Morning, before he became Apollon. Perhaps Dupont felt his presence. For just then she arose to go on a new journey to her. Up the entire aisle came the sweet and white-robed boys bearing on their shoulders the glory of bread to be blessed. Behind them the distinguished men of the parish in full dress, which the French wear for all functions of day as well as of night. As part of the great recent these children did not exist, but as each one had the knee and bowed the church led to him by a priest, gorgeous in gold beaded vestments, the girl felt a thrill,

Capitula in the Church all his graced of wealth and worldliness. She felt in her help poor all this force of manner and money and mind. The music was filling every corner of the church, floating through the incense down to the porch toward the model of the statue, whose bones Little Dupont remembered how the great mass had loved solemn and solemn sounds, she wondered if he were listening now.

When she looked again, she felt in her mind a new world, while her innocent surges were passing the post ahead. It was in the royal box that they first proceeded, Dupont was the nearest, and through the gilted aisle before her two little bright heads the blessed bread toward the girl. Now Dupont was young, a foreigner, Protestant, she had said, if this were in the attitude of a sacrament, and she dared to partake of it, not being of the elect. Quietly another hand passed hers, took the bread, divided it with her, and Dupont fell on her little Protestant knees by the side of a stranger—a stranger who had broken and given her to eat of blessed Christmas food. Her heart leapt high as the music rang in her ears. She gazed at her father, Protestant prayer, voluntarily upon her knees, for himself and for the stranger at her side, whose face she had never seen. Then she rose from her knees; she saw his gaze was fixed steadily but quite calmly that this was to be the man in the white world to her. His mother's eyes were the color of his hair, his smile was like sunshine and shade. As Dupont looked at him she seemed to see, not so much the man as the setting around him. Other afterward, when he came upon her world, she had a swift vision of that now as now.

She saw again the great church of St. Roche, rich with incense and music and perfume. In the distance the Abbe M—, the young man, his angelic smile, he seemed to come from the home abbe who played with the boys and was so kind to him in his parish office. Away across the church she saw the faded parchment, the altar, the church's opposite, the bright pipes of the organ, the flowers and strips of the cushions, and all the things quite differently she saw that. Sister, the sisters in their stiles,

but more clearly, and in the clear foreground, gilded hair that shimmered in her vision, and a child's hand white like the post he took toward her—a blur of scarlet and white this child, for in the vision the waver objects were least distinct, and



"QUIETLY ANOTHER HAND PASSED HER."



"TWO'S COMPANY" DRAWN BY C. S. BISHART.



Note.—This outline of a romance is offered as a Christmas present to the reader, who may, if he or she chooses, fill in the novel to suit the taste.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

*** The poor widow of neither still clinging to her boy, and now the tears were streaming down her face. The moment of parting had come, but how could she let him go—her own life! Was it not enough that her husband should have given his life to his country in Tripoli, so far from her? She almost had again and again, the tears on her face wetting his cheeks. Jack could hardly help crying, but he was conscious of his new midshipman's uniform, and he manfully kept back his tears. Colonel Morris stood with his back turned to the mother and the son, looking out of the

roomed to Jack's eyes to stretch away strangely wide and fast.

*** The old gentleman with the white wig was very much amazed. "He took a pinch of snuff with leisure and grace. 'Thank you, my young gentleman,' said he; 'but I'm not hungry, and for the matter of that, there's no more than enough gingerbread for yourself.'"

"I'm sure there's more than enough, sir," said Jack, but he was very hungry, and rather glad that the old gentleman did not help himself to the gingerbread and the apples he had offered. ***

"And so your father was a sailor too?" said the old gentleman.

"Ay, sir," said Jack. "His name was John Hill, and he was a post captain."

"What?" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Was he the Captain Hill who blew up the Tripolitan battery?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack proudly. "He was my father."

"Then you are the son of a brave and noble gentleman," said the old gentleman. ***

CHAPTER IV.

*** The level stretch of the frigate's deck in the wide light, the tall span, the mass of rigging spread out against the sky, the long range of guns, the masts clustered to the foremast, and over all the pale, lustrous bosom of evening, with the emerald moon in the yellow west—all this the little boy saw in a single glance, as he stood looking about him. How wonderful it all was! How strange! How new! His heart swelled within him. Maybe he himself would be captain of a man-of-war some day. ***

"And so," said the Commodore, smiling, "you are Jack Hill's son, are you?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"And what is your name, young gentleman?" asked the Commodore.

"My name is Jack Hill too," answered Jack.

"The same name," said the Commodore. "Well, Mr. Hill, your father and I were famous friends. Maybe he himself would have been a commodore now if he had not blown himself up with that cursed Tripolitan battery."

CHAPTER V.

*** Jack found himself fairly crying with rage as he stood upon the Chesapeake's shattered and blood-stained deck, as he saw the triumphant crew of the *Leopold's* boat pull back across that narrow stretch of water in the English manner, carrying away from the frigate the four impressed seamen. ***

CHAPTER VI.

*** It seemed strange to Jack to be at home again, and yet everything was so different. He remembered the old days, and just by it seemed almost as though he had never been away—excepting for his new midshipman's uniform, which all the boys, and especially Ned Morris, admired so vastly. ***

CHAPTER VII.

*** And so Colonel Morris continued to stand at the coming session for Representatives for Congress.

*** Black Ben climbed up the tall flag pole and lowered the tattered ensigns, and when at last the flag with its stars and stripes burst into the warm sunlight, and when all the committee cheered, Ned Morris felt that his father was indeed a candidate for Representative. He wished that Jack had only had more of chance long enough to share his glory. ***

CHAPTER VIII.

*** The political campaign of that year was one of the most stirring that had ever taken place in that part of the State. Colonel Morris was a very popular candidate, but so was Mr. Whitaker. ***

*** The Colonel's appearance at the door of the parlor was the signal for rejoicing. The young girls, dressed in white, and with wreaths on their heads, who still so unaccountably parked in the bow-lower-green of the decorated farm wagon, also cheered shrilly, and the one with the dark hair and eyes waved the flag as vigorously back and forth that the horses reared and plunged until she had to cease her patriotic demonstration.

Colonel Morris bowed again, and again and again, and again the people cheered. ***

*** Election day broke bright and warm. ***

*** It was nearly a week before the returns were all in from the remote polling places, but long before the last was received it was known that Colonel Morris had been elected to Congress by one of the heaviest majorities of the day. ***

*** "Then, my dear," said Mrs. Morris. "If you are pleased, why, so am I."

"I wish you joy, father," said Ned.

"And so do I, papa," said Evelyn. ***

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

And so again Jack was home on leave of absence.

Jack's mother stood with her hand on his shoulder. And so this old young man of twenty was really her son! She had not realized it till then that four more years had passed.

CHAPTER XI.

*** The last time Jack had been at Hollbrook—that notable time when he had not down upon the newly painted garden bench and had spoiled the white duck trousers of the friend now midshipman's uniform with the green paint—Evelyn Morris had been a thin, somewhat overgrown little girl.



widow into the street. "Come, come, Jack," he said at last, looking in upon the painful scene. "You must say good-bye to your mother now, or else you will miss the stage."

*** The little boy stretched along the warm sunlit street beside the tall figure of Colonel Morris. Until now, Jack had not realized the real bitterness of parting. He looked down at the handkerchief bundle that he carried in his hand, helped out with the two apples that his mother had packed up along with the gingerbread for his lunch. How could he be sure to leave that dear, dear mother? His eyes were hot and his throat dry with suppressed tears. He scarcely heard the instructions that Colonel Morris was giving him, how he was to leave the stage and take the new Fulton steam paddle boat at New Brunswick—what he was to do when he came to New York—how he was to find Mr. Baker, and give the letter of introduction to him. Jack listened as he stretched along, but the words seemed empty and without meaning to his ears. ***

*** The porters were just unloading Jack's chest into the boat of the New York stage—the famous "sky-rock"—***

*** Colonel Morris took up to where Jack sat, patted his cheek, and took the boy's little rough hand into his own soft grasp. "Good-bye, Jack," said he. "Be a man! Be a brave gentleman, like your father, and we'll all be proud of you, and the whole country to boot."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack, with a gulp. "I'll try."

CHAPTER XII.

*** Perched high on top of the stage in the warm sun, as the "sky-rock" whirled along the highway in a cloud of dust, the broad view of meadow-land and fields



Evelyn poured. "Next winter?" said she. "I dare say yes." She was silent for a moment or two, and then she said, "Here are all the girls talking about Mr. Everard, and I must sit at home working like a child in a sampler."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Edward. "Mr. Everard, indeed? So that is where it pinches?" * * * *

CHAPTER 11

"The Mrs. Roberts and Anne and Eliza in their chariot, and I do believe it is Mr. Everard, who is coming to call with them—a great, tall, handsome gentleman!" * * * *

*** Evelyn sat very demurely listening to the two young girls, and rather satirically observant of their airs and graces. It seemed to her that everything with them was superlative: "La! moi-même," was the dearest, sweetest serenade that I ever listened to," or, "Oh, hi! yo—was the most heavenly delicious tea that ever I drunk, and fetched all the way from Canton China by the Captain himself."

Mr. Everett said almost nothing, but it seemed to Evelyn when she again looked up and caught his eyes that there was just the slightest shadow of a smile of amusement hovering around the corners of his mouth. * * *

* * * Suddenly Mr. Everard turned and spoke directly to her. "I did not see you at Mrs. Hanson's battle-drum, did he."

"Why, no," said Evdya, almost with a start—then she blushed. "Mama," she continued, constrainedly, "does not choose for me to go out into company until next win-

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Everard; "how unfortunate that the world of fashion should be deprived of so much pleasure as your presence in society would afford it!"

Evelyn wondered whether he was laughing at her. She looked up at him shyly, but his eyes were still fixed steadily upon her and his face was quite serious. "Maybe," she thought, "that is the way men of fashion talk."

Just at that moment Edward came into the room, and

—his elastic shorts, his white neckerchiefs, his two silk nightgowns, his various other belongings—scattered about on the muddy road side.

"You damned villain!" he cried. "you shall pay dearly for this or my name's not Edward Morris!"

*** Tim Duncan had replaced his spectacles and the black necktie. He lifted his hat with an air, "And now"

black patch. He lifted his hat with an air. "And now, sir," he said, "I wish you a very good day." * * *

boiling anger. He swore vengeance for a foul, at Tim Dancer for a rogue; at the Congress of the United States for being instrumental in his humiliation; at Black Bob for not gathering together the scattered contents of the saddle-bags. * * * *

CHAPTER XXIV

CHAPTER XVIII

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

* * * All the police were talking about when a glib but cavalier he went down handover, when an air but he had a great deal to say about his marriage. He says he played the flute, he danced violin. His very name—hooker Everard—sounded like a name out of a romance. He told the world but little about himself. It was generally known among his acquaintances that he was the younger son of a distinguished English family, and that he had an uncle living in New York but still a certain air of mystery brooded about him. Just enough to enhance his interest in the eyes of the public.

Edward Morris made his acquaintance at the hotel of the Post Office Club at Berlin. He came back home enchanted with him and his fascinating manners. There was no one in the field male as he did, and the song he sang in the park after the hunting supper and the stories he told of English life provoked Edward and roars of laughter and applause. The young man had given him a pressing invitation to visit 16 Denmark. Mr. Edward had been very affable and pleasant with him, and though he had declined to accept the invitation he had been assured Ned almost as much as a new friend would have done.

Of course Evelyn was vastly interested in all that Edward said about the fascinating stranger. "I don't see why you will not let me go out into company, mamma," said she.

Eliza Roberts and Jane Kinsley are not a year older than I, and yet they are both out in company so long ago as last winter.

"And so shall you go out into company next winter," said Mrs. Morris.



the two gentlemen shook hands very heartily with one another. * * * *

CHAPTER IX.

*** Jack thought he had never seen a more beautiful sight than that English frigate, slowly rising and falling upon the tremendously rolling waters of the stormy Atlantic sea. In the drifting of the masses of cloud and patches of blue sky a misty shaft of sunlight fell athwart her decks, twinkling and flashing upon the brass-work and the polished gun barrels of the waiting marines. It did not seem possible that death and destruction could be lurking within those silent wooden walls.

Suddenly there was a belching cloud of smoke, and instantly another and another; a second or two and the thundering thunder of the explosions beat upon the air, and the sound shot from a half-dozen guns came tearing and scattering across the water.

CHAPTER XXII

* * * Jack lay back in his berth still weak from the pain through which he had passed. His shattered arm felt dull heavy; it was stiff and unworkable with the clumsy mass of joints with which it was encased.

The long hull that had followed the tremendous vibrations and convulsions of the catamaran seemed strangely dead and heavy—a silence only accented by the ceaseless creaking and straining of the ship's timbers and the pat of bare feet on deck and along across the deck above.

Jack could hear the creaking of block and tackle and the shouting of orders, and presently, by the sharp pitching of the vessel, he knew that the frigate had come about.

Again there was the sound of cheering, and then a multi-coloured pm of running feet, and, above all, the sharp piping to quarters. Jack raised himself upon his elbow in his berth. A keen, poisonous pain shot through his wounded arm and shoulder, and his head awoke dizzily. Nevertheless, he half sat up, half climbed out of his berth, and then stood for a few moments balancing himself to the rolling of the ship. Then, with unsteady steps and in his stocking

The first thing he saw was that the two dead men whom he had last seen lying on the foot of the mainmast had been carried below. But everywhere else around him were the signs of the battle through which the frigate had passed.



IN OLD YIMOSTIA.—THE CHRISTMAS PRESENCE AN HAYE FOR NIBBY.—DRAWN BY GEORGE GALT.





THE HOUSE OF BEAUMONT IN THE CHRISTIAN QUARTER



TOMB OF SALAH IN DAMASCUS



VIEW OF DAMASCUS FROM THE GARDENS MINARET OF THE GREAT MOSQUE



A STORY-TELLER IN A DAMASCUS GARDEN



THE CAMEL LITTER WITH THE EMBROIDERED CLOTHS FOR MENA



THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM DAMASCUS FOR MENA—THE FRANKISH GATE OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE CITY

DAMASCUS AND THE SYRIAN PILGRIMAGE.—[See Page 1212.]



AN INFANTRY REGIMENT MARCHING IN THE FIELD



A DETACHMENT OF JAPANESE INFANTRY.



REVIEW BEFORE A REVIEW IN A BARRACKS YARD.

GLIMPSES OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER.—[See "Has China a Future Chance?" Page 1016.]



"HELP US TO LOSE THEM UP."

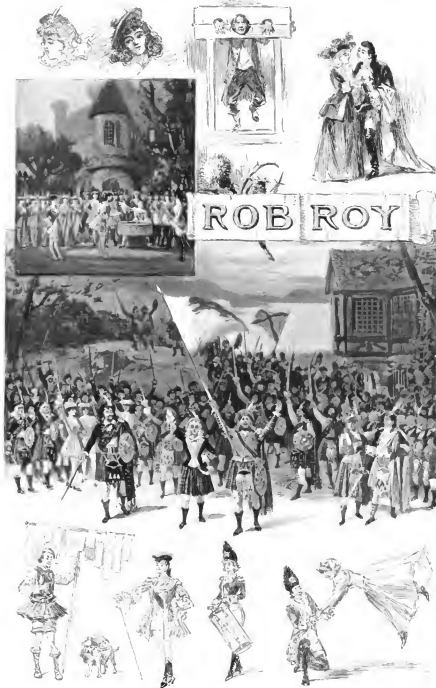
MR. BALLINGTON BOOTH ADDRESSING A LADIES' MEETING.—DRAWN BY CLIFFORD CHAPMAN.



"GOD BLESS YOU!"

A SALVATION ARMY LANE AT WORK IN THE SLUMS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES H. BOSTON.

CONTRASTING METHODS OF SALVATION ARMY WARFARE.—[See Page 1216.]



SCENES FROM DE KOVEN AND SMITH'S NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE.

DESIGNED BY T. DE THULEY.—[SEE PAGE 1214.]



THE NEW CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

the proportion of executive business submitted to the President's personal consideration in very small, still, is enough to keep Mr. Cleveland in his office frequently until midnight.

There is a rule at the White House that all applications for pardons shall pass through the Department of Justice before they come to the President. So, whether the applicant submits his plan orally or in writing, it is referred to the Pardons Clerk in the Executive building on the opposite side of Pennsylvania Avenue. If the applicant calls at the White House in person, he seldom goes beyond the outer door. When he attires his business to the outer, he is referred to the Department of Justice. Even if he succeeds in passing the dispatch, the clerk's words will tell him that there is only one thing to do—file his plan in writing with the Pardons Clerk. If the applicant comes in writing, it does not get beyond the clerk who opens the President's mail. He refers it to the Department of Justice immediately, and a letter is sent to the applicant saying that this reference has been made. Three letters are printed, with blanks left for the date, the address, and the signature of the President's secretary.

Usually a work paper that does not bring to either the President or Mrs. Cleveland a golden plan for mercy, neither the President nor Mrs. Cleveland ever sees them. There is no chance of getting around the iron-clad rule in this way. There is not one chance in a thousand of getting around it in any way. Even a Senator or a member of the House who came to the White House with an application for pardon would be referred by the Pardons Clerk to the Pardons Clerk.

This Pardons Clerk of the Department of Justice also has a rule. It is almost as strict as the White House rule. No petition for pardon is sent to the Attorney-General unless it has the endorsement of the district attorney who presented or the judge who tried the case. Political influence may not take the rule safe, but it seldom does. This simplifies the Pardons Clerk's work very greatly. About thirty per cent of the applications for pardon come within the rule. Seventy per cent, then, are forwarded out by the Pardons Clerk after a casual inspection. The remaining thirty per cent have a careful examination. It is the Pardons Clerk's duty to master the contents of all the papers in these three classes, and to make a careful synopsis of them for the Attorney-General. Neither the Attorney-General nor the President would have the time to study the papers in all cases in detail. The bulkiness, arguments, and perhaps filed in the case of E. H. Harper, the Cincinnati bank president, reached twelve volumes. This case was extraordinary, but the papers filed in the simplest cases are usually enough to fill a large volume.

If the papers which are filed with the Pardons Clerk have not been through the hands of the district attorney who presented the case they are usually referred to him for examination. When they come back to the Department of Justice they are referred and submitted to the Attorney-General. When the Attorney-General reaches them in the course of business, he sends them to the President with a recommendation. The President's private secretary, takes them and lays them before the President when an other business engrosses his attention. The President then sends the Attorney-General's report and the accompanying briefs. If he cannot form a satisfactory judgment from them he sends for the Attorney-General, and together they go over the papers and discuss the case.

The President listens to personal appeals

in only one class of cases—those involving the death penalty. It is all others he passes judgment from the plans submitted in writing. In cases of capital punishment he usually forces his judgment from the papers on file before he reviews the friends of the condemned man. The latter is accorded to them from purely sentimental considerations. The President wishes them to feel that no opportunity has been denied to them, and to give them the assurance that he has truly made a personal investigation of the case.

About 300 applications for pardon come to the Department of Justice every year. The greater number of these is from the District of Columbia, and the cases are not important. There are more applications for pardons than for commutations. A pardon carries with it the restoration of citizenship. The President is sometimes petitioned to pardon a criminal one or two days before his will see expires. About 400 cases go to the President every year, and at least one-fourth of these are rejected. In the remaining cases the President grants either commutation or pardon. Twenty per cent of applications for clemency granted is a large proportion probably than the Governor of any of the States can claim. The President is disposed to be merciful. Yet the rejection of perhaps one-third of all the petitions that are made in a more diagnostic task to President Harrison often adds than any other they work fails to the President's lot.

GEORGE GRANVILLE BATES.

THE NEW CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG.

For many years the subject of a new Capitol building for Pennsylvania has been mooted at each session of the State Legislature. The old buildings are much larger in every respect, they are so much in historic and conventional that the Legislature would not allow them to be destroyed.

Ten years ago it was finally determined to leave the old Capitol buildings intact, but to erect a new edifice beside them in the center of the spacious Capitol Park. That building has just been completed, near two months before the stipulated time. It cost \$3,000,000.

The new Capitol is a magnificent piece of work both from an architect's and an artistic point of view. It is built in the most style of the Italian Renaissance. It is perfectly proportioned in every detail, and embodies in white stone the highest forms of creative art and mechanical skill.

Apparently an edifice, it possesses a combination of two distinct buildings, on the one a State Library, with a capacity for 300,000 volumes, is entirely separate from the executive department, the only mode means of communication being through a private door. The executive building has a front of 120 feet, and a depth of 160. It is entered from a semi-circular portico, supported by Ionic columns. The walls of the interior vestibule are lined with polished Mexican marble, which contrast well with the elaborately carved pilasters of cast stone that support a half-galaxy ceiling, beautifully modeled and paneled in above. The vestibule opens through an arched doorway into a long hall 45 feet high. Half way up is a gallery raising the entire length of the hall. The gallery is supported by carved columns and arches. The architecture and frieze are elaborately carved. They are heads of the Indian, the African, the Oriental, of

France and Italy, of Peru, Sicily, Franklin, Milton, and Wayne, and life-sized statues with extended wings. The walls of the hall are lined with light. Scamilton comes out in a line of pink Georgian marble. Each wall is broken into panels by pilasters and bands of richly carved Gesso. All of the doorways in the building are arched and carved.

In the executive building we find the offices of the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of the Commonwealth, Attorney-General, Auditor-General, and State Treasurer.

The Library is 142 feet long, 55 wide, and 30 high. Around the four walls at a height of 15 feet, runs a gallery. Around the four walls are lined with light. Scamilton comes out in a line of pink Georgian marble. Each wall is broken into panels by pilasters and bands of richly carved Gesso. All of the doorways in the building are arched and carved.

MARSH L'ESTRANGE JONES.



THE MAIN HALL OF THE NEW CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG.



AN ARCHITECT AT THE GATES OF THE BEAUX-ARTS—DRAWN BY GUY ROUX—[See Page 108.]

1. Main Entrance on the Quai 2. Holding the "L'Étoile des Aspirants aux Examens" 3. Presentation of the "Nouveaux" 4. Working with a Candle in one Hand, a Paint Brush in the other.



THE PROPOSED COTTAGE DORMITORIES FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

COTTAGE DORMITORIES FOR STUDENTS.

The University of Pennsylvania is one of the few big colleges in the country that has no dormitories for its own students. But now it proposes to supply this defect. Its own agreement reports in April is all over and the building of living quarters for the students and it will start early in May with the expenditure of \$250,000, and put up buildings which will accommodate 5,000 men.

The plan which has been adopted for these dormitories is one entirely new in this country. It is like that of the old dormitories of the English universities. It will regulate the use of more ground than is given to the living quarters at Yale, Harvard, or Princeton, but it will also result in quarters which provide in much more pleasant and healthful than those of the last mentioned institutions.

The idea is to have a large number of small buildings in stead of several very big ones. These cottages will be built in continuous blocks on ground adjoining the present red brick buildings, and will be given access to the streets in all departments of the institution. They will, of course, all be under the management of the University of Pennsylvania authorities, and will be rented from them.

About sixteen cottages will be erected to start with. They will be located on the southeast side of the present main collection of college buildings on ground which belongs to the college, but which is unoccupied by buildings. They will be constructed of stone, in the late Tudor style of architecture, and will be three stories high. They will have a small porch, and will have gardens about them. In effect they will resemble suburban residences.

Each cottage will accommodate fifteen or more students. The first floor will be devoted almost entirely to the ground, a cellar being underneath. Five rooms—four bedrooms and a bath-room—will open on one side into the central hallway; on the other side will be two bedrooms, one belonging jointly to the occupants of the two bedrooms immediately opposite it. The bedrooms will be eight by twelve feet each, and the smaller thirteen by fourteen feet. Open fireplaces, electric lights, and steam heat will be in each bedroom. Broad window seats and a glassed-in porch back of the bedrooms will be features of the studios. The bath-rooms are to be fitted with all conveniences, and well lighted. Two of the three floors are to be arranged in this way. The top floor will be given over to sleep quarters for the use of students wishing less expensive quarters. Glassed porches will lead to the different cottages, and the approaches to them will be laid out with ornamental stone arches and landscape lawns.

The plans when fully carried out, will cover a space of some twenty odd acres of ground with buildings. The present rubber grounds of the university will be occupied with cottages, which will surround the parts on which the football field is now laid out. The football platform itself will remain in a central ramp. The two collections of cottages will have communication with each other by the streets intersecting the rows of buildings, and there on each corner of them finally will be a heavy stone archway will help certain of the hawking streets, giving continuity to the arrangement of buildings.

The plan also contemplates the erection in one plot adjoining the cottages of a large chapel which will accommodate all the students, the present chapel in College Hall proving entirely too cramped even for the needs of the stu-

dent body. A dining hall which will seat 1,000 students is also included in the plans, this hall to have the kitchen situated below it, and to be heated centrally to all the cottages. Both the dining hall and the chapel, for the present, however, will not be begun, the need for the cottages being more pressing. The first collection of cottages to be erected will be known as the "West Dormitory," from its position adjacently to College Hall, Medical and Dental halls, and the library.

The University of Pennsylvania now has considerably over 3,000 students. A large proportion of these reside in their homes or on about the city. Most of these who come from outside the city board in the great number of apartments which are rented by private parties in the neighborhood. How many students will take advantage of the new dormitories, however, it is impossible to say. The plan for the cottages, however, contemplates the opening of 1,000. President Eliot, who took the William Brewster place with the beginning of the present college year, is at the head of the movement, which is to have its first result in the immediate erection of a number of these cottages, and is enthusiastic in his belief that the idea of separate buildings will prove a successful innovation, not preferable to the "barracks" plan which rules at the other large universities in the United States.

THE NEW TORPEDO BOATS, NUMBERS 3, 4, AND 5.

In the economy of modern warfare the torpedo boat is an essential element of tactical strength, and in such most powerful means, so long as the torpedo itself contains an agent of destruction. These vessels supply a modern substitute for the nimble and unerring hunter of small boats and boarding parties—plans of warfare hardly possible to-day.

The latest type boats are the outcome of our urgent need in this direction—our present force being limited to two boats—and are characteristically typical of recent practice and development.

They will be 100 feet long, with 16 feet beam on waterline, having a mean draught of 3 feet, and, upon a displacement of about 120 tons, will carry machinery of 600 horse power, capable of developing 2,000 indicated horse power, and able to propel the craft at a speed of not less than 24 knots an hour. They will have a total bunker capacity of 45 tons of coal.

The armament will consist of a single revolving quick torpedo gun, of one portable rapid fire gun, with 200 rounds of ammunition for each, and 4 automatic torpedoes.

The torpedo guns are placed one aft, having a portable range of about 200 yards, and two forward, one on either beam, capable of discharging underwater. The advantage of this type of discharge is that it does not create the boat's style of attack, but makes the firing independent of the craft's direction, while enabling the dangerous evolution of turning after firing, common in the last with a fixed forward apparatus, and makes possible the rapid or a successful discharge of all three torpedoes at one object.

The engines, which are of the triple-expansion type, are placed amidships in separate compartments, one forward of each, each actuating its own screw, and while isolated, when under full power or the signposts of warfare, can,

when running at driving speed, be manipulated by one engine watch—the revolution and reversing gear being located near the engine division itself. The beds, which are of the water-tube type, are in two compartments, forward and aft of the engine, they supply. By this arrangement of the motive power possible damage to one engine, and total destruction made difficult or unaccomplished.

The main tank is carried aft to the forward side of the compartment, to add to the acceleration of the vessels, and at the same time to afford more comfortable quarters for the officers, while every effort is made to spare both oil and crew as far as possible the fatigue and incoveniences common in such small high powered craft, and keep them in efficient fighting condition.

From the engine room the vessels will be steered by steam gear, and from the air-tower, or chart house, they will be steered by hand-gear, while a spare tiller will be placed near the main house for use in emergencies. The lighting throughout will be by means of electricity, and the arc lamp will be handled by a new little steam winch on which is the deck. Folding boats will be carried; and the mast will be used only for the display of signals—day by day, and electric lanterns by night.

The type of torpedo has not yet been determined upon, but the Howland has much to commend it above the steel Howland. While not surpassed of the great velocity and range of the Whitford, the Howland is superior in excellent direction and running force. In the former the motive power is compressed air, and uniform submergence is regulated entirely by the action of an inverting screw. In the latter the motive power is the same stored up in a fire-wheel revolving at moment of discharge, at the rate of 60,000 revolutions a minute, which, by its gyroscopic tendencies, makes it well-nigh impossible for the torpedo to deviate from its original course in a horizontal plane.

The money for the construction of these vessels was provided by an act of the last Congress, authorizing the three years of the Navy to use the \$200,000 appropriated in 1904 "for the construction of one additional cruiser of the Forema type."

The question naturally occurs to every one, how will the torpedo boat act in warfare? Her service is restricted, beyond doubt, to work of darkness and stealth. Dressed in dark sea-green, she creeps along in the glow of a black night, and nothing is the shadow of a broken sea, or perhaps a faint smoke and looms of an enemy's gun fire, glides silently toward her unsuspecting quarry, till a shot from the bow shows that concealment is no longer possible, and that all speed must be given her toward the objective range. Shot and small shell cut the water in all directions, and plunging shells and gasping red spots in the smoke-puffs show how true is the enemy's gunnery. At last, and if the outside of the gun will be able, a faint puff and a splash, and forward spouts the torpedoes. A few moments of silent suspense, and there, with a scuffed boom, a muffled sound of lamplike water makes backward two hundred feet and more—a moment as fleeting as the lives of these doomed souls upon whom it falls with all the crushing force of a ton thousand tons. Instantly, after the shriek of the frightened and the hurt, a ripping, snapping sound prevails, and then, in helter, the ship is torn apart and driven down in a mighty melting vortex; and the torpedo craft hastens away on its tale of that frightful hour.

H. G. SACHSBEIT.

the present year has shown, such responsibilities occur more than have been known heretofore and for between sports entirely from the ethical side of the question, it is perfectly apparent that the sportsman is not a person to be reckoned with the cavalier of a risk which would harm the man he employed. For instance, there is no reason at all why a football player should be permitted to play on a team of players in the United States as coaches, and play them under in his club colors. I cannot express my strong sympathy for the United States Athletic Union, which is the only organization in the United States of the kind. The Minnesota Athletic Union, in its present position, is the only one of the kind in the United States of the kind. The Minnesota Athletic Union, in its present position, is the only one of the kind in the United States of the kind.

In this connection, I mentioned also the recent suggestion by the Boston Athletic Association (which is the only different degree of amateurism that exists in that section, and is undoubtedly the only one of the kind in the United States) to institute a reform which would make it impossible to play on a team of players in the United States as coaches, and play them under in his club colors. I cannot express my strong sympathy for the United States Athletic Union, which is the only organization in the United States of the kind. The Minnesota Athletic Union, in its present position, is the only one of the kind in the United States of the kind.

The decision of Mr. W. H. Curtis to the presidency of the Amateur Athletic Union brings the athletic management of that body for the coming year. Mr. Curtis is at heart a sportsman, and an amateur, and he will be a most desirable administrator as far as the amateurism of the sportsman is concerned. He will be a most desirable administrator as far as the amateurism of the sportsman is concerned. He will be a most desirable administrator as far as the amateurism of the sportsman is concerned.

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The Grand Challenge Cup race, the only one in which Cornell will be likely to compete, is over a new addition to the list of races, and it is a most desirable administrator as far as the amateurism of the sportsman is concerned. He will be a most desirable administrator as far as the amateurism of the sportsman is concerned. He will be a most desirable administrator as far as the amateurism of the sportsman is concerned.

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would work more helpfully probable for a good thorough shakedown, who find no good sport.

No student of the times can deny the important part which the sportsman has played in the development of the modern world. The sportsman has played a most important part in the development of the modern world. The sportsman has played a most important part in the development of the modern world.

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conquered of the State and various of Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Nebraska, the following being the team's record:

	Wins	Losses	Ties
Games played	10	0	0
Points scored	100	0	0
Points allowed	0	0	0
Points scored per game	10	0	0

At the beginning of the season Kansas engaged Horton Cowan, the former Princeton tackle, to coach her team. In the first game, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Nebraska, the following being the team's record:

The opening game of the season was played at Kansas City, November 16, between Nebraska and Missouri, and the result was a tie, 0-0.

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"NOW KINDLY GO, WILL YOU?"

DRAWN BY W. T. DWYER.—[SEE "MADAME VERDUR," BY E. W. GLAVIN, PAGE 104.]



THE GERMAN CLUB, YOKOHAMA



THE HYAKKA KASE



YOKOHAMA



THE UNITED CLUB AND CLUB HOTEL, YOKOHAMA



THE "HUNDRED STEPS," YOKOHAMA



NAGASAKI BAY, JAPAN.
Popovitz Island in the Distance.



NAGASAKI HARBOR ON A FOURTH OF JULY
American and Japanese Fleet meeting.

LIFE IN THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF JAPAN.—[See Page 1234.]



LOOKING OFF FROM CRYSTAL BEACH



THE RESIDENCE—MR. JOHN BEATTY'S RESIDENCE



THE FRANKS ROAD, FROM RICHMOND HILL



OLD FISH AT HOME



REVENUE FROM A DEER-HUNT



A CHAIN-GANG



KENTWORTH INN, DUTHIE, TWO MILES FROM APERVILLE



REINHOLDENBERG



ROUTE 3000, SHOWING RAILWAY AT SEVENTEEN MOUNTAIN PASS

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS—[See Page 100.]



ARMENIA AND KURDISTAN.—(See Page 1048.)

1. Mountain Kurdish Village 2. Kurdish Chief 3. Shamash, east of Harpoot 4. Lakes from the Caucasus 5. The City of Bitlis, Eastern Turkey.

"HITCHHIKING FROM THE PASTURE."—By GEORGE INNESS

A MASTER LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

THE LATE GEORGE INNESS.

BY FRANK FOWLER.

WHEN a man of genius comes over there is always an attempt made to define the place he is to fill in the list of great men gone. The demand of the world usually insists that this place shall be indicated promptly—that the artist shall be enlightened as soon as he may be to the force, quality, and range of his accomplishments. With this end in view, if the artist was a sculptor or painter, it is the custom in France to exhibit publicly as complete a group of his collected works as may be available for the purpose, and as at early a moment after his death as is practicable.

I remember well the post-mortem exhibition of Millet's drawings, paintings, and pastels in Paris which proved a revelation to connoisseurs and a kind of liberal education to students of that time. It was held shortly after his death, and set all Paris talking.

We to-day have a similar privilege offered us of deciphering and estimating one of the foremost landscape painters of the age, and it seems appropriate that a few words should be written to accompany the critical examination of the work of the late George Inness here reproduced from canvases soon to be placed on view in New York city, where collectors gazing upon their hundred of his pictures will be exhibited. This opportunity we may speak of as a privilege, as indeed it is, for here is presented the result of a lifetime devoted to the earnest questioning of Nature by a temperament peculiarly fitted to interpret her.

The phases of nature that Mr. Inness often chose to depict are those tenderest, most intimate moments which uplift the soul, thrill us, and then are gone.

The *fin de siècle* school of light has furnished artists with a whole vocabulary of terms with which to label the peculiar delicacy of a painter, but here we have a genius who offers as the richest products of art a whole technical vocabulary properly understood, and it would be obviously unfair in this instance to over emphasize qualities which the painter himself seemed to hold as secondary. I did not wish to ignore the very effective methods that Mr. Inness made use of in his art; but I would rather speak at first of a new phase of his genius than that of skillful workmanship. In the face of nature this vigorous, serene, and happy, almost asceticism knew no rest. His world was probably the last thing he thought of when painting such divine clouds or representing the volume and structure of human heads.

Of close and accurate studies from nature he had doubtless made many; but these I have never seen in so many remarkable if considered from the point of view of his master's work. Inness learned his language poetically, knowing that in the restless moments of creative passion there must be no standing for master of experience. And that this artist experienced moments of creative effort as one who knew his will was gone. There were times when he would suddenly break off a construction and, without stopping to explain, look for colors and touches, much as a writer will sometimes hurriedly seek pen and paper to fit a passing thought. At such moments this sensitive painter would stand like some frightened animal, body quivering and trembling, for he had perhaps caught a glimpse of an eternal truth he feared to lose. Contrary to what the production of so much that is masterful and realistic in art this is a strange thing to mention, for with many painters it is a question rather of sight than of feeling which they seek to verify. But the sight of Inness was spiritual; it was insight; and his profundity would occasionally startle even himself. Caring little for what things were, if they could but move the soul, this artist sometimes failed to respect a sympathetic response in others which perhaps he himself had created. And this peculiarity prevented certain practical difficulties. For instance, an anecdote is told of his disposing of a picture, and the purchaser on receiving the canvas finding a totally different aspect of nature expressed there from that which had attracted him to the work. When the annoyed and disappointed owner returned to protest against the entire change in the aspect of the picture which he had purchased, the reply was characteristic: "What of it? It is a better one than that you bought." And it was with difficulty that the painter could be persuaded of the non-existence and equity of the transaction.

In his search for truth Mr. Inness could never spare him self where truth led he must follow. And besides the great physical exhaustion incurred through such self-forgetfulness, his existing spirit placed him often in situations which would have been unendurable to a man of lesser gifts, but which were somehow excused or forgiven to him, as for example, this peculiar practice of changing the whole scheme of a picture after it had been accepted as finished by a satisfied purchaser—an occurrence, I fancy, by no means rare with him. Although generously disregarded, it is more than probable that Inness's on the part of the owner was repaid by the possession of a superior example of the artist's work.

I well remember seeing in Mr. Inness's studio one day, a charming painting entitled "Dawn," which some days later I was surprised to find had been transformed into a most noble and beautiful representation of "Dawn," a mysterious and vague glow of day was here, which gradually fused more closely the artist's mood than the vaguer conception of early dawn had done. For it was the *transparence* and *chiaroscuro*, not a picture of an hour or a season that Mr. Inness loved to portray; and he did not depend on length of shades or color of light to accurately reflect the moment of the period of time. This spirit is far removed from that of other painters, who, faithful to the actual, but full somehow to touch us, have failed to reveal truth by their atmosphere and tender renderings, the shimmering promise of the spring, by voluminous mist edging of rich and glowing foliage, the serenity and calmness of midsummer, by sharp cool skies and almost visible contact of dried grass and leaves blown, the arrested stillness of autumn, and drew for us the onward of winter over the stiffened outlines of the forms he knew as well in all the phases of their quietude life.

A thrill of pain, a delightful sense of belated truth of rhythm into the darkness—the emotion forms a part of the language paid to genius; and without seeking it, because he was himself directly and loved directly, this genius Mr. Inness received. In fact, he was always moving at his largest and most generous heart, and seemed to catch hints of their very where, nothing was too slight to make him more serious. It was one period his practice to photograph his painting during different stages of its work, but as he explained to me, the photographs could be seen to have made him more giving to his

others, and thus suggest a better balance of light and shade than he had perhaps given the picture or had thought of in the prosecution demanded to wear other qualities. Paintings, too, by inference were most interesting his alert and for the justification he could see in show, and looking at his satisfactory production he would sometimes be enthusiastic over what could be made of it if only "this and that" were done to it. It must be confessed, however, that the "this and that," though apparent trifles, generally involved the concentration of the whole and implied that slight but vital break between the delicious and the sublime. This, indeed, seems to be the prerogative of genius—to do the right thing only and without thought of expediency, simply because it is the thing to be done and nothing else.

Enough has perhaps been said to indicate the sources from which this remarkable painter drew his inspiration, and to show how liberally subjective was his point of view presenting the external aspect of the world. The Inness of his life and work is of special value at this time, when our ability of sight is revealing perhaps more than its rightful share of apprehension and success. The mirrored and even results which are the outcome of a solid needed adjustment are among the surprising features of our more recent art. In matter of training our last painters have little to be desired; they have received advice from great living masters abroad and have not failed to profit by it. Still, in art, as in other fields of modern thought, there is an active movement in the direction of more subjectivity—a tendency to wrest from nature, it may be, those hidden secrets which so primitive of men imperceptive skill will avail to reveal. Inness was fully aware of this; he felt it deeply. There, I remember, on his leaving an exhibition of pictures where several landscapes by a clever group of painters were shown, he exclaimed, "It is the death of a landscape, the death of things, which this art has painted!" and his lips were at work of his kind was only a result of a strong apprehension of the old truth that "fade with time," etc. How could it be otherwise with one who is troubled in the presence of the various manifestations of nature, feeling that stern drive into being and weakness possessed a significance far deeper and beyond that of an inner aspect. In fact, outside of his actual studies it is doubtful if Mr. Inness could content himself with even internal things. He seemed to find with great force how petty such satisfactions are. Those who are acquainted with his work only through the medium of black and white must still receive the impression that these pictures do not largely depend for their interest on the locality or particular resemblance to any particular place. Mr. Inness does not only give us a view of Lake George, or the Highlands of the Hudson, but he lets us go to the presence of

"The hills
bordered and unseen as the very the
borderland in picture picture become;
The wonderful world there that more
is mystery, and the something beyond

Under his hand the every of clouds and notes of solemn
woodland because generic in type, not individual and local
as we sense. It is the Cosmos, the world, not America,
Scotland, France, the United—and this feeling made
the work massive, plastic, and noble; an air of traditional



"WINTER MORNING, MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY."—By GEORGE INNESS.



"ON THE COAST OF CORNWALL, ENGLAND"—By GEORGE INNESS.

"TENAFY OAK-ATTEN"-By Queen Emma-The Property of Mr. Richard H. Warren





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THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY, CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 1244.]



for fresh technological ideas, which is one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's preoccupations. I remember Fleming Jackson's telling me how his son, who had sailed a boat from their earliest youth, was so deeply puzzled by the impossible maneuvering of the ship in *Treasure Island*, and how they came to their father despondently to declare that "this never happened, did it? In Canada's, could it?"

ating essay on "Style," and a most suggestive lecture as to the future of mankind, there is another play, Robert Marston, written for Mr. Henry Irving, but never produced. "The Jew-ess" is the juvenile history in which Thomas Hood and the Street Arrows appeared. There is the book on *The South Sea; a Record of Three Cruises*, published in newspapers both in England and America, and which was written and edited by itself. There are two of his strongest short stories, *Mordred*, and the *Body-Sunderer*, waiting to be included in some volume of best tales. And there are certain fragments of his work, which have been published in the *Century* of History, 1886, and the "Century Bazaar, an Allegorical Dialogue," both of which are said to be included in the new edition of his works, which is the first of the twelve volumes of which has just appeared.

insensitive hostility to martial law, and in his quiet but persistent efforts to rid the Guard of those parasitic grass-roots of civilian protesters which are the bane of military organizations, is largely due the efficiency of the New York organizations. He realized the impossibility that goes with the idea of another world the sword of state, and sought in every way to fit the new order into the possibilities of a new service. He had known by long experience the difference between the army and the organization he created, and he led them so far as he could and further than any else ever has in the right direction, choosing for his standards those of the modern world.



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